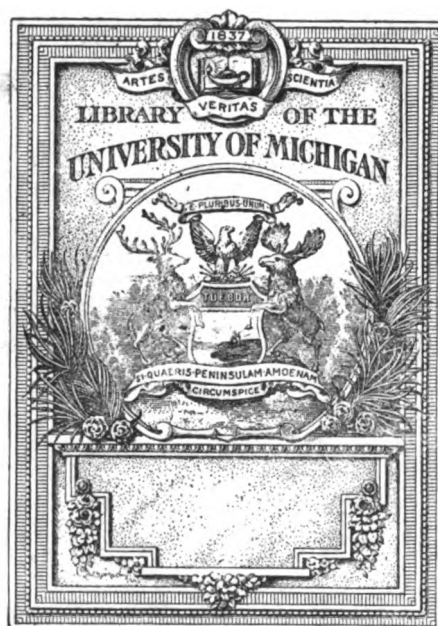


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"Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Catholic Missions

VOL. I

JANUARY, 1907

No. I

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Editorial Notes

"Catholic Missions" THE aim of this publication is to make American Catholics better acquainted with the work of the missionaries at home and abroad. It can hardly be called a *new* magazine, being only an enlargement of the Supplement which for several years has been published with the American edition of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith."

Missionary Interest Never in the history of our country has greater interest been manifested in the extension of the Kingdom of Christ and a corresponding demand for information regarding the missionary work of the Church. For a number of years our pastors and people were occupied with purely local needs and there was little or no call for details of the missionary campaign being carried on in other parts of the world. The time has come, however, when we can afford to take our place of honor in sharing with others the blessings we enjoy, through no merits of our own, and want more news, more detailed information of what is being done to spread our Holy Faith. In these days of books and periodicals, each important work has its own distinctive organ, and when necessary several periodicals, to aid in enlarging its field of usefulness. There is no greater work than the evangelization of mankind, which in consequence requires the highest exercise of all the powers of men. The apostolate of the press is to-day an indispensable ally, and we feel that CATHOLIC MISSIONS will have a sphere of influence peculiarly its own.

Home Missions

CATHOLIC MISSIONS will endeavor to justify its title by publishing information and articles on missions in all parts of the world. Naturally, a prominent place will be given to Home Missions. Despite the wonderful growth of the American Church in the last century, we are still a missionary country, with an immense field before us. Here in the United States there are more than seventy millions of non-Catholics, a large majority of whom are practically infidels. Efforts are being made to bring back the stray sheep to the fold and convert the unbelievers; new associations are being formed to secure men and means; new methods are being employed from which an abundant fruit is expected: CATHOLIC MISSIONS brings its humble help to this apostolic movement, which is a healthy sign of the vitality of the American Church.

Foreign Missions

Some years ago the late Cardinal Vaughan asked the question: "Has not the time come for the American Church to take its share in the great foreign missionary work of the Church?" The question would not be pertinent to-day. There are American priests, brothers, and nuns in all parts of the missionary world, in Japan, China, India, Africa, and the Islands of the South Seas. It is true their number is small as yet, but it is growing every year, and it is likely that before long a more systematic effort will be made to help vocations to the foreign fields. We have still much to do at home, but relying on the promise of the great Missionary Himself, if we are generous with Him, He will not be unmindful of us, and will supply.

Our Contributors

The contributors to CATHOLIC MISSIONS will be the self-sacrificing priests who labor for the conversion of non-Catholics in this country, and also for the redemption of the many fallen away Catholics among us. The article on "The Bowery Mission" published in this issue will show that there is a most fertile soil for work in that line in our large cities as there is even in the capitals of the Catholic countries of old Europe.

The heroic missionaries who are devoting their lives to the conversion of heathens in far away lands will be welcome to give us the results of their experiences, of their success, of their hope. If our readers after reading an article on missions in our country find that the following deals with missions in Africa or India, they must not be surprised at the sudden transition; all these countries are parts of the Church of which they are members and which embraces the whole world in its solicitude.

Mission Needs

It is not the aim of CATHOLIC MISSIONS to publish only appeals for help; on the contrary that feature will be eliminated from its articles, as we believe that they detract from the interest that readers might find in them. However, as the needy must not be refused an opportunity to plead his cause, each number will contain a page where letters either acknowledging the receipt of help given or soliciting it will be published. Any answer readers may wish to give to such letters will be joyfully and gratefully forwarded to its destination if sent to the office of CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith

The appearance of CATHOLIC MISSIONS does not mean the discontinuance of the "Annals." As heretofore, they will be issued every other month, in a somewhat reduced form, being an exact reproduction of the several editions printed in Europe. The "Annals" remains the official organ of the Society and will be mailed to promoters, bands of associates, and special members as usual.

The Blessed Work of Missions

By Very Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P.

What better gift could God grant us than to fire our souls with apostolic zeal? A deep interest in souls is a plain work of predestination to everlasting life. To readily perceive God's image in the men and women about us and in the countless multitudes of the heathen, is an unexpressible boon from on high. Every one of us should pray God to teach him what Saint Paul means when he says: "Ye are bought with a great price." Jesus crucified has purchased every soul with His life's blood. To be oblivious to the full meaning of this is, indeed, a misfortune. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is a chosen instrument of Divine Providence for renewing our hearts with apostolic charity, as well as for enlarging the borders of the Kingdom of God on earth.



Now, this does not mean that we shall all aspire to be great heroes, such as are the typical missionaries who are assisted by our alms. They have been brilliant students at college, often are members of wealthy families, every avenue of laudable ambition having been open to them. For the sake of Christ's purpose to save humanity, they have given up many things and made great sacrifices. They live usually among what the world might call inferior people; they toil the livelong day winning souls to Christ and instructing the unbelievers in the alphabet of religion; they make incredibly painful journeys; they finally drop into their graves, martyrs of the love of souls in Jesus Christ. No, we may do no more than wonder and admire, when we hear of such achievements, we who give even our little service to God grudgingly.



Our Lord shall say to His elect at the day of Judgment: "I was in prison and you visited Me." Now, if the Lord rewards with the eternal possession of His Father's Kingdom that rare and very beautiful charity of visiting men and women in earthly prisons, how much more will He recompense those who break the bars of the soul's prison of pagan superstition? Is not helping such a work truly a Christian privilege? Are not Christ's sovereign rights all summarized in His ownership of men's minds for the Christian faith, and of their hearts for Christian love? *The instant necessity for the salvation of all men's souls*—behold the missionary's platform of principles. *The instant necessity of supporting the missionary to any people and of giving him bread to eat and raiment to wear*—behold the platform of action of the millions of auxiliary missionaries associated in the work of the Propagation of the Faith.



Our American President made peace between the Russians and the Japanese, a heathen race, newly girded by the Lord with the sword of His anger. How proud we were, that the victory which ended that awful war was

won by the chief magistrate of our peaceful republic, a high deed of gentle violence. And shall American Catholicity have no message of heavenly and everlasting peace for the same portentous nation of heathens, nor for the many scores of millions of the Chinese? Shall America, with its nine millions of Africans, be of no help to darkest Africa in its groping for the truth?

America has had much to do with the civic and mili-



THE VERY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

tary transformation of the pagan orient. Behold everywhere among those nations how well they have studied in our marts of trade and in our universities, and how deeply they are pondering the quietness of our political life, and the happiness and beauty of our homes. And what of Christ and His Church? The missionary tells them the whole truth about Him and His Holy Church which He established on earth.



American missionaries there are in those lands full of American money and American shrewdness, and overflowing with American Protestant errors. May God soon send the day, when the term "American missionary" shall not necessarily mean a disciple of Martin Luther, a doubter and spreader of doubts, a sower of dissensions

among brethren. Meanwhile, let us help the missionaries who are there, who stand for God's unity and Christ's love. They need good Catholic books, Catholic hospitals, Catholic schools, and also seminaries, in which to train native priests and sisters.

We boast of America's fair treatment of her Catholic citizens. Can we say that this American spirit of "charity to all and malice towards none," this generosity to friends and patience with enemies, has loosened our Catholic American tongues to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel to the heathen nations and to our non-Catholic fellow citizens at home? Well, let us at least place ourselves in a position to boast that the grace of God has loosened our tongues and our purse strings a little. Let us aid Catholic missionaries everywhere outside of Christendom. Shall our great body of Catholic Americans be forever content with but a small share in a

work so dear to the heart of the universal Shepherd of souls? Nothing in the wide world of shame is so ignominious as pious selfishness.

God forbid that any such ignoble trait as stinginess in this divine cause should characterize us. Let us, every one, daily offer a prayer for the conversion of the heathen and the non-Catholic people to the true faith of Christ. Let every Catholic in America be enrolled in some auxiliary band whose work is that of assisting our missionaries. Let the better off among us give their hundreds and their thousands annually. Let the wealthy parishes arrange for collections that shall place their clergy and people high on the list of benefactors. And may God the Holy Ghost inspire the hearts of our young men and women to offer themselves for this apostolate.

*Apostolic Mission House,
Washington, D. C.*

The Negro Missions in the United States

By the Rev. Charles B. Carroll, of the Josephite Fathers



The Negro, as the object of missionary endeavor, is a subject not entirely new. We are all familiar with the Decrees of the Plenary Councils of Baltimore on the matter. The Missionary Conference, recently held in Washington, D. C., gave some attention to the subject; and even before that, we have now and then read brief

items in the Catholic press, telling of some effort about to be made for the Black Evangel. But were twice as much said and done the subject had not received half the attention it deserves. In no spirit of criticism do we thus speak. We but state a fact. There should be no hiding from ourselves the grave truth that a sacred duty has confronted us and it has not been performed. Ten millions of American Negroes outside the Church! Only a few priests working among them, and inability, for lack of funds, to extend the few missions begun, are facts more pathetic than cheering. What is the reason for our apathy in a matter so important? Is it the result of a settled conviction? Or is it un-Catholic prejudice?

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That the Negro is a rational being, and therefore may be redeemed and saved, was never questioned except by

those who wished to extend the slave traffic. Christian theologians and philosophers, usually engaged with more serious problems, never admitted so ridiculous a question to the dignity of discussion. The Church has canonized and exalted to the altar those who practiced heroic virtue, though their skin were as black as Egyptian darkness. Negro monks and nuns were never new to any age since the preaching of the Apostles led some of all races to choose the higher life. Raised to the highest dignity within her gift, the priesthood, the Church has always exacted from her dark-skinned levites the same spotless virtue as from those of different complexion. Zealous bishops and priests have never hesitated to go out of their way to administer the Sacraments to blacks, since the day when Philip the Deacon ran after the negro servant of Queen Candice to baptize him. Yet the Negro race almost as a whole is outside the Catholic Church. Why? Not because we are convinced that they are not convertible, nor that they will not prove good Catholics, nor that we can do but little for them, but because we are recreant to our sacred trust.

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Are not the Negroes entrusted to us spiritually? Yea, just as truly as that our pagan forefathers were entrusted by the God-Man to the zeal of the Apostles, and to the self-sacrifice of the first Christians. Were these latter so absolutely dead to all sense of their Christian responsibility in our regard, as a large percentage of our up-to-date Catholics are towards less fortunate races, Christianity, humanly considered, had died in Jerusalem.

The Scriptures and Catholic Theology teach that we should interest ourselves in the spiritual welfare of our

neighbor. Surely we have not grown so advanced in our spiritual and intellectual ideas that this important Christian principle has become antiquated? Is it not a truism that our own appreciation of the priceless gift of the Faith is in proportion to the concern we have that our neighbor shall have it? The Church admits no distinction as to comparative worthiness of races to receive

Unpaved, undrained mud streets, with pools of stagnant water everywhere; sidewalks dilapidated or none; low ramshackle frame houses, with their centers of gravity anywhere, tottering in decay; window-sashes stuffed with paper, where glass had been; smallpox, perhaps, or some other contagious disease to try the courage of the fastidious, are familiar conditions. Into a dark alley and



ST. JOSEPH'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR COLORED PEOPLE, AT CLAYTON, DEL.

the Gospel. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free," before God.

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As Americans we owe a debt to the Negro race. Brought here and held as slaves for two hundred and forty-three years, it is an undeniable fact that they have never received just compensation. Free schools and universities may partly requite the original social wrong, but what of the thousands of Negroes that die yearly outside the Church? If nothing could be done for them in the days of slavery, much can be done for them now.

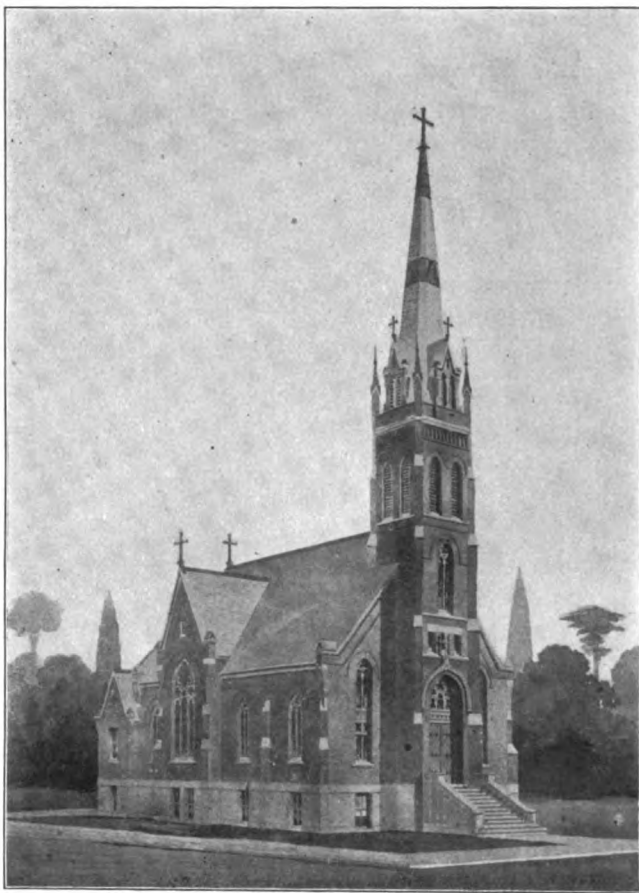
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Some efforts, limited by lack of resources, are now going forward for Negro evangelization, but the forces at work should be multiplied five-score. As to the spirit and methods of those engaged in the Negro Apostolate, there can be no doubt. They are the same that have characterized the work of Catholic missionaries from apostolic times. The writer well remembers his first simple lesson in practical missionary charity. With the oils of ordination scarcely dry on his hands, he was with a brilliant young priest working among the Negroes of a Southern city. Asked by the latter to take a walk, the way chosen lay through the Negro slums. These would be thought repulsive anywhere but in a Southern city.

through a still darker doorway the Father went and the writer with him. The floor of the hovel was the bare earth. On a dirty wooden bed, in a corner, abandoned and alone, was an old mammy of ninety years, with but a few rags to keep out the cold, and no fire in the broken stove.

Finding the axe and gathering some wood, the Father soon had a comfortable fire. Leading, half carrying the weak old mammy to the warm blaze, he soon had her cheerful, and grateful to her benefactor. A coin or two for food made her think better of life. We departed convinced that there is plenty of chance for the exercise of Christian charity among the Negroes.

Nothing very extraordinary in the occurrence, you will say. True. But just such kindnesses show the Negroes that they are not wholly despised. As this zealous and sturdy young priest wielded the broken-handled axe, the writer could not but think of Saint Peter Claver—how he kissed the sores of the blacks. He had no difficulty in understanding why the saint had thousands of black converts, and why they loved the Church. Christ did not stand at a distance and cry "Unclean!" He went to the leper, put His divine Hand upon the fevered brow and gave what the human heart can never resist—the comfort of human sympathy.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PINE BLUFF, ARK.

The first Catholic church in Arkansas for the colored people, now in charge of a colored priest, the Rev. J. H. Dorsey.

It is hardly a year since Father McCormick, dying a young man on the Negro Missions, was buried, according to his own wish, in far-off Texas, among the Negroes, for whom he labored so faithfully. Well was it remarked at the time that such devotedness could not but bear fruit. Father Conway, the well-known Paulist, reading a paper at the Second Missionary Conference in Washington, referred to a big mission given in Chicago. Among the fashionably gowned ladies of the large convert class that resulted from the mission was a poor old Negress. She came three or four evenings, and then her place was vacant. This was nothing new to a missionary—white inquirers had often dropped off in the same way. But this zealous young missionary resolved that the old Negro woman was not to resist God's call so easily. He found out her humble abode, and asked her why she had stopped coming to instructions.

"Oh, Father," she answered, "I felt so awfully out of place among all those grand ladies, that I just didn't dare to go any more. I liked your sermons, and I believe the Catholic Church is God's Church, but it seems too great and beautiful for a poor old negress like me." The missionary's heart was touched. He succeeded in convincing her that God's Church is like God Himself—it loves all its children equally, and calls all to its fond embrace. She came regularly after that, was baptized, and became a good Catholic.

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Saint Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart for the Negro Missions is composed of clergy and laity. The

former give their life and labors, working under the Bishops, for the conversion of the blacks; the laity supporting the work by their alms. This Society has missions among the Negroes in nine States of the South. Its plan is to found new missions as fast as new priests can be supplied for the work. It has founded a seminary and college for the education and training of men for this field. We may here venture to suggest that priests and Catholic parents should never discourage a vocation to the Negro Missions. This has been sometimes done, and it is pertinent to ask those good people concerned, whether they are not interfering with God's plans in a serious matter?

The Josephite Society believes in training the Negro morally, mentally, and industrially. Hence, besides churches and elementary schools, an effort has been made to establish industrial or trade schools. In founding institutions of the last-named class, there is the twofold motive of bringing the young under Catholic influences, and of contributing, as far as possible, to the praiseworthy efforts being made to help the Negro onward industrially.

Other Religious Orders and Societies of priests, such as the Jesuits, Holy Ghost Fathers, and Fathers of the Divine Word, have each some members in the Negro field. The missionaries to the Negro frequently administer the Sacraments amidst scenes of abject poverty, vice, squalor, and physical ills, often the result of sin—that altogether make up a picture the least attractive, perhaps, that can be found anywhere within our borders. Yet they recognize that it is God's privilege to them, and that they are but "unworthy servants."

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The Negro race will never be converted by any single religious society, nor all of them together. The conversion of the Negro race must be the work of the whole American clergy, secular and regular. There are working among the Negroes more Josephites than of any other religious society or order, and yet there are not enough Josephites to properly preach to the Negroes of a single State. The very ease with which religious doctrine is now disseminated does not simplify the matter. The cockle is sown in the same manner as the wheat, and the material odds are in favor of the former.

There are thousands of Negroes in many dioceses of the United States. If every Catholic seminarian were admitted to Orders only on condition that he would be willing to work for a period on the Negro Missions, there would soon be an adequate force of priests, and yearly conversions would be numbered, not by a few dozens, but by the thousands. Few, if any, seminarians would refuse, and thus these needy and difficult missions would get the benefit of many a young and zealous priest. Which one of us, when the sacred oils of the priesthood were placed upon us, would not have willingly gone to the ends of the earth, or given his blood for the spiritual life of the blackest Hottentot that lived? To have built a shack or two for the Negroes to worship in might be a fitting preparation for a curacy in a white parish. Of course, only a proportion would be sent on the Negro



A COTTON PICKER.

Missions, but each one might reasonably expect such a mission. At present, no one anticipates being sent on these missions, and, generally, no one is sent; and so the blacks are left in blackest spiritual darkness or are taken in by the Protestants. Yet we think we are apostolic, and that our own particular brand of Catholicity is universal!

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The recent establishment of a Catholic Negro Bureau is a hopeful sign. Some zealous Catholic nuns are doing

two thousand years ago, when the Son of God was honored with precious ointment? "Why all this waste?"

Does the editor think that other Catholic projects suffer when a word is spoken in support of Negro Missions? We are so heartily in sympathy with every Catholic missionary enterprise, that we should not wish to divert one cent from any of them, to the Negro Missions, though it would fill the South-land with churches. Confident, too, are we, that the directors of those missionary movements feel the same toward the Negro Apostolate. The fact is, there should be a general awakening to a more worthy enthusiasm, all along the line of Catholic missionary endeavor.

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The *Church Standard* (Protestant), November 10, 1906, has the following:

"The white people of the country, North and South, have a heavy responsibility for their neglect of this race



COLORED MISSION AT BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

much good among the Negroes. If every religious society of women would take up the Negro work, sending some of its members into the field, what a vast increase of conversions there would be! The Negroes have a touching reverence and love for the Sisters. Indeed what human heart would not feel the heavenly influence of those angels on earth?

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A very necessary consideration is that of means. How is the work to be carried on? Manifestly, money is required. Why do some rich and charitably disposed Catholics close their purses when it is question of contributing to the Negro Missions? It is not so long since one of our Catholic papers raised its voice, in a fine spirit of economy, to ask: "Why all this fuss about Negro Missions?" What true-hearted Catholic who read the article referred to, did not think of a similar query

(the Negro), which, through no choice of its own, has been brought to this country and committed to the charge of our people. Never was so great a charge more fatefully neglected. The Churches of America gives millions upon millions for the support of missions in Africa, India, China, and Japan; but they practically leave ten millions of home-born Africans to fall back into barbarism, and never lift a finger to hold them up."

The difference between the Protestant and Catholic status on this matter is, that, whereas Protestants are here accused of giving too great a proportion to foreign missions, we Catholics have not given a fair amount to either. It were folly, and worse, for us Catholics to think of withdrawing a tithe of our meagre support from foreign missions to use it upon home missions. Did we wrest twice as much from our avaricious purses, as we now do, our duty had been but half done.

Baltimore, Md.

Progress of the Schools in China

By a Missionary in China



THE IDOL OF THE CHINESE SCHOLAR.

We thought China was sleeping and quite incapable of ever throwing off its drowsiness; but an awakening is taking place and the awakening is as active as the sleep in which it was bound was profound. The year 1900 witnessed the beginning of reforms. The Chino-Japanese war showed China's weakness to the Celestial Empire, and the Boxer expedition caused the Chinese who were anxious for the future good of their country to firmly resolve to regenerate their native land.

The army first attracted their attention. It must be reorganized. Japan furnished instructors, and a number of Chinese crossed the seas to study in foreign countries, so that in a few years they united the elements necessary for the formation of a disciplined army. The spectacle of the military maneuvers which the viceroy, Yun-she-hai, was pleased to show the foreign powers demonstrated that the Chinese can become very good soldiers.

The reforming of the army was as much in accordance with the wishes of the people as with that of the dynasty. The organization of a department of public instruction, which followed closely the changes in the army, was a necessity demanded of the government by the youth, the nationalists. The Revolution was complete even at its beginning. With one stroke of the pen ancient observances were suppressed, old methods de-

nounced, new organizations sprang up everywhere, the object of which was not well defined, but they systematically rejected the old ways of teaching. Even Confucius was threatened, his literature was out of date, his too spiritualistic philosophy was despised. They were quite willing to honor him as a great patriot, but it was maintained that the homage paid him in the past was exaggerated and that in the future he should occupy a place among men.

The educational reforms have modified the life of China. One of the first results has been to produce an exaltation of patriotism. Till now the dragon flag was mixed up with many other flags and banners with which the people decorated their houses on feast days. To-day it awakens the idea of father-land and has become as much an object of love as the flags of any nation.

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The recent American boycott of Chinese has shown to what a degree patriotism has taken hold of the heart of the young Chinese reformer. Right or wrong, they thought their country was being oppressed in the person of the Chinese emigrants to the United States, so they consented to every sacrifice—money, work, interests—in order that their diplomatic corps might not be in any way inferior to that of other nations.

These national sentiments are excited by the veneration with which the people surround those who try to raise them in any way. As an example, there is the young man who killed himself in front of the United States Consulate at Shang-hai. It was said in his presence that the Chinese were incapable of devotion and sacrifice. He committed suicide at once as a proof of his courage. His courage and death were celebrated in all the cities of the empire. During several days there were public manifestations in his honor and orators succeeded each other in celebrating what they called the "heroism of a martyr."

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The ancient traditions, religious and social, seem quite obsolete to the young extremists who are ardent reformers. Politics haunt them. In the interior they would like to get rid of the Manchu-Tartar dynasty. A government by the people, or a constitutional monarchy, they would like to have in its place. They want to see China take a position among the "Powers." These sentiments are not only those of the inhabitants of the towns; they are carried by the newspapers to the country, where the certified schoolmaster, a student of the normal school, impresses them on the hearts of the children.

It is interesting to know that through the schools a love of the army is growing daily. Gymnastics and drills take quite a prominent place in the education of

youth. Every educational establishment, grammar or high school, has a military battalion like those the children have in the schools of many countries. Competitive drills take place between the schools. In the large centers of the Empire—Canton, Shang-hai, and particularly at Hankow—as many as twelve or fifteen thousand scholars compete in real Olympic games before the high local authorities. Nothing gives the young men more pleasure than to pass in review, with fifes and drums at their head, before an admiring and appreciative public. Weariness and fatigue count for nothing; the glory of it all is enough for them. What a contrast between the animation of to-day and the apathy, the listlessness of yesterday.

The weaker sex has not been forgotten. The girls have their schools where they learn history, geography, mathematics, physics, chemistry and hygiene. Gymnasiums have also a place on the programme. You could almost fancy yourself transported to America when you see



THE OLD CHINESE SCHOOLMASTER.

the young girl students marching in file and keeping step just like soldiers. They take part in public meetings; they make speeches on the streets and in public halls; they extol the civic virtues and they demand the social elevation of their sex. What a change! We see in China to-day just such a development as took place in Japan thirty years ago. Evidently this state of things is not normal. An outburst must follow the general fermentation. Prudent people who are observing this social change think we are not far from a great upheaval. It appears all the more inevitable, as it is considered necessary.

The most discerning Chinese say: "It is only at such a price we can obtain reforms. To think the contrary would be to deceive ourselves. In support of their affirmations they cite examples taken from the great nations of Europe and America. Supposing this upheaval near, which party has the greatest chance of success? There are practically four powers: the Dynasty,



THE MODERN CHINESE SCHOOL WITH JAPANESE TEACHER.

the Reformer, the Triade, and the purely Nationalistic party. The general supposition is that the Dynasty is condemned to certain death. What could the (Tartary) marshals do were they abandoned by the viceroys? And which of them, for the sake of the Dynasty, would sacrifice a hair of his head, if by so doing he would displease the people?

The Po-wang-noui society, whose chief is Ong-you-woni, has lost its adherents. This reformer, once so celebrated and so looked up to, is now considered only an ambitious man ready to play the same rôle as the Dowager Empress acts towards Kong-Shoui.

The Triade is neither respected nor even considered. It inspires fear but has no confidence. The fourth group has risen spontaneously. It has neither chiefs nor leaders. It represents the country with all its aspirations; it is

China longing for development and progress. To me it looks as though the future belonged to this group.

When will the revolution begin? Here is the answer. The people demand administrative reforms. If the court refuses, then will be the beginning of the end. If it grants them, it will still be between two evils. These reforms necessitate great expenses, to meet which it will be necessary to levy new taxes, which the people finding excessive will not pay. Therefore the present state of affairs will last as long as the finances hold out and allow the government to observe the programme demanded by the people, without imposing new taxes.

I may add that a few local incidents, such, for example, as the conflict which arose between the viceroy of the Kouangs and the notables of Canton apropos of the Hankeon-Canton railroad, might easily hasten the crisis.

Need of a Native Clergy for the Philippines

By Right Rev. F. Z. Rooker, Bishop of Jaro, Philippines

In response to your request to tell you something about the diocese of Jaro, I hasten to send you a few sentences instead of the volume I might write and all on matters most interesting to American readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Permit me to say first of all that the need of a well endowed seminary, in order that we may as speedily as possible send out priests of the country properly educated and equipped, is so great and so constantly before my mind that I believe it is becoming a monomania with me. I can think of nothing else, can talk of nothing else. All other needs, and God knows there are many, sink into insignificance compared with this one.

Just think of it! I have nearly a million and a half of souls to care for, and of native priests I have just fifty-one—one of my best having died at the beginning of this month. Helping me in parish work, I have forty-seven white priests, the number being composed of thirty-nine Spanish Friars and the eight splendid men who have recently come from Mill Hill. You see, I have ninety-eight priests trying to minister to a million and a half of souls. The Archdiocese of New York has about two hundred thousand souls less than this diocese, and it has eight hundred and twenty-four priests. The topography of the country reduces enormously the working capacity of each priest. The diocese consists of two or three hundred islands, on nearly all of which there are souls to be cared for. Six hundred priests are necessary to provide even a fair service for the saving of souls.

inary" recently re-opened after having been closed for six years. But what was this "seminary"? A mere college for the education of boys. There was not a single ecclesiastical student in it. I have worked and urged and begged and implored, and now there are thirty-five boys with cassocks, professed students for the priesthood. That is something, but how little compared with the awful need! And why are there not more? Of course the disturbance caused by the revolution, the hatred of all religion, and especially of the Catholic Church, which the wildness of a revolutionary condition always engenders, the new developed ambition to shine in public and political life, to hold office and to govern, the coldness toward God and all that belongs to God—all these things help to reduce the number of those who wish to become priests. But all these causes, thanks be to God, affect so far only a comparatively small number of the great mass of my people. The great hundreds of thousands still remain, by a miracle of grace, good, devout and fervent Catholics, and if help can be got to them in time—before the older generation has passed away—they may be saved. From these hundreds of thousands I could get plenty of boys to study for the priesthood if only I could take them gratis. I can say without a particle of exaggeration that inside of a month I could have two hundred boys in cassocks, preparing themselves to be priests, if I could take them free.

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The poverty here is extreme. It is useless to expect the families to pay a cent for the education of their boys for the priesthood. It is useless for the present to expect

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When I came here three years ago, I found the "sem-

the better-off people to help the seminary, for the better-off are only relatively so. There used to be rich families here. There are practically none now. The only ones who have money are those who, heading the revolution, were bought back to peace by the Government by appointment to public office; and these have made good use of positions of power to oppress and impoverish their fellow Filipinos and enrich themselves. But these, of course, are the worst element in the country and are the bitter enemies of the Catholic Church. So my seminary has to struggle on as best it can, and I have to go on hoping that God will be good in the future as He has been in the past and that, in His own good time and in His own good way, He will solve my difficulties.

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My three years of experience teach me that we simply must build up a purely native church here. The time for white control, either politically or ecclesiastically, has passed. Some time in the future these people will have to be left to work out their own salvation, both politically and religiously. When this will be, no one with common sense would at present attempt even to guess. But the Church must be ready for the change, and the only way for her to be ready is to have created a native clergy of high grade, morally and intellectually. This is my one great desire—my one great ambition; and the blessed soul who has sent me this first help* has laid the cornerstone of the future edifice—has planted the first seed for the future harvest of faith and religion—has erected the first bulwark against the encroachment of irreligion—has placed the first obstacle to the onslaught of the enemies of the Catholic name. May God move others to like deeds and send me enough help to make secure the future hope of His holy faith.

✦

I am doing all I can myself. Out of my own slender means I am helping the seminary with about two thousand dollars a year. I am willing to give to it every cent that comes to my hands; but I cannot hope of myself to do all that is needed. The charity of Catholic Americans could not be more worthily or more properly directed than to assist me in this work. Protestant Americans are spending in this diocese alone not less than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year to root up the last vestige of Catholic faith were such a thing possible. Thank God their success so far is little or nothing. They have succeeded in throwing a blight of religious indifference over the souls of some few poor unfortunates, which is indeed sad, but they have made practically no Protestants. If I only had once the amount which they spend every year, I could place the seminary in a condition to educate gratis one hundred and fifty students.

*This allusion has reference to a large donation made to the seminary at Jaro by an American benefactor.



THE RIGHT REV. F. Z. ROOKER.

and then the future would be secure. I wonder whether God means this first, unexpected, and unasked-for gift to indicate that He has come to my relief and intends to endow my seminary as it has been my dream to see it endowed? I wonder if the Propagation of the Faith is to be His instrument in bringing about that hopeful condition?

✦

The good Mill Hill Fathers, who arrived here about a year ago, are a treasure. They have entered with beautiful and self-sacrificing zeal into the work awaiting them here, and have made wonderful progress. Wherever they are the people grow to love them and religion puts on new life and Catholic peace and happiness once more reign. They are going to do wonders here in this the most horribly afflicted of all the dioceses. But, as I have said, neither they nor any other white priests are going to be able to save the people. The diocese needs at least six hundred native priests, and until it gets them, and good ones, the problem will not be solved. I wish I could write you more, but having to do all my own work—even the typewriting—I am pressed for time.

I thank you sincerely for the opportunity to place before the readers of your magazine a few thoughts on the conditions of the Church and the need of the souls in the diocese of Jaro.

A Jubilee in New Zealand

By Rev. Father Cognet, S.M.

American readers will be interested in a letter from New Zealand, one written by a missionary who has spent many years in this country. He knows well the land and the people and writes as if New Zealand were his fatherland.

Civilization has advanced rapidly in New Zealand. Our colonial Parliament has often taken the lead in public movements, which tend to transform the social relations of the whole world. It has granted the suffrage to women, enacted special laws for the working classes—laws which provide for the settlement, by arbitration, of disputes between the employer and the employee. These labor laws are preventatives of strikes. The “old age pensions” have been dealt with in a satisfactory manner in the New Zealand Parliament, while the nations of Europe are yet discussing the matter.

There is no so-called “Religious question” here. Church and State are separate, and they preserve their independence without friction. The Government of New Zealand seems to desire the maintenance of the fundamental principles of Christianity; therefore the Church can live and thrive. If anything is not as it should be in this best of Britain’s colonies, it certainly is not the fault of its legislators but of circumstances and surroundings.

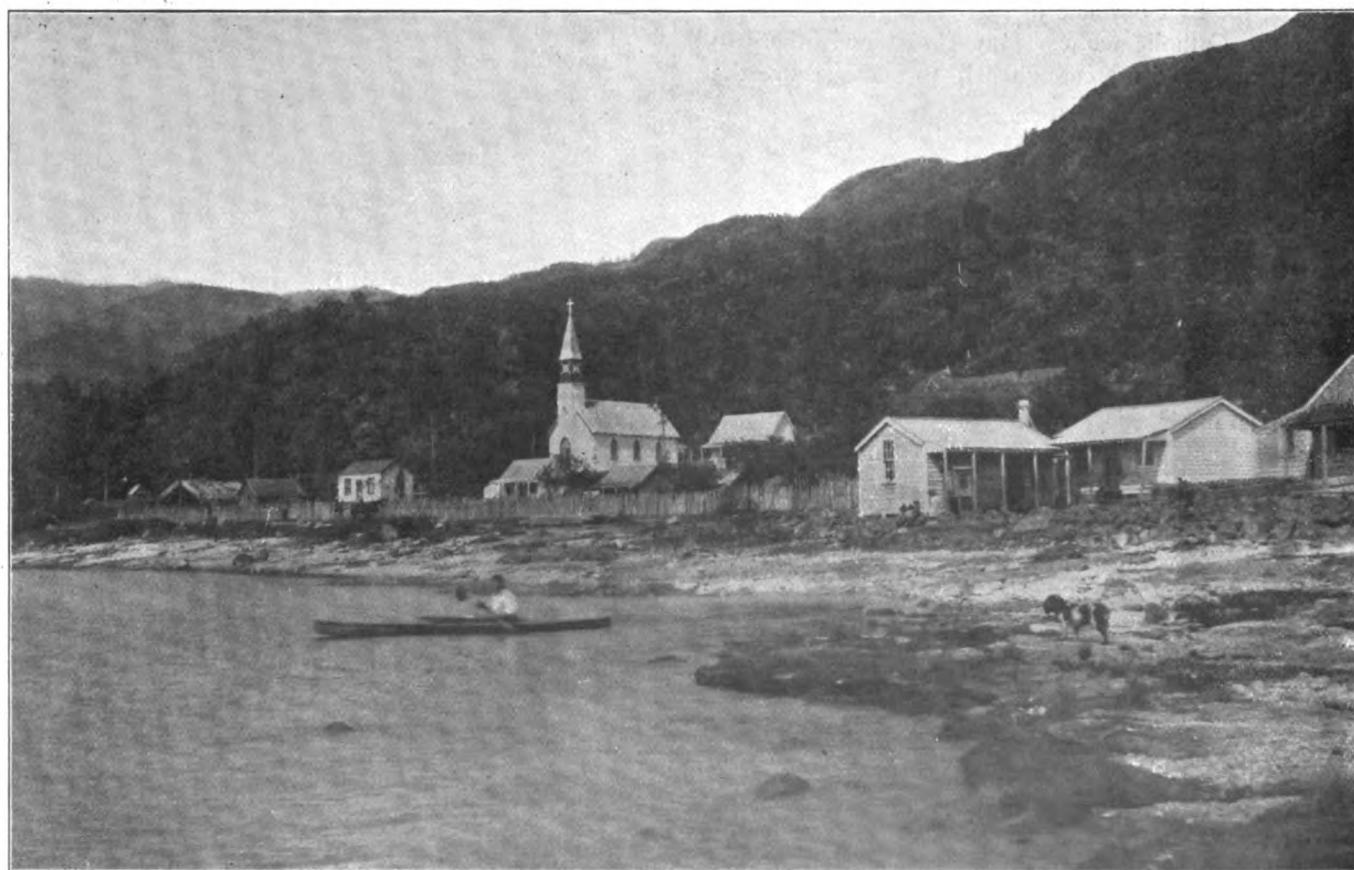
The Maoris are now passing through the ordeal of

English civilization, and for the children it is easy enough. They go to the English schools, where they soon learn the language correctly and use it proudly in preference to their native tongue.

The individual ownership of property has a good effect upon the people. Their title to property having been duly examined, established and sanctioned by the tribunals, it follows that each family, or tribe, takes the greatest interest in its own property. They cultivate the land in the European way, so with the help of their property and labor a certain material prosperity reigns, which almost transforms the natives.

It is only in a few, and in the rather backward provinces, like this one (Taranaki), that work is not remunerative. In Taranaki the pernicious authority of the “prophet Te Whiti” obliges all his followers to sacrifice to him the products of their labor. Oxen, cows, sheep, game, fish, potatoes, oats, everything is taken to Parihake, the prophet’s city, and is consumed there. Everything goes to the city but nothing ever comes back from it to the village.

This state of things cannot last. The tribes of Taranaki will tire of this system and be jealous of their neighbors. If I am not mistaken, their day of deliverance is at hand, for the echo of their complaints reached my ears.



NEW ZEALAND—A MAORI VILLAGE.

In the meantime we are using every effort to strengthen our position.

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If at Taranaki the Gospel is not yet looked upon and accepted as a universal guide, if our Maoris do not hasten to the source of living waters which we came to show them, yet there are some hopeful signs; we are obliged to acknowledge that there is more fervor among our neophytes, and even more progress among the pagans. Many of the latter seem to be debating with themselves whether they can much longer resist the current which is leading their baptized neighbors towards a better future. Let us not be impatient with the delays of grace. God has His own time, which is not always ours. If we need consolations, will we not find them in the abundant harvest of souls reaped by our co-laborers who are not numerous enough for the work before them? This "sap which mounts," as in the springtime of nature, and which the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception has revived among our Catholic tribes, is for us one of the best auguries. Should not our confidence grow more and more when we see the wonderful influence of Mary and the many spiritual favors obtained through her which are manifest even to us.

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I would like to tell you some of the episodes of the Jubilee at Otaki in December, 1904. In order to enter into the spirit of our festivities, you must know we were not only celebrating the jubilee of our Immaculate Mother and Queen, but also the diamond jubilee of the foundation of the first mission in the diocese of Wellington, by the venerated Father Comte.

We convoked a general assembly of the Catholic chiefs and catechists of Otaki at the foot of Mount Pukekaraka, the original site of the Missions. In the year 1894, I assisted, on this same spot, at pious and solemn celebrations destined to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the first mission in these parts. A gigantic cross was erected on the top of the hill, on the very spot where the Rev. Father Comte's hut had formerly stood. We left it to the Maoris to erect a commemorative edifice.

In 1904, most important reasons made it expedient for us to renew these celebrations of Faith and gratitude, and to give the exercises all the pomp and majesty possible. In April, 1904, our Archbishop, Monsignore Redwood, went to Wangaehn to bless and inaugurate a new church, the tenth built by Father Melu in his large and populous district. It was then that the idea came to one of our native catechists to profit by the voyage ad limina that the Bishop was about to undertake, to send to His Holiness, Pius X., the good wishes and respectful homage of the Maori people. This generous plan was soon the favorite theme of every conversation.

It was resolved that an address of condolence and felicitation should be drawn up in Maori by our most learned catechist, and illuminated by the missionaries. When finished it was to be confided to Monsignore Redwood to be presented to His Holiness on the 8th of December, 1904. As this date was also that of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, it was decided to unite all



A MAORI MOTHER AND CHILD.

the Maori tribes, on the same day, at the feet of Our Lady of Otaki, and there let them give full vent to their joy.

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Our zealous co-laborers, Fathers Melu and Delach, had some years ago made a grotto, like the one at Mas-sabielle, on the side of Pukekaraka; and no better spot could be found for this new congress in honor of Mary, held at the Antipodes by these neophytes, whose brows were yet damp with the waters of Baptism. After the Eucharistic Congress of Redskins at Calgary, our islanders of the Pacific Ocean owed it to themselves to take their place in the universal celebration in honor of the Immaculate Virgin. They understood the obligation, and obediently they took their place at the feet of Mary to unite their devotions with those of the world.

The following will tell you how, if a stranger had come to Otaki during the month of November, 1904, he would have found our Maoris in all the fever and excitement of real hard work. Many of them were finishing the painting (a la Maori) of a new house built to commemorate the date of the Jubilee and to receive our guests.

At the suggestion of Fathers Melu and Delach, the assembled chiefs decided to hold a meeting of the representatives of the Catholic tribes. At once letters of invitation were sent in all directions. In order to ward

off a very serious difficulty, that of feeding a multitude, all our people undertook to provide plenty of food. We say "hunger knows no law." The Maoris' proverb runs: "When the bird has filled its gizzard then it sings." So wishing to sing loudly at the Jubilee, they thought of getting plenty of provisions. Some went fishing, some collected money, others offered to do the cooking, and all seemed willing and anxious to do something.

✱

The Fathers having invited me to help them and to join in the celebrations, I could only accede to their wishes. I arrived at Otaki the 5th of December. That same evening, according to Maori etiquette, the chiefs assembled to deliver, in my honor, the speech of welcome. That done, a grave question was debated. It was this: Should the Protestant Maoris of Otaki be permitted to take part in our festivities, side by side with the Catholics, so as not to divide the tribe and also to

formed, for till then the house is "tapu" (bewitched), and woe to anyone who forces an entrance. So we hastened the rites of purification that our guests might be the first to derive profit from its conveniences.

At the blessing of the house I had to make a speech. The idea came to me that I saw more than one mark of resemblance between the field we occupied and another field celebrated in the records of Maori history: the field of Hinenni. It is the story of a woman, head of a tribe, whose authority was so respected by the Maoris that even during the most implacable wars neither side would think of violating her retreat. Like the places of refuge of which the Bible speaks, the village of Hinenni was a safe asylum for all who sought its protection. Those who know the history of Otaki also know that our Lady of Lourdes has already acquired many rights to our veneration here, and they will probably smile at my comparison; but our dear natives were so pleased with this allusion to their history that since then the name of

Mariae-Hinenni is given to the beautiful spot where the grotto of the Immaculate Mother is established.

We had hardly finished our holy ceremonies when the Muanpokos arrived and took possession of the building, where they remained during their stay amongst us.

While the long speeches and songs of welcome were in progress, I took time to examine the building thoroughly, interiorly and exteriorly. In shape and general architecture it resembled any of the well-built Maori houses, but instead of the primitive materials used by former generations, I noticed that all the wood was of the best quality. There were real doors and windows, and the roof was covered with zinc. The interior was decorated with pretty moldings

and paintings; cannulated and hollowed woodwork veneering the rooms made them look like bamboo screens. On the top of the house was represented the open Gospel showing on the right side the Star of Salvation, and on the left page the monogram of Marie, with the date, 1904.

It goes without saying that only one name was appropriate for this building which was to commemorate a double jubilee—our own and that at Rome in honor of the Immaculate Conception. So "Rome" the house was called, and it will always revive the memory of the 8th of December, 1904, when the Maoris' veneration and best wishes were presented and heard at the Vatican for the first time. It will soon be seen how their joy and their innate sense of the right thing to do, developed during the Jubilee celebrations, uniting them in harmonious sympathy with the festivities in Rome.

(To be Continued.)



A MAORI FAMILY TRAVELING.

foster the spirit of union and sympathy which makes even dissenting members take part in the joys and troubles incident to such celebrations? As you may easily imagine, there was much both for and against the proposition. I admired the delicacy of sentiment shown by the catechists. Everything was well considered and the brotherly plan was approved. In common accord with the missionaries, a formal and cordial invitation was sent to our Protestant neighbors. Events will show that on this occasion our Maoris proved themselves good diplomats.

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On the sixth, some of the nearest tribes joined us to help receive the strangers. The Muanpokos arrived first. According to Maori customs, a new house should not be inhabited before certain ceremonies have been per-

The Bowery Mission

By Rev. Daniel C. Cunnion, Rector

The Holy Name Mission, on the Bowery, for homeless and dependent men, was formally opened April 1, 1906. The purpose of doing something special for the twenty thousand denizens of that famous thoroughfare had long been mooted. Twenty-five years ago indications were plain that the character of the street would change, and the opening of a few lodging houses at cheap rates confirmed the conjecture as the days passed on. Real estate experts declare that, probably, no section of the metropolis has fluctuated in ground and property values as the Bowery. What had promised after the historic days of the *Bouerie* to become a commercial avenue, lost its trend in that line when the Elevated Railroad began to use its ugly structure for the transportation of the fast increasing number of down-town toilers. Some shrewd calculator, of unerring foresight, happily hit upon the value of space for cheap lodging, and the buildings destined for business, by degrees became profitable centers where the homeless, outcast, and dependent men of this city and elsewhere flocked to find a doubtful domicile and a sure hiding-place.

The Bowery during that transitional period gained its world-wide reputation for cheap amusement, cheap vice, cheap carousing, eating and sleeping. It has sustained its cheapness to this hour, with moral values fluctuating from year to year. Thither are drawn now, as in the past, the curiosity-seeker and the fakir, the crook and the ne'er-do-well, the drunkard and the degenerate, the weak and the unfortunate, the deserving and the undeserving. Alongside of this flotsam and jetsam of human life, a new element has shown itself recently—the commercial Hebrew, with his stores, theatres, and crushing, sluggish crowds. It is a question whether here, as elsewhere, he will ultimately prevail by sheer force of number and persistence and so change the whole face of the Bowery.

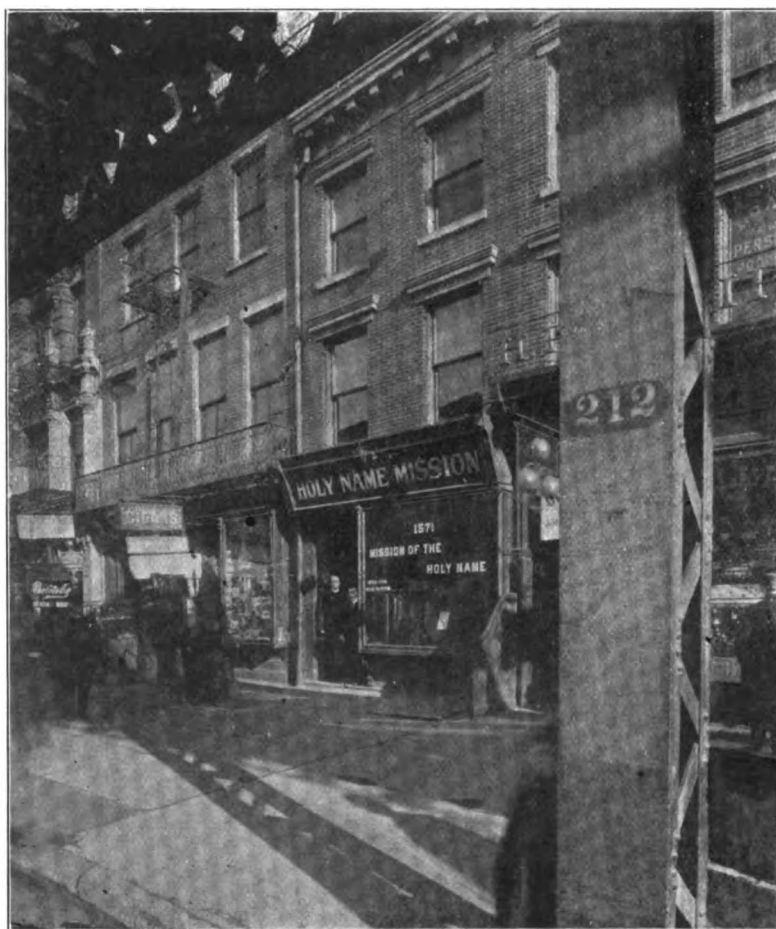
Under present conditions it will be a struggle of years, if ever he succeeds, since he is bringing thither his worst vices as well as his wares. Whatever the outcome, the fact remains that there are housed nightly, along the line that stretches from Cooper Square to Park Row, and in adjacent streets, not less than twenty thousand men, three-fourths of whom are, it is now safely estimated, of Roman Catholic extraction. Probably thirty per cent. only of these dependents are of local birth, the remainder coming from all sections of the country.

Although the Bowery comes within the parochial limits of eight Roman Catholic churches, it has always remained a thing apart from what is considered parish life. It holds a migratory army, and in many ways is "no man's land." Spasmodic attempts have been made at "mission" times to rouse its dormant Catholic soul, but no organized persevering effort has striven to evangelize it. In the main, it may now, as in the past decades, be classed as unchurched. To reach this ever-multiplying horde and restore it to a sense of decent Christian living, no less than eight non-Catholic missionary centers have long

been exerting every power at their command. Fairness compels the declaration that they have not urged proselytism so much as cleanliness of life, bodily and spiritually. In fact, it is an omen of better Christian fellowship, that these non-Catholic missionaries co-work in harmony, and have allowed no indifference, ingratitude, nor fakirism, on the part of their beneficiaries, to dull their daily and disinterested ardor.



Between the "mission calls" of the New York Apostolate for non-Catholics resident at Saint Teresa's in Henry Street, a recurring topic of conversation a few



THE HOLY NAME MISSION, 157½ BOWERY, NEW YORK.

years ago was the status of the homeless and churchless men of the Bowery lodging houses, and the resolve that something should be done to lift them from their sad spiritual decadence. A quiet census of two blocks only—Grand, Hester, and Canal streets—revealed the astounding fact that over seven thousand men slept nightly in the lodging houses on both sides of the Bowery. Practical action was immediately taken. The *Saint Vincent de Paul Quarterly* received an article issuing a call to the Vincentians to awake to the startling fact. A scheme of organization was drawn up and submitted to His Grace Archbishop Farley. The matter began to attract the attention and the consideration of the head workers in the great Catholic charities of the archdiocese. Ever ready and zealous to embrace any well-defined proposal for the alleviation of the distressed, His Grace immediately understood the possibilities for good in this hitherto untouched field of Catholic action. He soon called for volunteers, and finally chose the writer of this article to assume the task of beginning the work of reclaiming these homeless and dependent men.



After a thorough preliminary search, he consented to the choice of a small house, situated at 157½ Bowery, near Broome Street, where the rector might humbly inaugurate his uphill labors among his future and numerous charges. The formal blessing was conferred by the Archbishop on April 1, 1906, at which ceremony there were present representative delegations both of the clergy and the laity. The press gave ample notice of the happy event, and "The Mission of the Holy Name" began its life. The watchword of this apostolic effort was to be as the Archbishop said: "*God's work of men for men.*"

The mission, thus officially sanctioned and publicly advertised, soon made itself felt. Among the first to congratulate the Rev. Rector on the inception of his work were the non-Catholic missionaries who had long been in the field. Notable among the well-wishers were the representatives of the well-known Bowery Mission of the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the University Settlement, and the Charity Organization. All expressed their delight that a Roman Catholic priest had been assigned to look after so many of his lapsed brethren, with whom they had all at some time or other come in contact. That cordiality of welcome to the field has remained unabated to this hour.



The little mission house soon became a center of activity. To draw down God's blessing on the work, and to stimulate the men, a mission was given by the Rev. Rector assisted by the Rev. Michael Smith, C.S.P., and after a personal visitation to the lodging houses five hundred men responded to the call. At the close of the mission a Confraternity of the Holy Name was started, in which to-day there are about four hundred who have passed the six months of probation for profession, and over a thousand stand on the prospective list.

The first appearance of the delegates from this Confraternity at the quarterly meeting of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Societies created a sensation among the seven hundred men present on that occasion. Short talks by four of the Bowery delegates opened the eyes of the doubting Thomases, who there had the evidence that the Catholic helping hand was not being opened in vain for the man that was "down and out," as the expression runs. It would have surprised the Union even more had it known that one of these "Bowery boys" was a lawyer, that two were expert printers; the others, a stationary engineer, a baker, and a clerk. Were not such men worth looking after in the lodging houses? Yet they are not isolated, exceptional types. The Bowery teems with clever, if weak men, taken from every walk of life. It would be folly to suppose that in that army of twenty thousand, all are crooks, fakirs, confirmed drunkards or ne'er-do-wells. The task will be to seek for the deserving, to dissociate them from the undeserving, and help them out of their depressing environment to a clearer and more hopeful atmosphere.

The Confraternity conduces to this every desirable change. Following a few simple rules apart from the obligations of the society itself, the members are taught that they are their own best helpers, individually and mutually, once they have decided earnestly to keep near to God. *Without Me, ye can do nothing* is their first motto; *Without my own co-operation, nobody or nothing can help me* is their second. Thus there is building up constantly a true Christian fraternity among these men hitherto unknown, and the resultant is a general sense of mutual helpfulness, self-respect, good example, cheer, and courage.



The mode of procedure with the applicant at the Mission House is simple, yet thorough. He fills out an application blank, giving a rough outline of his personal case. This is his first confidential relation with the Rector. His immediate needs are looked after, before a more intimate knowledge of his case is sought. When a man who has tasted the dregs of human wretchedness has had a good bath, is again clean shaven, clothed, fed, and has slept, the elements of his moribund manhood take on new strength and he is ready to listen to saving advice. When by personal contact—and this is the secret of success in all true conversions—he feels that one totally disinterested would make of him not a mere receiver of charity, but a friend and brother, whatever of good remains in his nature is awakened. The vilest criminal in the sight of God or man has some good trait. To build on that and forget his past failures is to take away his heartache and dejection, and make him feel that he is not beyond human sympathy and fellowship. Acting contrary to this principle is one of the unpardonable blunders in treating with the sinful, the vicious, and the weak of humankind. "Once a dog always a dog" is certainly true; but once a man afterwards a brute, and then always a brute, is not true. It is un-Christlike, yet a common mistake, perpetrated by many of the human family and

by punitive and corrective officials. When the Apostles asked Jesus how many times they should forgive the brother—seven times? “Aye,” He replied; “seventy times seven times.” Yet He did not mean that we should be sentimental or gushy or that we should allow ourselves to be hoodwinked by the repeater. Rather did He wish to point out the depth of human weakness on the one hand and give the lesson of patient, suffering forgiveness on the other.

As soon as an intimate confidence is thus begun between the applicant and the Rev. Rector, he is told to consider the mission house as his quasi-domicile, and he is asked to register as a probationary member of the Confraternity. His spiritual status ascertained, he is given direction in this beginning of a new life. The third motto is then emphasized: *To work is to pray*. He is warned that whatever may be his other failings or past history, the greatest sin now in him would be to play the idler. The Mission has had its repeated experience of men capable of earning very competent livings, professionally and otherwise, eagerly going out to pick and shovel and even to menial service. Such action showed grit and a desire to “do anything,” rather than keep in their forlorn condition. If employment cannot be given on the spot, the men are told to “hustle” and keep reporting until something turns up. If our friends only knew how much we need opportunities for placing men at work, they would surely help out more in that direction. But the pretended friend, who gives a man work at a pittance a day and then works him like a horse, treats him as a hobo, and then reports to the Mission that “our man is no good,” such had better seek for a coolie or take a few lessons on the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

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Eight months of experience now attest that our plans are workable and with satisfactory results. These men are beginning to go to Mass and the Sacraments regularly, less drinking is done, husbands have been restored to families, some to their homes, fakirs have been exposed, and a truly fraternal spirit fostered and practiced. The record up to date speaks for itself. Since April 1, 1906, over two thousand one hundred cases have been treated. Of these, one thousand three hundred and six have been clothed, one thousand one hundred and sixty-seven found employment (by the Mission), two thousand one hundred and seven have been lodged, and three thousand one hundred and seventy-six meals dispensed (ticket system). The men have made two missions practically, and the attendance at the Mission House day and night is on the constant increase. The entertainments provided are building up a healthy social spirit, but they are no better attended than the improvised religious services that are given every Thursday and Sun-

day evenings. In fact our attendance would easily average five hundred at any exercise at the Mission House, but our best seating capacity is just one hundred and twenty. Over seven hundred confessions have been heard in the little oratory by the Rev. Rector alone, and one of the most earnest workers of the Mission is the man who wrote me: “Father, the Mission has made me. I hadn’t been to confession in thirty years till you came along.”

✦

What might not have been accomplished if we had had more adequate quarters, and more generous financial aid? Yet our faith is, that God will give the increase. The constructive work, while along some new lines in charitable endeavor, is still conservative. Time will up-



AN EVENING MEETING AT THE BOWERY MISSION.

build the work. Appeal is being constantly made among lay societies to take part in this long-needed effort to do something for our *least brethren*. Attention being drawn intelligently to the work, this co-operation will ensue. It is already showing itself in appreciable quantity and quality. The lay Apostolate has here an opportunity, not only of propagating the faith, but also of preserving it. God only knows how many conversions may follow, how many drooping, despairing souls may be strengthened by one sure rescue from the Bowery purlieus. So far, the Mission has been content to pay its running expenses, which average some five hundred dollars monthly. These have been met by some church collections, voluntary subscriptions, and the growing general organization on the promoter system, at twenty-five cents yearly per membership. What is needed is a permanent home where men may be lodged, where Mass can be said daily, where assembly rooms may be provided, a clearing house for

employment established, and all other appurtenances installed for an up-to-date rescue home.

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What our non-Catholic brethren have done and are doing we can do. We must fight the fire of hell on the Bowery with the fire of the Holy Spirit. Satan should not and will not have all to say on one of the greatest thoroughfares of the world. See what the Y. M. C. A. have done and are contemplating to do; the Salvation Army, the Industrial Christian Alliance, the Wesley Hall, the Bowery, and McAuley Missions. As the infant Mission on the Bowery we should be the lustiest. Besides the twenty thousand in the lodging houses we specifically strive to reach, there are fifteen thousand more, scattered throughout the city in minor groupings of similar cheap domiciles. There is absolutely nothing in a Mills Hotel or the ordinary lodging house to uplift a man. The philanthropy of a Mills Hotel is in great part misplaced—so say even the police. The ordinary lodging-house has nothing but the personal influence of a well-meaning manager or clerk, when he can be found. There is no free list in a Mills Hotel or a lodging house. Beyond the cheapness and cleanliness it is all business.

✦

When you go down the scale, where we hope to do our best work, what is there to meet but the most sorry specimens of degraded, besotted and despairing manhood? Yet such are Christ's. One of the signs Jesus gave to St. John Baptist's disciples when they came to ask Him, "If He was the Christ," was that the poor had the Gospel preached to them. Who more poor in body and soul than the unfortunate denizen of a low Bowery lodging house? Whatever economic or social or human reason may be given to account for the deplorable condition of such and similar types, it was of them He said: "I have come to seek and save that which was lost." What if they prove ungrateful or unresponsive to kindly aid? Jesus Himself suffered from the nine ungrateful lepers who

were cleansed, yet He manifests no sublimer aspects than when we remember Him in the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Shepherd, or in that awe-inspiring scene when, as the dying Redeemer, His giant Heart well nigh breaking, He seems to embrace a world in those memorable words of love: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."



THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE BOWERY MISSION.

Here is indeed God's work: to go out for those fallen by the wayside, and, as He said, *Compelle intrare*, "Compel them to come in." But when we get them, we should not be without tangible means to help them. The corporal and spiritual works of mercy go here hand in hand. Jesus loves body and soul—for His is the whole man. To give cleanliness and sustenance to the one, when it is defiled and haggard, to revivify faith and hope and love in the other, when beaten down in the battle of life—this is the prime purpose actuating all those interested in the infant Mission of the Holy Name for homeless and dependent men.

New York City.



Eighteen Months in Mulera

(*Equatorial Africa.*)

By **Father Classe, of the White Fathers**

Mulera, like many other places, seems lost in the immensity of equatorial Africa. It does not cover much space—about one degree in length and half a degree in width and on the 30th meridian east from Greenwich.

We are in the mountains, and the panorama spread out before us is magnificent. Mountains everywhere, from six to nine thousand feet high, cross, recross and seem to dash against one another like the waves of the sea. They are piled one above the other in this spot too narrow to contain them. No gentle slopes, no easy paths; all parts are abrupt, difficult of access, and teeming with surprises.

Everything in the country is on a gigantic scale except the longitudinal base, though the aspect changes a little toward the north. A long plain runs from east to west, and even this plain, by a sort of irony, is bristling with mounds of lava and rent by innumerable crevasses, and the foot stumbles or slides at almost every step. The European loses his footgear, the negro loses his toes. At the most northern extremity of this vast plain the great volcanoes rise abruptly, piercing the skies with their jagged tops. Some of these volcanoes are in activity, and one sends out lava twelve thousand feet and more heavenward.

From this country, tossed, tormented by the formidable eruptions of its gigantic volcanoes, the old Nile draws some of its waters from the mountains. The Bolera flows into the Luhonda by a beautiful fall of about one hundred and eighty feet. The Luhonde in its turn empties its overflow into the Changabé, which further on, at Bukonya, takes the name of Mokungwa. The Changabé, a torrent about one hundred feet wide, hastens along and tosses its waters among the rocks which encumber its bed and impede its course in its mad career. The deafening noise made by this stream may be heard miles distant. Calm reigns again at the confluent of the Mukunkwa and the Nyavarongo. Why? Here is the answer the natives give and the story is interesting, as it shows that even in Africa they have a folklore.

"A long time ago the Nyavarongo came to life at Busanza, and at once began to look around. At first it travelled northward, describing a large loop; but the desire to see the great, high mountains made the ambitious stream go farther and farther towards the north.

"Changabé, another stream, also had an ambition; he wanted to see the King. He travelled rapidly toward the south, and as he journeyed he babbled and chatted and made more noise than all the cranes on its banks.

"At last the two streams met, looked at each other, clasped hands, and began to chat. 'What can people see in volcanoes?' said one. 'Nothing but stones that vex and bother one,' said the other.

"'Let us leave this unattractive way and go together to milder climes,' said the brawling Changabé, as it led the way. The Nyavarongo consented on condition that its excitable friend would make less noise. The two meandered along until they met a new stream, Akenyarn. There the three clasped hands and journeyed on together under a new name, the Kagera. After floating over rocks and down mountain sides, the Kagera decided to go through the Victoria Nyanza, and lo! when it appeared on the opposite side the world called it the Nile."



Of all the rivers that flow into the Victoria Nyanza, none can compare with the Kagera either in the quantity of its waters or the length of its course. Its current is seen and felt in the lake. It is because of this superiority over all the other tributaries of the Victoria that modern explorers call the Kagera the mother of the great river. In the year 1900, Doctor R. Kendt had the honor of elucidating this geographical problem. The Kagera being formed by the junction of two rivers, the Nyavarongo and the Akamyarn, this scholar calculated the quantity of water in each at their confluent and gave all honor to the Nyavarongo as the real, true source of the Nile.



The Baleras (for so the inhabitants of this country are called) are as rough, savage and wild as their mountains, and violent and furious as their rivers, which is not saying a little. They are above the middle height, of a regular type and not without a certain beauty. What is particularly striking in their appearance is a proud and cruel expression. There are quite a number of heads among them that horns would suit. What fine models for a painter of devils. For such a people theft and murder are not considered crimes. "Steal? Certainly!—but who does not steal?" is the question addressed to the missionary simple enough to believe in the seventh precept of the Decalogue. Young and old, men and women, everybody steals; it is a characteristic of the country. One must be up-to-date. All Europeans passing through Malera have learned to their sorrow how proficient the Baleras are in purloining other peoples' property.

Though all steal, all are not equally master of the art. The real masters are known and appreciated; they are neighbors to be handled with gloves. All comes to them—honey, goats, pombe, beans—every good thing in fact.

Recently one of these celebrities was killed by one of his kind. Feared for miles around, no one dared to resist him. Clever with the bow and arrow, one of his

tricks was to shoot at passers-by. When he heard anyone on the path to his hut he seized his bow, let fly an arrow, and shouted to his victim: "It is I, Ngebonzine."

On one occasion he was taken red-handed, and, though closely followed, he regained his hut, tied a cord around his body (sign of great internal pain) and began to moan, while his wife stirred the fire and watched him with great devotion. His victims arrived. What were they to do? The sick man groaned and moaned; there was not a trace of mud or dew on him. The scent must be bad.

A few days later, unfortunately for him, his victims

was of short duration. He owed his life to the fleetness of his feet. He returned to the village as shamefaced as a fox caught by a hen.

There exists a custom in Upper Mulera which I may mention here. A stranger is always well received. Hospitality is practiced generously. At nightfall he is given a mat to rest on, the masters of the place roll the mat round him and tie it firmly with cords that were hidden under it. Then they take their victim and throw him into the lake. Bows, arrows, lance, baskets, etc., amply repay for the hospitality they accorded him.

With such customs murder is an everyday occurrence.



DANCE OF THE MULERA WARRIORS.

recognized their goats on the market-place of Bufumbiro. This time he was taken and bound solidly. To escape empaling or drowning (punishments inflicted on thieves when they are not of a very influential family) he was obliged to pay a very heavy ransom.

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Recently a young man did better still in his own estimation; he played a good trick. He used to say that if a man had a gun he was all powerful; but where to get a gun? The handle of a pitchfork would serve his purpose. He rolled the wood in dry banana leaves, covered the apparent barrel in a piece of matting, and shouldering this gun went off to gather in the cows. Some mischievous fellows discovered his trick and his triumph

They, the Baleras, kill to steal; they kill out of revenge; they kill as an amusement; they kill to appear brave men. Truly it is not among pagans we must look for brotherly love. Now, as always, Christianity alone can engender charity in the human heart and banish from it that egotism which makes of every neighbor a threatening enemy.

The impression a missionary receives is somewhat painful when he hears a Mulera who has just been tried and acquitted celebrate his victory by extolling his numerous murders. But the assistants all applaud. Murder among the pagans is a trifle to be proud of. He who has not committed murder is not worthy to drink pomb with men. After the crime a murderer is congratulated and regarded as a hero.

From time to time a petty chief of the vicinity comes to see us. He is surnamed the "Cut Throat." He is

must be educated and taught honesty even in Mulera.

Another characteristic feature of our thieves is they are spiteful, revengeful, and easily lose patience. If driven from a place by the vigilance of the owner, the thieves return to the charge three and four times, and if they cannot succeed in stealing, they simply burn down the hut. The thief acts like a spoiled child, who being refused a toy by his little sister, snatches and breaks it saying, "You shall not have it either."

Three months ago the mission was the victim of their ferocity. The carpenter's shop, the dry wood, an outhouse full of tiles ready to be baked were in an instant the prey of flames. Loss of money, considerable loss of time, these were the Easter eggs that Providence was

treated with such deference that if our negroes wore hats they would certainly hold them respectfully in their hands while speaking to him.

He does not. No! Fancy a rich man like him doing such a thing. His fad is to hide in the hollow ways behind hedges and wait for people returning from market. As they pass he throws a spear, lets fly an arrow, and a man falls. The others in fear throw down their burdens and fly. Our "Cut Throat" has only to gather up the spoils. He does not steal, the dear good fellow. Pray do not say anything bad about him, he only picks up what he finds by the way.

His brothers also have their little Manias. They place things (?) such as pease or beans by the wayside. Should an unscrupulous passer-by take them, our fine fellows spring from their hiding-place and kill the thief if he is poor; if he owns anything he is tied up firmly and kept a prisoner until he gives a heavy ransom. People

pleased to send us a reminder that our most legitimate projects and desires only obtain the Almighty's approba-



THE FALLS OF THE BOLERA.



MULERA WARRIORS.

tion when they are stamped with the seal of suffering and sacrifice.

(To be Continued.)

In Asia Minor

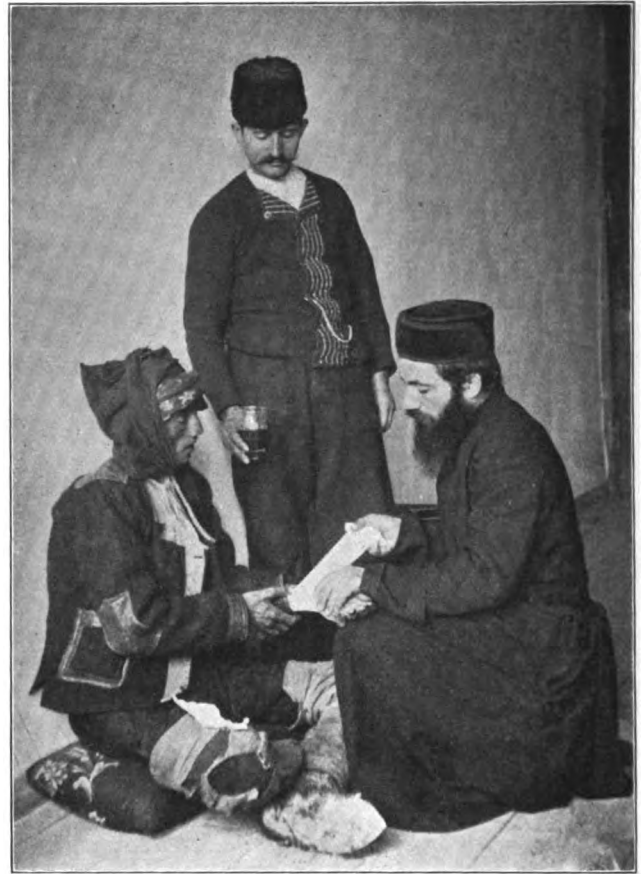
By Rev. John Poidebard, S.J.

I work in a vast field, the town of Tokat and the hundred villages within a radius of about thirty-six miles. My poor charges are as numerous as dead leaves in autumn, they are very unfortunate and worthy of pity. There are no charitable persons to alleviate suffering. If you are poor you must not expect aid from anyone.

Many are the miserable places I have visited where famine and suffering reigned supreme. Tied to a wretched pallet, burning with fever, tortured by horrible ulcers, the victim may be dying but he does not complain. "It is the will of God," they say with sad resignation. To save themselves from death by hunger everything has been sold, nothing remains of what was once their scanty furniture.

The little ones in rags huddled together in their cold lodging must have bread. The missionary tries to make up for the indifference of the public authorities, so he is greeted with joy when he appears on the threshold of the poor home. He uses all his knowledge to alleviate bodily pain, all his heart to soften the sufferings of the soul. Many of the sick, when sending for us, tell the messenger to say: "Only let them come to see me and I will get well, because they love Allah, our Master."

Charity is a mute apology of our faith. The Moslem



DRESSING THE WOUNDS OF A LEPER.



A TURKISH LADY AND HER SONS.

knows, appreciates, and exalts in a special manner the greatness of God. The Arab, up in the minaret when inviting the public to prayer five times a day, raises his voice and chants, "Allah! Akbar! God is the greatest!" But he also knows that God is goodness, *Allaha Kerim*, and the Catholic missionary, imitating Allah, wins respect and sympathy to his religion.

One day a young chief of the tribe of Conchao said to my companion: "Father Petit, take this present; as you are going a long way off we may never meet again, but when you see it remember me. We are friends, and I love your religion on your account."

A schismatic Christian said: "We do not act as we ought to do, but seeing, we understand you are the real followers of Christ Jesus."

It has been said that here egotism is as natural as gratitude is rare. I think that many acts pleasing in their simplicity seems to prove the contrary. A half paralyzed old Kurde woman once said to me: "I knitted this stocking for you; it is not much but God is great." Another old woman asked me if my people liked nuts. "If I only knew," said she, "I would take them some; anyway, I will gather a handkerchief full for your chief."

Our dispensary has ample work to do in the town of Tokat, but in the villages it is especially appreciated.



A TURKISH SOLDIER.

The country around Tokat is very interesting. As we leave the imperial road from Samsoun to Bagdad, nature presents itself in quite a new aspect, at the same time both interesting and sad.

The inhabitants of these high plateaus know no more of other human beings than some of the African tribes know. Flocks of sheep, shepherds, huts, villages half buried under ground, or quite hidden under snow, are the only things we see. Higher still are the black tents of the Hurdes, a country inhabited by half savages, and at night, by the flickering flames, the crying of children and the barking of dogs intermingle.



You will know more about my charges when I tell you more of their manner of living. There are only a few Christian villages near Tokat; the inhabitants are Armenians, or Greek schismatics. Five of these villages are on the southeast of Tokat: Bolis, Echiflik, Caravan-serail, Yatmech, and Guedaras. On the east is Birri. At Bizzie is a monastery occupied by one priest, a var-tabet (a name given in the Armenian Church to unmarried priests), having the power and title of bishop. They say the tomb of Saint John Chrysostom is in this

monastery. A great number of sick people, Christians and Mussulmen, come here to be healed through the intercession of the great saint. During the events of 1896 two priests were killed here. In order to force an entrance the murderers broke in the massive doors with improvised battering rams.

On a high plateau, about an hour's travel from Tokat, to the northeast is Krikorheintz, where is a much frequented shrine called the Virgin's Tree. Here, according to tradition, our Lady rested on her way to Ephesus. She came this way to avoid the pagan town of Comane, which is perched like an eagle's eyry. The Christians have frequently profited by its position, and the Circassians coming to pillage have often been repulsed. To the west of Varas are Biscondji and Ertabah; to the south, Artova, with the vast plain as a background. In all there are ten of these villages, containing a population of about two thousand souls.

Every locality has its derder (married priest), who is generally chosen among the inhabitants and ordained after having passed forty days in the service of a church. That is asked of him as preparation for priesthood. The derders, schismatic priests, do not give much care to the advancement of their flock. Sometimes they say Mass, and they bury the dead; the rest of the time is devoted to their family or to cultivating the fields.

The insufficiency of such ecclesiastical ministry is all the more alarming since the Protestants have begun a very active propaganda. A short time ago they persuaded a derder, who was a widower, to remarry. (According to the laws of the Armenian Church the derder whose wife dies may not marry again.) This derder was finally induced to give up the ministry, to the great scandal of the place.

Let us hope that better days are in store for those poor, abandoned Christians. I have often heard them say: "No one thinks of us. We have even lost the happiness of true Christians, and they say we only think of material things. We are often judged unjustly, but there are still sincere souls among us."



One of the most discouraging things with which the missionary has to contend is the want of frankness he meets with among schismatics. Here is an example. A certain Bedros, pretending to be the innocent victim of his compatriots, confided to me his intention of being converted to Catholicity, but that if he carried out his good intentions he would be driven from his village. Of course I was not obliged to believe all this fine speech, so I said to him: "I am going to your village to-morrow; the derder has sent for us to tend his sick child, and then I will have your case explained to me. He did not seem pleased. The next morning, Father Plyeng and I started off and soon we arrived at the village of Bedros. Instead of one of those enthusiastic receptions said to be quite oriental, we were greeted by the barking of dogs, the cackling of geese and the flopping of their heavy wings in stagnant waters of the ponds. The derder received us cordially and led us to the house set apart for

travellers. The parishioners, about thirty in number, were soon assembled; among them were the more important people of the place: tax collector, school master, and others. Our first care was for the sick. Three had typhoid fever; the derder's son was of the number. Some energetic remedies aroused him from the coma in which he had been for a few days. He respectfully kissed the miraculous medal which Father Geng hung around his neck. Of the three, one died. Led by the derder, we visited the poor, small lodging which they use as a chapel. They are not allowed to enlarge it.

But let us return to Bedros. "Reverend Father," said I, "we wish to speak to you about a private affair; take us to the derlet-glance" (house of happiness).

"Why move again?" he answered, and made a sign to the people to leave the room. Everyone called to his neighbor to go, but no one made a move. At last a few cuffs decided the children to go, and the others followed. Soon we were alone with the derder. We told him of Bedros' request. Then the good man told us the true story. There has never been any question of Bedros becoming a Catholic. As for being turned out of the village—well! we would all like to see him go on account of his bad conduct. Now we understood. Father Geng promised to do all he could to bring this young man to better sentiments.

Since then these Christians have asked the Fathers of Tokat to come to them and instruct and bring up their children. "That our sons may not be like us, make good Christians of them."

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Ascending the course of the Yeohit Irmak (Green River), we soon arrive in a picturesque valley called Selami (valley of peace). There we find scattered in about fifty villages quite a number of Khezelbaches (red heads), a mysterious people little known even by the Turks, among whom they have preserved a certain autonomy.

The Turks hate them sincerely, and they return hatred for hatred, contempt for contempt. Secrecy is their first law, and he who would discover the first principles of their faith must be very patient indeed. In some of their religious practices we find vestiges of Christianity. They look upon our Lord as a great prophet. Some of them consider Bekdeche, the founder of their religion, as of angelic origin, while others again, think him of human origin. Among the different sects some are better known than others and have more adherents. Once or twice a year their dedes (religious chiefs) visit the different centers. As many sects, as many dedes. Always accompanied by ten men, they generally travel by night and by roundabout ways.

A young Turk said to me: "I was puzzled by their strange practices. Well armed, I watched for several nights in the forest between the villages Khezel-Baches. I risked my life. Well, all my trouble was of no avail. I could not clear up the mystery. I never met any of them, yet when day came I learned without a doubt that the dedes and their followers had made a nocturnal exodus.

As soon as a dede arrives in a village, guards are posted round it to announce the arrival of any stranger. In one of their houses, one set apart for the purpose, the people come to his feet. Standing before a table on which has been placed a vase filled with a peculiar wine, the dede recites long prayers and then distributes the wine to all present. It is something very holy, they say, and the dede alone has the power to bless it.

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The Khezel-Baches do not use the many ablutions customary among Mussulmen to efface sin. If anyone does wrong, he makes a public confession to the dede, and adds: "Father, say the prayer of oblivion over me."

The chief then says: "I command you to give six eggs, a cock, some cheese." This is the penance imposed after the prayer. These objects are given to the dede. The Khezel-Baches are allowed wine, and they use it unstintingly. Smallpox had called us to Selami. The disease made great ravages among the children, many of whom died. Fortunately I was able to vaccinate a number of those not yet attacked with the disease.

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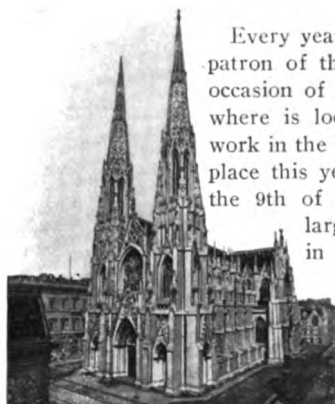
In these same regions we had a providential meeting. A child of six was lost in the mountains. The father searched for it, doubly anxious because the little one was almost out of his mind as the result of a long illness. The poor man's joy was great when, after several hours of fruitless research, the child was seen lying near a brook. His joy was of short duration. When I drew near I soon understood that the child was waiting for us to die. He was suffering from tubercular meningitis. This mad course was his last; worn out by this last effort he expired before our eyes. He was the last child of a numerous family. The poor father wept in despair. "Oh," cried he, "save the child for the love of God! For the love of your great prophet Jesus!"

All I could say to the unfortunate father was "*Allaha guvenmenti*—Have hope in God." "Amen," responded the assistants, knowing that all was over.

(To be Continued.)

The Church's Mission—St. Francis Xavier and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith

A Sermon by the Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, V.G.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

promoters of the work and all present a special blessing sent by the Holy Father for the occasion. Monsignore Mooney, Vicar General of New York, preached the following remarkable sermon:

Thy Kingdom is a Kingdom of all ages; and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

Ps. 144. 13.

BRETHREN:

The actual moment of our coming together here for the annual celebration, which marks the existence of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in this diocese, is a critical one in the fortunes of the Church. What makes that crisis of greater concern to us is the fact that it is most acute in the land in which originated and with which has been most closely associated the Society of which we are members.

It is true that at all times the Church has had her trials. It is only what her Divine Founder Himself predicted. In this her career was to be singularly like His own. Like Him, she was to be "set up as a sign of contradiction to many" made so by man's own perversity. Like Him, she was to be the victim of hatred, of calumny, and of persecution, and thus her pathway down the centuries was, from beginning to end, to bear a range parallel to His own earthly sojourn.

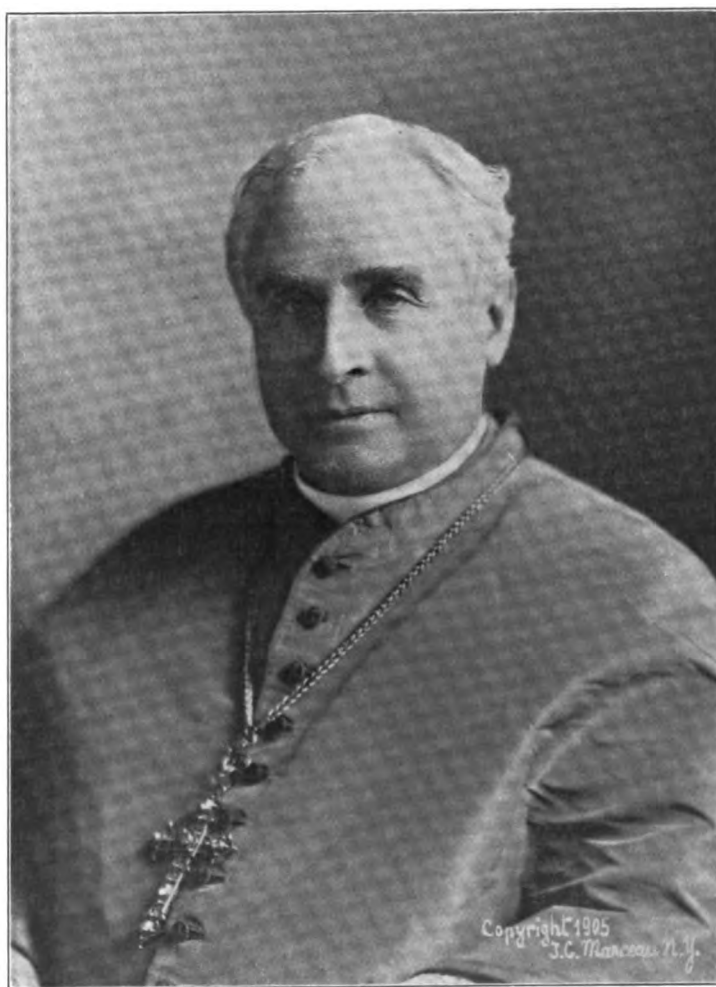
From the day of Pentecost, when She went forth from

Every year the feast of Saint Francis Xavier, patron of the Propagation of the Faith, is the occasion of a special celebration in New York, where is located the Central Direction of the work in the United States. The celebration took place this year in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, on the 9th of December. The great edifice, the largest and most imposing of its kind in the country, could not contain the immense crowd which assembled for the celebration. His Grace Archbishop Farley presided, and in the name of the Pope gave the

that upper chamber in Jerusalem, in the person of the twelve Apostles armed with naught else than "the power of the Spirit," to proclaim that the Crucified One was in truth the incarnate Son of God, Her presence has been a challenge to the world, one which that same world has never failed to take up, and with every agency at its disposal has sought to encompass Her silence and Her ruin.

First it was that under the very shadow of Sion's holy mount the same "stiff-necked and perverse generations," hearkening only to the blinded instincts of their sordid

nature or the evil promptings of the "hypocrites and whitened sepulchres sitting in high places" that had crushed out His life in pain and shame and ignominy, as they thought, forever, would also strangle Her in Her very infancy. When the only result of their evil efforts was to extend wider and wider the new Kingdom of God, to manifest its divine character and its divine mission all the more splendidly before the eyes of men, and to force the world to acknowledge the existence of a new power, which, in spite of stripes and chains, of prisons and death itself, first startled, then puzzled, and finally engrossed the vision of the jaded and sin-weary of the earth—then it was that the faithless and reprobate of the house of Israel stirred up the



THE MOST REVEREND JOHN M. FARLEY.

ruthless Gentile to attempt what they had failed to accomplish.

For three hundred years the attempt lasted. For three hundred years a mighty pagan empire, whose boundaries were limited only by the confines of the then known world, threw the whole weight and force of its terrific power against the preaching of the Cross and the spread of the Christian religion. For three hundred years it enlisted and marshalled all the fell agencies at its command, to stamp out in blood all or any that stood in the



THE RIGHT REV. MGR. JOSEPH F. MOONEY.

way of its exclusive dominion or brutal sovereignty. It had its own laws, its own literature, and its own principles of government; it had its own ways of thought and its own public opinion, its own religions and its own gods; and hence it was naught but treason in its eyes, to be punished by every form of cruelty and death itself that human ingenuity could devise, to acknowledge the Victim of Calvary to be the one true God. But the attempt failed and that mighty empire in turn went down before the resistless tide of northern invasion, which left it but a shattered hulk on the shores of time.

The spirit of evil, however, the spirit of Satan, did not rest. What Roman sword or barbarian torch could not do, his malign agency hoped to do, setting loose a brood of pestilential heresies to vex the course and drive to certain shipwreck the bark of Christ. Wave upon wave of error at his baleful bidding arose, but after centuries of stress, centuries of travail, centuries of vicissitudes, that bark was seen at length riding triumphantly over the face of the yet troubled waters and the world—the religious world—found itself Christian.

Yes, it was a time when the Holy City, the City of God, had been raised on the mountain top, whence its glories were about to illumine the peoples that had so long sat in "the darkness and the shadow of death," whence its effulgence was to enclasp in the light of truth and salvation new worlds that had waited and longed for its coming, as an older world waited and longed for the promised and expected One of the Nations, Himself, the Son of Justice, it was at this bright hour in the history of the race, that in the inscrutable but ever adorable designs of Divine Providence that the blow fell which shat-

tered the hopes, nay, which rent the seamless garment of Christendom itself.

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Oh, brethren, the deep, dark chasm that was opened up in the pathway of the Church by the rebellion—the so-called reformation of the sixteenth century—its yawning depths, its lurid forms so foreboding of irretrievable disaster—did they not at last seemingly falsify the words: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world"? It might well, indeed, appear so to those of little faith or to those carried away by the madness of that portentous epoch, but, brethren, behold what takes place:

At the very hour when all seemed lost, when the future seemed the gloomiest and the fortunes of the Church had sunk the lowest, the omnipotent hand of God was stretched forth—the same God Who spoke those words of promise, Whose words cannot fail and Who will not always be deaf to the prayers of His chosen Spouse on earth—and, lo! the chasm is bridged and along its highway there passes, nay, rushes that radiant procession of saintly heroes to begin the immortal apostolate in which more souls were to be gained for Christ than were lost to the Church by the baneful heresies of the same fateful era. With the love of the Sacred Heart in their own hearts and with the Cross of Salvation in their hands they faced every peril, from the frozen fastnesses of the North to the burning sands of the South; from the dark, impenetrable forests of the West to the fever-laden jungles and isles of the East. No savage horde or inhospitable shore deterred them; no tempestuous sea or trackless desert daunted them; no hardship or danger cowed these intrepid souls, where there was a soul to be saved, where there was a soul to be brought to the knowledge of the light and the truth in the Lord God, Whose Kingdom they heralded and Whose salvation they proclaimed.

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The discovery of America as well as the "doubling of the Cape of Good Hope" was as much the result of missionary as they were of commercial or scientific enterprise. When these epoch-making events in the history of the world opened up access to strange lands and strange peoples, the heroic soldiers of the Cross flew, as it were, on the wings of the wind, along the coasts of dark, mysterious Africa, by "India's coral strands" to the teeming heathen hordes of China and Japan; and then again from the golden shore of a more Western Indies, through Mexico, Peru, and the Pacific slope of a whole continent; by Canadian snows and the headwaters of a Hudson and a Mississippi, years before Pilgrim or Puritan or Hollander set foot on the soil he would fain claim as his very own.

Dominican and Franciscan, Recollet and Jesuit contended in holy zeal for the conquest of souls and the spread of the Kingdom of Christ even to the uttermost bounds of the earth. The words: "The sound of them

arose and was heard to the ends of the earth," were once more verified, and the nations aroused from the midst of the darkness and gloom of paganism, in the gladness of their exultant hearts, exclaimed: "How beautiful on the mountain tops are the feet of them that bring good tidings, that announce the Gospel of peace."

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In the front rank of that glorious band of Christian heroes and martyrs was the luminous figure of your own Patron, Saint Francis Xavier, he who by his intellectual ascendancy and winning, resistless, because sanctified, personality, blazed the way from the scholastic halls and hallowed shrines of an awakened Catholic Europe to that shrouded home of human error and human superstition—darksome Asia. In his wake, and inspired by his example, other heroes pressed on to the glorious conflict when the prize was the immortal souls of men. For nearly two centuries was it carried on, then again the blow fell which well nigh shattered the fair fabric of faith and religion that had been erected at the cost of so much sacrifice, so much suffering, and so much blood.

Then it was that the day which opened so bright and beauteous set again in gloom and darkness. The hands that had wrought so many good things for God's glory were arrested and paralyzed. The tongues which had so wondrously proclaimed His Name were silent and hushed. It was a long and dreary night that succeeded, a night only intensified by the lurid glare of that awful upheaval, called the French Revolution, which caused so much havoc to the Church, not only in lands where the faith was old but especially in lands where it was new. It served to prolong that night during which Satan once more held high revel among the peoples, who but lately had thrown off his yoke. He once more regained his old dominion, for none there was to oppose his efforts

or to wrest from him his sway. For sixty years it lasted and then, God be thanked, the end came. It pleased the Almighty to stretch forth again in behalf of those who knew Him not—and this is how it was done.

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Poor, humble souls, in response more to their Christian impulses than to any great perception of the outcome of their action, grouping themselves at first in their dozens, then in their hundreds, and then in their thousands, and giving from the slender resources a weekly mite, began the work which was one of the true glories of the nineteenth century. Devoted women of every class and condition, drawn together by a holy and common purpose, their union strengthened by self-denying efforts, soon made up the association which has sent not its few but its myriads of heralds of the Gospel to heathen lands. It has revealed in its world-wide activity the marvels of the most Catholic ages of the past, which have been the glory of the Catholic city where it originated as it has been that of the Catholic country which has been its main support for nearly a century of existence. Lyons—France—The Propagation of the Faith—how inseparable the names! How bound together in Catholic thought and Catholic affection!

The beautiful city will not forego its hallowed inheritance—that is our hope. The famed land of Christian memories seems about to do so. It may fling away its birthright sanctified by the holiest of titles. If so it will be one more event in the parallel career of Christ and His Church. It will then be for us, the children of Blessed Columbia, to take up the legacy which the eldest daughter of Christianity has in very wantonness cast away and to prove ourselves worthy of the fame that our Immaculate Queen and Patroness has secured for us, by doing what we can to propagate faith and love for her own Divine Son.



MISSION LIFE AND NEEDS

The letters from the mission field published in this section were lately received at the Central Direction or some of the diocesan offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They will serve to show the needs of the missions and the results already obtained or hoped for, and also to express the gratitude of the missionaries to their benefactors. Appeals for help from missionaries will be entered here, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will gladly forward whatever answers readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may wish to give to them.

FROM BISHOP ALLEN, MOBILE, ALA.

"The fierce gale and tidal wave which swept over the Gulf coast on September 27, bringing death and ruin to life and property, has forced us to make a general appeal to the faithful of the diocese and country for aid in behalf of our churches and charitable institutions injured by the storm. Our orphan asylums suffered severely and in addition to this their capacity is now overtaxed to provide shelter for little ones robbed of home and friends by this lamentable disaster. We have refused shelter to none. The home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, our churches and other institutions, suffered to a great extent. Eight of our churches, chiefly along the coast, are entirely destroyed.

"The charity of the people of Alabama, Florida and elsewhere was never more nobly displayed than in relieving the distress of those who lost everything in the storm. All that generous hearts could do to alleviate their sufferings and make them a self-sustaining people once more has been done.

"But who will rebuild our ruined churches? The people who worshipped in them are all financially crippled, and not a few homeless as well as penniless. Unless we come to their rescue and secure aid from their brethren elsewhere, we fear these churches will remain in ruins for years. Hence this appeal to charity."

FROM THE REV. D. P. LANIGAN, CHARLESTON, S. C.

"I beg you to give the enclosed appeal your consideration. If you only knew the poor conditions and limitations of our diocese, one of the poorest in the country, with only a few Catholics, surrounded on all sides with prejudice and bigotry, you would realize how utterly impossible it is for us to accomplish any good work unless we get help from Catholics outside the diocese.

"The chapel we have used for years as a pro-cathedral is no longer fit for service. Thus we were forced to build. Hence our great burden—debt.

"Won't you please help us? May I ask the donation of one dollar? However, any amount, if only enough to pay the cost of this letter, will be appreciated, for above everything we must avoid greater debt."

FROM SISTER BENEDICT, OF THE MISSION HELPERS, IN GUAM.

"Please accept our sincere gratitude for the offering which you so kindly sent to us through Rev. Father Paloma.

"This poor place is indeed deserving of charity, as we all are extremely poor, destitute of every comfort, but so blessed with our holy faith!

"Unfortunately though, Protestant Missionaries have gotten in and have been successful in drawing away from Holy Church several families, so please pray, especially for the young, who are so easily attracted to what is worldly.

"We have a tiny chapel in our five-room convent (all on one floor) where we have the inestimable privilege of Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament on Saturdays and Sundays."

FROM THE REV. O. BALDIT, P.F.M., MISSIONARY IN KOUANG-TONG, CHINA.

"Recently I had the good fortune to receive into the Church a family which owned a pagoda. My joy was great to throw the idols (and there were many beautiful ones) into the fire. That was before I heard you were collecting such objects for a museum of curios in New York. Now I regret the *auto-da-fé*, but the irreparable cannot be helped. I have still left a very beautiful Chinese bell I can offer you. It is over three feet high, and for more than four hundred years has called the pagans to the worship of their idols. It will be difficult to ship it on account of its great weight, and my poor purse would not be equal to the expense. Now if you wish to have the bell and are willing to pay for its transportation I will send it at once.

"An alms towards the completion of our church, which we have not been able to finish for want of means, would give you a right to my gratitude and to a special remembrance in my prayers."

FROM THE RIGHT REV. C. J. O'REILLY, BISHOP OF BAKER CITY, ORE.

"I am deeply sensible of your kindness on so many occasions in assisting my poor diocese.

"I have just returned from a journey of more than three hundred miles by the stage, traveling day and night at times through the mountains and over the roughest roads that could be met with anywhere. In the high altitude the cold from midnight to daybreak was extreme, even at this period of the year. In all the vast territory I traversed, there is no priest as yet to keep alive the faith of the scattered Catholics. And the reason is that we need means to support priests in such places. It is lamentable the number who have abandoned the faith. Next year I hope to be able to place a priest in this territory.

"May God bless your noble work for the propagation of the true faith."

FROM THE REV. J. F. MATRAT, P.F.M., HIRADO, JAPAN.

"I have been a missionary in Japan these twenty-five years and have always worked in the district of Hirado. It is composed of several islands with sixteen Catholic settlements numbering 5,240 faithful. Besides these, there are also more than 100,000 pagans and 10,000 schismatics. To work with any advantage for the salvation of souls in this vast district, considerable means would be required. Unfortunately I have only my stipend of one hundred and thirty dollars a year and a few mass intentions. Yet I ought to build churches and residences, pay several catechists, found new settlements and also help many really indispensable works. I am almost alone to face all these expenses.

"As a rule our Catholics are very poor and cannot help us regularly and efficiently. I am obliged to ask alms continually. If I do not do so, I would not only be unable to undertake anything for the spread of our Holy Faith in Hirado, but I could not even keep up the works already existing. Unfortunately, since the religious persecution in France began, my resources

have diminished considerably and are not nearly sufficient for the most urgent cases.

"It is for God and souls that I appeal for charity, so I doubt not you will excuse my importunity and pity a poor missionary."

FROM THE VERY REV. C. JACQUET, P.F.M., SENDAI, JAPAN.

"I just received your kind letter of the 15th of August and I will not delay thanking you for the many marks of interest the American branch of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith shows our mission.

"I am glad to tell you that in the villages we were able to assist, and relieve during the famine, many pagans have asked to be instructed in our religion. At the present moment I have more than one hundred catechumens. In a little place near here thirty adults were baptized a few days ago. If we had as many catechists as the Protestants have what a fine sheaf of baptisms we could offer to the Lord.

"The rice harvest, which promised to be good, is seriously damaged by the bad weather. If the temperature does not change soon there will be much misery and suffering, like that we witnessed and were victims of recently."

FROM BROTHER MALACHY, SEYCHELLES, INDIAN OCEAN.

"Doubtless you will be surprised to have a letter from Seychelles, and not less so, to know from whom and why. Well, I am called Brother Malachy. I want some assistance to build or rather finish a little chapel.

"I am here in Seychelles for about nineteen years teaching children. There are over four hundred children attending our school, nearly all colored, and very poor. For years past I have been trying to have a little chapel erected where our little ones can assist at Holy Mass, at least from time to time, but I have not yet succeeded. Last year, when labor and materials were cheap, I commenced the much needed chapel. Out of school hours I worked as a mason, hod carrier, stone breaker, carpenter, etc., so that by the greatest exertions I was able to place the roof on the walls, but got no further. How long it will remain so I cannot tell; but from all appearance it will be a long time, as there is almost a famine in our islands.

"If I could get about \$200 it would put me over present difficulties and almost finish the chapel. I write to you, Reverend Father, hoping you will be in a position to extend your charity to our poor little ones in this out-of-the-way place."

MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS

The most important happenings in the missionary world will be briefly recorded in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we will understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA

PORTLAND

On October 18, the Rev. Louis S. Walsh, priest of the Archdiocese of Boston, recently appointed Bishop of Portland, received Episcopal Consecration in his cathedral. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. M. Harkins, Bishop of Providence, assisted by the Right Rev. Thos. D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield, and the Right Rev. John Brady, auxiliary Bishop of Boston. The sermon was preached by the Rev. P. R. McDevitt, of Philadelphia. At the dinner which followed the ceremony, Archbishop Williams, of Boston, who, in spite of his eighty-three years, is still hale and strong, declared that at his own birth there was not a single priest in the whole State of Maine, and but one in all New England. On January 1, 1906, there were ten Bishops and 1,828 priests within the last-named territory.

PITTSBURG

On October 24 the new Cathedral of Pittsburgh was solemnly dedicated by Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic

Delegate, in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, several Archbishops and Bishops and a large number of clergy from all parts of the country. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. P. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

BOISE

On November 11 a new Cathedral was dedicated in Boise by the Right Rev. A. J. Glorieux. When Mgr. Glorieux was consecrated Bishop of Boise, in 1885, there were only 2,500 Catholics in Idaho; there are now 15,000. There were ten churches, while now the churches number sixty.

TRENTON

On November 27 the Bishop and priests of Trenton celebrated the silver jubilee of their diocese.

RICHMOND

The new Cathedral of Richmond, which will be the most imposing edifice of its kind in the

South, was dedicated on Thanksgiving Day by Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, attended by a large number of illustrious dignitaries, prelates and clergy. Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, preached the dedicatory sermon.

PORTO RICO

The Rev. W. P. Jones has been appointed to the See of Porto Rico. Father Jones is a native of Albany, N. Y., and a member of the Augustinian Order. Since the close of the Spanish-American War he has had charge of the Augustinian College at Havana.

PANAMA

Two Passionist Fathers and several Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity have been sent from this country to Panama on invitation of Bishop Junguito. Mgr. Junguito was among the first to welcome President Roosevelt on his arrival in the country a few weeks ago. Of the 30,000 workmen at present employed in the canal zone there is a large proportion of Catho-

lies and an abundant scope for the exercise of missionary zeal.

The Supreme Court of the Philippines has settled the controversy over the possession of the parish churches in the Islands. The court finds in favor of Bishop Barlin, the native Filipino prelate, who was consecrated in Manila last June, against the followers of the Schismatic Friar Aglipay, head of the so-called Catholic Church of the Philippines. The decree states that all the churches are legally the possession of the Roman Catholic Church. Archbishop Harty, of Manila, who is at present at Rome, declared recently that the Aglipay schism is dying out, being more of a political than a religious nature. The Archbishop said also that the Vatican is now investigating the needs of each Philippine diocese, in order to fix the respective portion which it is to receive from the money paid by the United States for the friars' lands.

Two Filipino young men from the Diocese of Cebu have recently arrived at Rochester, N. Y., and will take the theological course in St. Bernard's Seminary. Bishop McQuaid has offered to give five Filipinos the advantages of training in the Rochester Seminary.

CATHOLIC INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE President Roosevelt received a delegation of Catholic missionaries at the White House on Wednesday, October 24. They were introduced by the Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, director of the Bureau of Indian Missions in Washington. Among them were Father Albert Negahnquet, a full-blooded Pottawatomie Indian, from Oklahoma, a student of the Apostolic Mission House, and Domingo Dikit, a Filipino from Philla, Luzon, who is about to return to the Philippines after completing a four years' college course in this country.

The Rev. John March, rector of the Cathedral at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, has been

elected Bishop of the Harbor Grace Diocese, succeeding Bishop McDonald, recently resigned owing to ill health after twenty-five years in the Episcopate. Rev. Father March was consecrated by Archbishop Howley, of St. John's, assisted by Bishops McDonald and McNeil, of St. George's. Bishop McDonald has been made Titular Archbishop of Gortyna upon his retirement from the See of Harbor Grace.

AFRICA

DAHOMAY On October 28 the Right Rev. F. Steinmetz, L.A.M., recently appointed Vicar Apostolic of Dahomey, received the Episcopal consecration in Lyons from His Eminence Cardinal Coullié, assisted by Bishops Pellet and Hammel, both of the African Missions.

The Rev. I. G. di San Felice has been appointed Prefect Apostolic of Benadir.

ASIA

JERUSALEM The Most Rev. Phil. Camassei, Titular Archbishop of Nixos, has been appointed Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. The prelate was born in Rome in 1848 and has been rector of the College of the Propaganda.

INDIA His Holiness Pope Pius X has appointed the Rev. Severin Noti, S.J., missionary in Bombay, Archbishop of that diocese.

Bishop Barthe, S.J., of Trichinopoly, makes an appeal in behalf of his diocese devastated by a cruel famine.

On October 5 the Most Rev. J. Colgan, Archbishop of Madras, eighty-two years old, celebrated his diamond jubilee. The venerable prelate left Ireland for India sixty-three years ago, accompanying the Right Rev. John Fennelly, of Maynooth College, who had been appointed Vicar

Apostolic of the Madras District. It is interesting to note that for the past seventy years the Diocese of Madras has been administered by Irish Bishops, who brought out with them a large number of Irish priests. At present most of the Madras priests are of Irish birth.

CHINA The Right Rev. J. Bruguere, C.M., Vicar Apostolic of

S. Western Tchely, died in October last. He had been working for thirty years in that part of China.

According to an agreement made between the Chinese Government and the European powers after the Boxer troubles of 1900, a monument has been erected to the memory of the five missionaries who were put to death in Central Mongolia.

JAPAN

Concerning the recent death of Mgr. Osouf, Archbishop of Tokyo, the *Japan Mail* says:

"Tis with regret we announce the death of Archbishop Osouf; his numerous friends may find comfort in the thought that his long sufferings are ended, but it will be long before the pain of his loss is lessened. He was one of those rare men of whom it can be said in truth that he had none of the weaknesses of poor humanity. His whole life was a continuous sacrifice in the cause of truth and good. True, he is not alone among the numerous Catholic missionaries of this extreme Orient, to the self-sacrifice and devotedness to duty of these men, his character commanded the respect and affection of all those who approached him, which gave a higher relief to his religion, even more than his ardent zeal."

OCEANICA

CENTRAL OCEANICA The Right Rev. Mgr. Lamaze, S.M., Vicar Apostolic of

Central Oceanica, died at Maofago, Tongo Island, in October last. He was seventy-four years old and had spent forty-three years in Central Oceanica.



MISSIONARY LITERATURE

In this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS the most important missionary magazines will be reviewed, those published in the English language having the preference as being more accessible to the majority of our readers. Attention will be directed to articles, pamphlets, and books bearing on the missionary question in order that the friends of the missions shall be kept informed of the progress of the Church among infidels, heathens and all outside the fold.

The Missionary (November).—Some valuable statistics are given in this official organ of the missions to non-Catholics in this country, published at the Apostolic Mission House in Washington. According to figures it is shown that twenty-nine dioceses had last year 8,352 converts; those where organized efforts have been made by Apostolic bands having, of course, secured the largest number. New York rolled up a magnificent total of 1,500 converts last year, but the most remarkable showing is made in the diocese of Mobile, which received one convert in every fifty-three of the population, while the average proportion for the country at large is one in 506. Those are healthy signs; missionary spirit is increasing and the Church in America is quietly and silently growing. This is due in no small measure to the activity developing from the Apostolic Mission House.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith (December) contains the report of the allowances made to the missions by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in 1906. The total amount distributed by the society was \$1,211,172.13. Of the dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, etc., which received help, forty-five are in Europe, one hundred and thirty in Asia, sixty-six in Africa, twenty-three in Oceania, and thirty-seven in America, making a total of three hundred and one. It is interesting to note that as many as twenty-one dioceses or vicariates in the United States, including possessions of the Pacific and West Indies, were assisted to the extent of \$43,011. To this figure must be added a sum of \$13,053.24 representing special donations forwarded from the central office directly to a number of American missions. This makes \$56,064.24, the total contributions of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith to American missions from January to December 1, 1906.

"A Voice from Japan," by Father Ferrand, missionary in Tokio, is an important article. Father Ferrand is at present in the United States soliciting alms for his mission. He says that if Japan is to become a Christian nation, missionaries

must without delay work for the conversion of the leading classes which are fast driven to infidelity. His plan is to approach the youth of the high schools and universities in the large cities of the empire, more especially in the capital. In Tokyo alone 50,000 students are attending the State schools and universities. In Japan all schools are merely day schools, and the students gather in boarding houses called *Geshikuya*, where they live according to their fancy, without rule or supervision. The inconveniences of such a system are easily imagined: loss of time, bad company and vicious enticements of all sorts, which, added to the atheistic teaching of the schools, do not leave much hope for the future. Father Ferrand thought of establishing Catholic boarding houses (*Geshikuya*) for students where they might be brought to live in a Christian atmosphere, and thus be guarded against danger to morals. He opened one six years ago in Tokyo, and since then another has been established at Kanawa. Both places are always full, and many applicants have been refused admission for lack of room. The result of this work is that in the last five years one hundred and twenty students have joined the Church, one hundred and twenty men who will one day belong to the leading class of Japan. Similar results could be obtained all over the empire if our missionaries had the means to open such houses wherever students gather.—Father Leopold, O.F.M., writes interestingly on the foundation and first developments of a mission among the Navajo Indians of Arizona.

Extension (October - December).—Father Roche reviews the year's work of the Catholic Church Extension Society, and it is indeed gratifying to hear of the progress made by that society organized a little over a year ago to aid in the work of caring for Catholic people in America. Almost forty churches are in course of construction through the society's instrumentality, and numbers of struggling priests throughout the country have been aided. There is no doubt but the society will contribute greatly to

develop the missionary spirit in the clergy and people of the United States.—Father O'Brien, of Toledo, Ohio, in an article on "The Church in Ireland," claims that the Irish clergy should build their cathedrals and stone churches without help from America, for there are many parts of the country where not even wooden churches can be built for our own poor Catholics. If we have money to give, the Foreign Missions have a prior claim to our charity, Ireland being away ahead in permanent and costly churches and religious institutions.

The Colored Harvest (October) contains an interesting article on the causes which brought about the introduction of missionaries from Mill Hill College, England, and later on the organization of Saint Joseph's Society for the evangelization of the negro population of the United States.—The foundation of Epiphany College, whose aim is to prepare aspirants for special ministry among the negroes, is recalled and an appeal made to the clergy to supply it with worthy subjects.—Under the title "The Missionary Spirit" some letters of the Venerable Theophane Venard are published, and they are indeed of a nature to inspire our young levites with apostolic zeal.

Annals of the Holy Childhood (October) contains the account of the distribution of the funds made to the missions in 1906 by the "Association of the Holy Childhood." A total amount of \$689,680 was allotted to 189 dioceses, vicariates or missions, mostly in Asia and Africa. However, some American missions also received help. A sum of \$4,000 for Indian schools in the United States was placed at the disposal of the Indian Bureau at Washington; and the Diocese of Galveston, the Vicariate of the Sandwich Islands and the Prefecture of Alaska were allowed an aggregate amount of \$2,400.—Bishop Leray, Vicar Apostolic of the Gilbert Islands, publishes an interesting article on the character of the Gilbertine children.

Saint Joseph's Foreign Missionary Advocate (Autumn quarter, 1906), London.—This quarterly, which is the official organ of Saint Joseph's Society, Mill Hill, London, has become of special interest to us, since it gives news of the Philippine missions.—Bishop Rooker, of Jaro, writing to Father Henry, who a year ago sent him eight missionaries from Mill Hill, says: "Your good fathers are doing splendidly and from all I can hear they are very happy and satisfied. They will meet with opposition, of course; they may be insulted and attacked even physically by the enemies of God the Father; but, on the other hand, they will receive the most touching marks of esteem and affection from the good people, who are in a very great majority."—Father Verbrugge writes from Iloilo: "There is a wrong idea about the Philippines—the conditions of the country have changed very much of late. The people used to be well off and living was cheap. With the coming of the Americans everything has risen in price to twice or three times its former value. The people are sinking and sinking down and no help comes."—Other articles are "Borneo and Its Missionaries," "Borneo and Devil Worship."

Anthropos (October), an international review of ethnology and linguistics, was founded a year ago at Salzburg, Austria, by the Rev. W. Schmidt, S.V.D., for the publication of the scientific works of our missionaries, especially in ethnology and linguistics. *Anthropos* has already achieved great success. The fourth number, which completes the first volume, contains many articles of importance, among them one by Father Maurice, O.M.I., "The Great Dené Race," which is of special interest to American readers, since the large tribe of the Navajoes in New Mexico and Arizona belong to the Dené family. In *Anthropos* the articles are published in the language in which they are written by the missionaries, which gives quite a varied aspect to the magazine, some articles being in French, German, English, others in Spanish, Italian, etc. The following are the principal ones in the October number, which is a large volume of three hundred and fifty-two pages: "Les Bambara et leur langue," par Mgr. Bazin des Peres Blancs; "Mythen und alte Volkssagen aus Brasilien," von P. Carl Teschauer, S.J.; "Los Indigenas de la Prefectura de Chiang-chiv,

China," por el Padre Greg. Arnazi, O.P.; "Les 'Eki' des Fang," par le P. L. Martrov, C.S.Sp.

The Dublin Review (November)—Mr. D. C. McDonnell, an Irishman, contributes an article on "The Catholic Missions in the Congo Free State," which all persons interested in the mooted questions connected with the country should read. Mr. McDonnell resides in Brussels, and is in a position to supply the facts about the case from exceptional sources of knowledge. With great fairness he explains that certain practices of the missionaries may have been misunderstood because based on local customs, which are entirely different from ours; but on the whole the attacks against Catholic missionaries are a Protestant, Masonic and English campaign.

Donahoe's (November) has an excellent article on "Actual Conditions in the Congo Free State," by the Rev. A. A. Notebaert. Father Notebaert describes the origin of the Congo Free State and the Catholic missions there established. Great glory is due to the Belgian explorers and missionaries for the foresight, patience, skill and wonderful bravery exhibited in that campaign undertaken in the name of humanity as well as religion. The results are shown in the suppression of slavery, cannibalism, mutilating the dead, etc. Those barriers to civilization are now removed, and the Congolese are slowly but surely becoming civilized and Christianized. The work of the missionaries and the present condition of the church in Congo is dwelt upon at length, and the recent accusations against both Belgian officials and missionaries examined. Facts and unimpeachable testimonies obtained from other sources lead to the same conclusions as those mentioned in Mr. McDonnell's article in *The Dublin Review*.

Illustrated Catholic Missions (November), London, is, like *CATHOLIC MISSIONS*, published in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In the November number Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., begins a sketch on the Alaskan Missions. The first installment is devoted to descriptions of the climate, natural resources, population, trade, etc., of the country.—Father Raindel, S.J., gives an account of the conversion of an

Armenian girl who, after having abjured heresy, was submitted to a trying ordeal intended to make her renounce the faith and become a Turk, but she remained faithful and finally entered the convent.—Other articles are: "Guide Trang," by Father P. Petit, and "The Zulus," by Father Rousset, O.M.I.

The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (November), Watertown, N. Y., has an article on "Twenty-five Years of Missionary Endeavor in Oceania."

The Salesian Bulletin (October), London, contains an account of "Idolatry in India," by Father Tamates, Salesian Missionary.

RECENT BOOKS ON THE MISSIONS.

Questions d'Angleterre—Les Missions Protestantes, par J. B. Piolet, S.J. Paris.

Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies. By the Rev. J. A. Dubois. Translated by Henry Beauchamp. 3d edition. London.

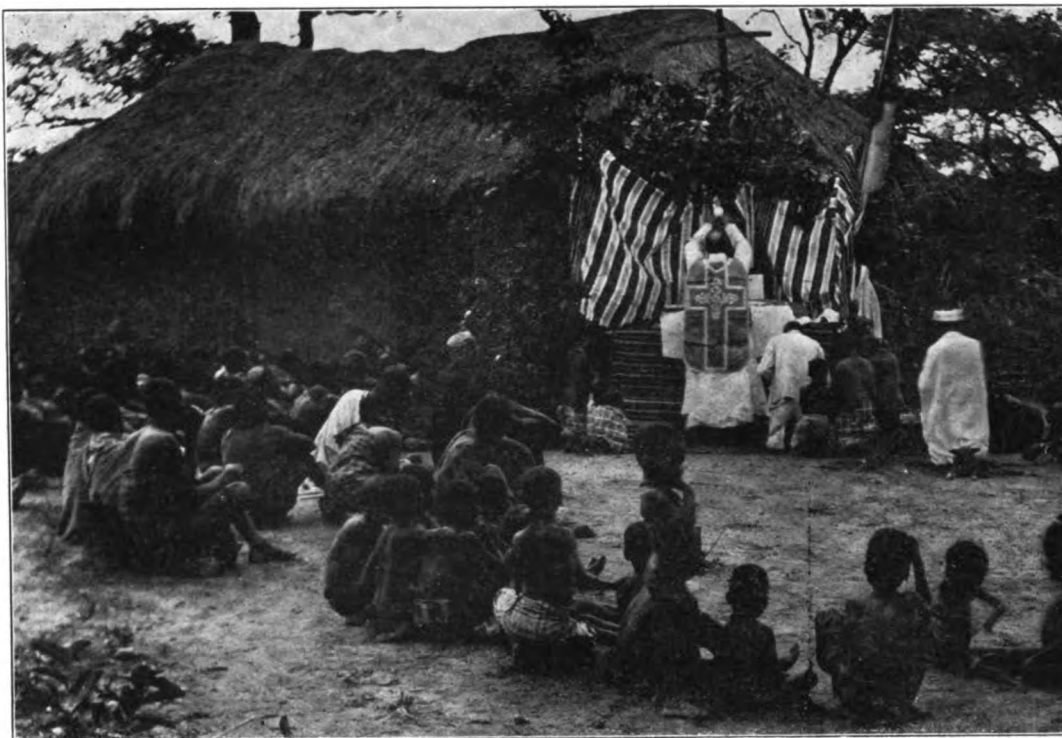
Dictionnaire d'Histoire et de Géographie du Japon, par le Rev. E. Papi-not, P.F.M. Tokyo.

Histoire de la Nouvelle Mission de Syrie, par le Rev. P. Jullien, S.J. Lyon. 2 vols.

Au Congo et aux Indes. Bulens. Brussels.

The Lady Herbert's Life of Theophane Venard (The Venerable), under the title of "A Modern Martyr," revised and annotated by the Rev. James Anthony Walsh, Miss. Apost. Boston.

Thoughts of Modern Martyrs. By the Rev. James Anthony Walsh, Miss. Apost. Boston.



"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

Catholic Missions

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Editorial Notes

A Hearty Welcome

WE are pleased with the kind reception accorded to the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. We knew such a periodical was needed, and we hoped that our magazine would supply the need. The Representative of the Holy Father in the United States writes: "The usefulness of this publication appears evident; it is well adapted for the furtherance of the aims of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith." On page 68 may be found cordial words of welcome and good will from many distinguished members of the Hierarchy. All wish success, and with the grace of God and the help of a generous clergy and laity, the new magazine will succeed—it will become a strong factor for good in the Apostolate of the press.

What of the Missions?

Catholics in France are in a distressing condition: the era of persecution inaugurated twenty-five years ago has reached an acute stage. After oppression, and the curtailing of all liberties, we have seen spoliation of the Church, and it would not be surprising if before long exile and death were the lot of many of the clergy.

The Catholics of the United States are extending their heartfelt sympathy to their brethren in France. Meetings of protest and indignation have been held, resolutions have been passed denouncing the infamy of a government which is oppressing the eldest

daughter of the Church; offers of help have been proffered and means of retaliation suggested. All this is well, but we venture to suggest another way in which American Catholics may help not only their French brethren, but the cause of the Church as well.

During the last century, France has been the chief support of the Foreign Missions. Over one-half of the missionary priests, brothers, and nuns are of French extraction, and up to the last year over one-half of the means for their support was furnished by France. What will France be able to do for the missions this year? We do not know, but in the condition it finds itself at present, we may suppose that the French Church will not be able to furnish the large amount it has been accustomed to give annually for the Foreign Missions.

How will those missions be supported? Will they be allowed to perish, or is there prospect of sufficient aid from other quarters? What are the Catholics of the United States going to do about the matter?

Here is an opportunity for them to show their Catholicity. Let them relieve France of that burden and contribute their mite to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, on which most of the missions depend largely for their support. They will thus give a stimulus to Catholics throughout the world.

The Most Needy Missionary Country The most needy missionary country at the present day is Japan. Not that it has been devastated by pest, ruined by earthquake, or visited by famine, but because it has reached a point in its history when it will soon be decided whether the Japanese will turn to infidelity or become a Christian nation.

There are 130 Catholic missionary priests in Japan who are doing their utmost to bring about the latter result: but they are struggling, not in apostolic poverty, but in paralyzing misery.

By their side is a horde of Protestant missionaries, who, thanks to the immense resources put at their disposal by their American brethren, are also doing their utmost to inflict upon Japan that diluted form of Christianity which has been the curse of so many countries for over three centuries. Protestant missionaries are doing great harm in Japan, not only because they present the spectacle of a divided Christianity, but also because the Light of the Gospel they offer is dim, uncertain, cold. It carries with it its weakness, subjectivism, which ends by unbalancing the Japanese mind, and leads it almost infallibly to atheistic rationalism.

Will American Catholics help in making Japan a Catholic nation? Its growing influence as a mediator by means of which ideas are promulgated in the far East, particularly in Corea, China, and Indo-China, will make it an important factor in the evangelization of the pagan world.

Filipino Students in American Seminaries Since the publication in our last issue of Bishop Rooker's article on the need of a native clergy for the Philippines, which was written several months ago, an important move has been made in the same direction. The Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines has appointed Father Zaro, C.M., to obtain from the American Bishops free scholarships in their seminaries for a certain number of Filipino students. Father Zaro's mission has been most successful and already more than forty scholarships have been secured in twelve American Seminaries.

This is gratifying news and will help to solve the problem of giving the Philippines a native clergy. A purely native church must be built there, and if the Church in the Philippines and other former Spanish possessions is in the condition it finds itself to-day, it is, perhaps, due to the fact that ecclesiastical control from Europe did not cease long ago.

The Religions of Japan

I. THE LEGENDS OF SHINTOISM

By Rev. A. M. Roussel

I do not hesitate to state that any Occidental who undertakes to study the questions of religions in Japan finds himself engaged in a very difficult, not to say rash, enterprise. The state of mind of the Japanese with regard to religion, the very meaning they give to the word, is far from the ideas Christianity has taught us, so both idea and term prove a stumbling block. Either we try to adapt their religious ideas to our own, and then we attribute to them a state of mind and heart unsuspected, impossible, and to which they are perfect strangers; or we try to penetrate their thoughts and beliefs and are launched on an unknown sea, covered by thick fogs, where all light, all certitude fails us.

I do not pretend to be able to disperse these fogs, but rather to give an idea of them. I therefore warn the reader, that he may not be disappointed if he follows me to the end of this study.

The religious question does not mean at all the same thing to a Japanese as to an Occidental. In our countries one man is a Catholic, another belongs to a Protestant sect, and others have no religious faith at all. We all know what those words mean. We know clearly what the Catholic believes and why he believes it; we also know the positions of the Protestant and the unbeliever. Furthermore, individuals belonging to the same religion, learned or ignorant, men of the upper classes as well as those of the less intelligent, profess the same faith. The educated, it is true, are better able to reason out and understand their beliefs, the ignorant are often incapable of reflection, and simply believe what is taught them. But learned and ignorant both belong to the same category, clearly defined, and they form a body of believers, a church, the members of which are bound together by their common faith from which comes the word "communion" to designate the profession of a same religious faith.

Nothing, or hardly anything of this kind, exists in the Japanese religious world. In the first place the statistics which pretend to give the number of Buddhists and Shintoists have not the same meaning as our religious statistics. I do not know if they have any meaning, because the Japanese who manifest a religious feeling by acts of worship go to the temples of both religions, and contribute to the festivals of both cults without being aware of any inconsistency.

Thus it is the custom to present children in the Shintoist temple a month after their birth. It is also the custom to secure the services of the Buddhist bonze (monk or priest) at funerals. The exceptions to this latter custom, which are very rare, are of recent date: only members of the imperial family and those of some of the very highest families are buried according to the Shintoists' rites. For more than a thousand years the

distinction between Buddhists and Shintoists did not exist, or was unknown to the great mass of people, and even at the present day it is unnecessary to consider it without accepting notions both real and imaginary.

It is almost impossible to draw a clear line of demarcation between the Japanese who believe and those who do not believe. What do they believe? What can they believe which is clear and precise? The multitudes that frequent the temples nearly all belong to the lower classes, the ignorant classes of the people. These crowds are composed of women and some few old men. The



A SHINTOIST PRIEST.

men, particularly the educated, are remarkable by their absence; they generally abstain from all religious manifestations, and many of them acknowledge they have no religious feeling.

Notwithstanding this abstention and this apparent indifference, the most materialistic, the most irreligious would recoil in horror at the thought not only of neglecting the grave of his parents, but of omitting the rites prescribed for the anniversaries of the death of any member of his family. Perfectly indifferent as to what may follow their present life, they act as if the dead needed their care and their assistance.

These apparent contradictions explain the embarrassment of a Japanese when strangers ask him what is his religion; Buddhist or Shintoist. This embarrassment is quite natural, because he does not understand the sense or range of such a question; his mind has never been led to determine the distinctions clear and definite as with us when considering the negative and positive in belief. Even the existence of the sects, Buddhists, or Shintoists, does not enlighten him because they have hardly anything either in their origin or their signification with the doctrinal divisions which gave rise to the many Christian sects of the Occident. If we go further and ask a Japanese what are his ideas and beliefs regarding God, the soul, and a future life, his embarrassment will hardly be less; because without doubt the Japanese has never asked himself these questions, and, moreover, his religions have never given him any clear, precise instruction, or presented to him any doctrine that could be imposed on all minds alike, learned or unlearned. If he is an educated man, he will frankly deny both God and a future life; or he will express some vague opinion which seems to satisfy his mind, but in which we Occidentals would find nothing solid or precise.

Another singularity is explained by these apparent contradictions. It is the very different opinions of Western authors and travelers on religion in Japan. Some state that there is nothing like it in the Western world, that the upper classes openly profess unbelief and atheism, that the moral instruction given to youth does not rest on any religious foundation, that the religion of the ignorant is but superstition without any reasonable belief, and that the people have no consistent doctrine. Then they pronounce the verdict, or state a conclusion, and affirm absolutely that the Japanese are an undevotional people.

Others, on the contrary, are impressed by the great number of temples and universities, by the continuous tide of the faithful visiting the celebrated places of pilgrimage, by the love the Japanese have for pilgrimages and religious festivals, by the scrupulous care which each family takes of its home altar, by the importance attached to religious funerals and the rites for the dead, and by the sums, sometimes very considerable, given for the building and the care of the temples. All these acts seem sufficient to prove that the Japanese are the most religious people in the world, that their whole life is penetrated with devotion, and that they live, so to speak, in constant communication with their dead.

If in this study I proceed in a different way, it is beside each other, show how dangerous it is to generalize on the subject of religion amongst the Japanese. The writers I speak of would perhaps do well to define what they mean by the word religion. This simple preliminary explanation would throw some light on their judgments and dissipate many misunderstandings.

If in this study I proceed in a different way, it is because I am persuaded that to understand even imperfectly any of the contradictions which misled the religious sentiments of the Japanese it is necessary, even indispensable, to know something at least of their re-

ligious history. Each of the existing phases are resultants of some causes which have left traces on the Japanese brain and in the habits and customs of the people. To ignore these phases and their probable causes is to have an enigma without the key or the answer.

I.

THE LEGENDS OF SHINTOISM.

Before the beginning of humanity there existed many generations of gods whose names only have come down to us—abstract gods, so to speak, who have no special rôle to play and to whom the Japanese have never rendered any special worship. How the first of these generations produced a god and goddess in human form is not explained. Nevertheless, Izanagi and Izanami having married, gave birth to the Japanese Archipelago and to a multitude of gods and goddesses. The birth of the fire god caused the death of his mother, Izanami. Then the father, in despair, went like Orpheus to visit his spouse in shadow land, but his great impatience to find Izanami caused the failure of the project he had formed to bring her back to earth. On his return from the lower regions, Izanagi purified himself by plunging into a river, and behold new gods took birth from the different parts of his body, and from each article of clothing he had placed on the banks of the stream. From his left eye came the goddess of the sun—Ama-terasu; from his right eye the god of the moon, and from his nose the god of the sea—Susanoo. Izanagi divided the sovereignty of the universe among these three children.

Here the story loses all unity. The god of the moon is not mentioned again, whereas the traditions concerning the goddess of the sun, her other brother, and their descendants are so entangled that the Japanese mythology is an inextricable jumble. On the occasion of a violent quarrel between the brother and the sister, Amaterasu, in her passion, shut herself in a grotto or cave and thus brought darkness over the world. The eight hundred myriads of gods assembled at once, and succeeded, not without difficulty but by cunning and with the help of songs and dances, and partly by force, to draw the sun goddess from her cave. To prevent her returning they closed the opening with a bundle of straw. Susanoo was then banished from heaven and his sister remained sole mistress.

But strange to say, from now on the legend, instead of mentioning her, speaks more of her brother. Exiled and wandering, he arrives at Tzumo, in the southwest of the principal island of Japan. After having killed a monster with eight heads, he marries and becomes the chief actor in a series of wonderful episodes, and finally king of the country.

His father had given him the sovereignty of the sea, but he has never used his power. Later he is represented as king of the infernal regions, but this does not prevent him from holding authority in the land of the living, where he invests one of his descendants, in the sixth generation, with the sovereignty of Japan. But his authority is disputed by a liliputian god who comes

from across the sea and asks to share his kingdom, because Ama-terasu wishes to confer supreme power on the god of her choice. With regard to this god it is not easy to define whether he is descended from her or from her brother, Susanoo.

She sends from heaven to Izumo one embassy after the other, but without success. At a fourth request the king or god of Izumo consents to give up the throne and to serve the new dynasty on condition that a palace or temple is erected in his honor, and that his worship is perpetuated. This treaty entered into, it is not the king chosen by the sea goddess who takes up the reigns, but Ningi, the god's son, is sent in his stead. He descends to earth, not at Izumo, as might be expected, but a long way off on the summit of a high mountain, at

Jimnu and consider him the first earthly emperor of Japan. From that time on the Yamato and the neighboring provinces become the centre of the story. Jimnu dying at the age of 137 years, troubles arose regarding the succession, betraying at its origin a defect which weighs heavily on the whole history of Japan. During a period, which official chronology computes at about five centuries, there is a space occupied only by the names of eight emperors. Then new difficulties with Tzumo arose. First pestilence, sent by the god, afflicts the country. It is fought against by means revealed to the emperor in a dream. A legend full of marvelous stories tells what the court did to appease the hostile divinity. Now we arrive at the history of Yamato-tako, an emperor's son, who, having killed one of his brothers,



NIO GIRLS OR PERFORMERS OF SACRED DANCES IN SHINTOIST TEMPLES.

the extremity of Kyn-Shu, the most southerly island of Japan. Later on two of his sons quarrel for the empire: Hoori, the youngest, gains the victory, thanks to the help of the Ocean King he visited at the bottom of the sea. So he lived in peace in his palace for 580 years. Hoori's son married his aunt, who had four boys who set out to conquer the central part of Japan. Three of them died during the expedition. A small band of warriors advanced slowly both by land and by sea toward the east, subduing the aborigines whom they met. After many hard battles in the regions, which to-day form the provinces of Bizen and Yamato, and many miraculous adventures, the chief settled on the plains of Yamato.

In the legends, this chief is known by the name of Kamu-Yamato-Iware-Biho, but the Japanese call him

leaves the court and undertakes to subjugate the aborigines of the south, and later those of the north of the empire. The hero dies before having accomplished his task.

After a second lapse of time, not as long as the first, the scene changes suddenly. The court resides at Kyn-Shu, in the south of the empire. There, four gods reveal the existence of Corea to the Empress Jingo (this country has already been mentioned in the story). The Emperor refuses to believe the divine message, and is punished for his incredulity by a sudden death. Then the Empress holds council with the first minister, consults the gods, performs the religious ceremonies, and goes with a fleet to the conquest of Corea. Assisted by the fishes, large and small, and by a miraculous wave,

she passes the straits, subjugates one of the kingdoms of the peninsula, and returns to Japan after three years' absence, and gives birth to the posthumous son of the diseased Emperor. Then she undertakes another voyage much like the expedition of Jimnu. Advancing towards the east, she defeats the troops of the native kings and princes, and establishes the court at Yamato. At this point the story takes up its unity, and this province becomes the centre of the legend. Jingo, the great Empress, dies at the age of 130 years, and her son's reign is full of marvelous incidents. All at once the legend ceases, the supernatural disappears, because relations with China begin to be established and intercourse becomes more frequent. The Japanese adopt the Chinese writing, and following the example of the Chinese, the Japanese consign to writing the most notable events of their times. This is the dawn of the history of Japan, which begins with the fifth century of the Christian era.

The two principal works which have preserved all these stories are, it is easy to see, a mixture of mythological and genealogical legends. Books, the first productions of Japanese antiquity, were compiled at the beginning of the eighth century, and they are supposed to contain national traditions transmitted verbally since the origin of the Japanese world.

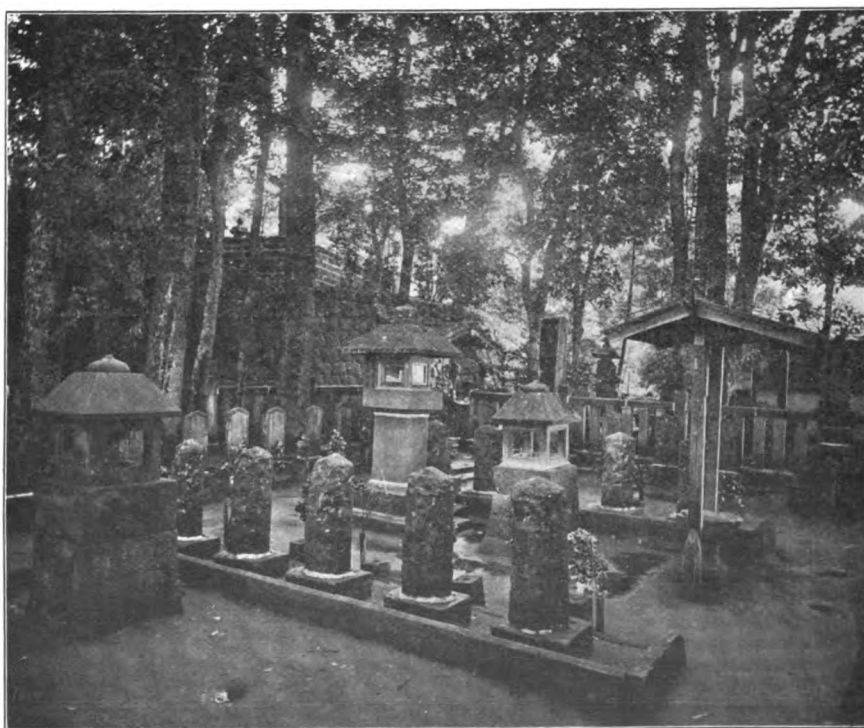


It is well to mention here that complications of a political nature were the cause of these works being compiled. Though the right of succession to the imperial throne was limited by tradition to the members of one family, the order of the succession had never been determined by any fixed rule: Sometimes the emperor designated his successor; sometimes he was elected by the members of the powerful noble families, and this latter method gave rise to intrigues and competitions without end, and often to civil war. It was therefore to be feared that some noble, more ambitious or more enterprising than others, would be emboldened to put aside the principle of imperial succession. The emperors of the eighth century did not dare risk determining the order of succession in the future (that was reserved for the present emperor); but in order to affirm the supremacy of their family over all the noble families, even the most ancient they thought it sufficient to proclaim loudly that they were the direct descendants of the gods who created the empire. The whole object of the Shintoist's legend was to obviate the complications mentioned.

The authors of these collections of legends give no thought to preserving the national traditions from outside influence. Their work was done three centuries after the introduction into Japan of the elements of Chinese culture, at a time when it was developed in the country and had taken root at the court

and among the nobles. The writers gave way to the current of fashion without being sufficiently armed against it. Therefore European scholars believe they have good reasons to suppose a strong infiltration of Chinese traditions into these works. Without speaking of many characteristic details in the arid genealogy of abstract gods, which figure at the beginning, they refuse to recognize the thought of a primitive people hardly escaped from barbarism. Instead, they borrow or imitate a part of the list of the "terrestrial" emperors who follow the first according to date. While the events which precede and follow this period are told with a minuteness of details more or less fabulous, all that we learn of these emperors are their names, ages (they generally live more than one hundred and twenty years), the place of their birth, and the location of their tomb. The recital of the events of five or six additional centuries contributed, so thought the compilers to the majesty and power of the long line of sovereigns so as to place their rights above contest.

Among the Japanese mythological legends may be found some, and not the least important, which are very like those of the Maoris of New Zealand, and of the Malay tribes. This resemblance would indicate a sort of relationship between these races. But in this place, we are not discussing the still undecided problem of the ethnological origin of the Japanese. The legends have the pretension of forming an historical succession, and thus they are presented to us without the least distinction between the fabulous and the historical. Chronologically arranged, thanks to the genealogy of the gods and emperors, they are disposed in such a way as to pretend to be a truly historical story, but their juxtaposition is the only bond between them. The theatre assigned them varies with the greatest fantasy, without being able to find the least plausible explanation; for



A SHINTOIST CEMETERY.

confusions, repetitions, and omissions are numberless. The Chinese and Korean annals, contemporary with these events, contradict them on many points; so it is very difficult to draw from them even a few vague indications of the origin and primitive history of the Japanese.

The first date considered certain by the Occidental searchers is A. D. 461, and even that is accepted with much caution, as it is found in their annals of the sixth century. It is true that the ancient texts tell the history of the Emperor Jimnu or the conquest of Corea, supposed to have taken place in the year A. D. 200, in the same way and with as many supernatural details as the creation of Japan by Izamagi. The Japanese accept, as an absolutely certain fact, that their first terrestrial emperor began to reign in 660 B. C., that is to say, fourteen centuries before the time when oral traditions were committed to writing.

This fantastical chronology, touched up and officially promulgated by the Japanese government, in 1873, was diffused through the whole empire and accepted as an article of faith. These legends were well adapted to augment the majesty and solidity of imperial tradition, and to exalt the patriotism of the people, as they followed the revolution of 1867, which had given back to the emperor all the sovereign prerogatives. Unfortunately, many of the Western authors have accepted the legends with closed eyes, and, if care is not taken, a colossal fraud

threatens to be implanted in the world. It is this chronology which authorizes the Japanese to give their emperor a divine character and to honor the antiquities of the Japanese empire. "One of the most marvelous things in the world," says Mr. Hitomi in his book on Japan, "is that when Japan saw light, all the European countries of to-day slept in the bosom of chaos." The Japanese who in other respects give so many proofs of intelligence, do not see that these childish pretensions are far from adding to the glory of their country.

The imperial censorship suppresses without pity all books which make any distinction between legend and history. In 1892 a professor of the Imperial University of Tokyo, Mr. Kume, was deprived of his professorship because he had published certain studies, too liberal, it was thought, on the ancient emperors. This suppression bears fruit. For example: another professor of the University of Tokyo, Mr. Haga, in his "Conferences on Japanese Literature," gravely informed his listeners that some of the poetry preserved in the two Shintoist compilations was composed by the gods, some by such or such an emperor, and one piece by a monkey.

At the beginning of the twentieth century this is the state of mind of the Japanese with regard to the Shintoist Legend.

(To be continued.)

The Zuñi Indians—An Historical Sketch of the Mission

By Father Leopold, O.F.M.

Among all the pueblos of New Mexico, one of the most interesting is, undoubtedly, the pueblo of Zuñi. Zuñi is situated in the northwestern part of New Mexico, near the Arizona line. It lies about forty-five miles south of Gallup, from where a fairly good road leads to the pueblo.



A ZUÑI GIRL.

Gallup and Wingate Station are the nearest railroad points; from here the way to Zuñi must be made walking or riding. A drive from Gallup to Zuñi is, in itself, very interesting: the strange mountains and valleys, the deep gulches and arroyos, the white glistening alkali flats, the forests of pine, piñon, cedar, and juniper, the narrow passes through the mountains, and the expansive deserts, a lonesome ranch or trading post, solitary red-skinned travelers on their ponies

or "burros," all possess a strange fascination and excite an attentive interest.

The pueblo of Zuñi is built on the north bank of the Rio de Zuñi, in a large, extensive valley, hemmed in on the north, south, and east by mountains and mesa-cliffs, *i.e.*, high table-lands breaking down abruptly or perpendicularly into the valley, and stretching out beyond the horizon in the west. This valley is not remarkable for any exuberant, or even noteworthy vegetation; its one blessing, however, is the Rio de Zuñi, in which there is almost always some water. The houses of Zuñi are built in the old pueblo style: each upper story recedes on one side from eight to twelve feet from the lower one, whilst the rear wall shows one sheer, straight surface broken here and there by small windows closed by slabs of transparent gypsum. Thus each higher story has a "veranda or open porch" on the roof of the next lower story. The first or ground story has neither doors nor windows; it is entered through a trap-door in the roof, and is used as store room. The upper stories are reached by means of ladders. However, at present, many of the houses are so far modernized as to have paneled doors and windows with sash and glass panes even on the ground floor. The houses of Zuñi are two, three, and four stories high; the streets are narrow, and in some places tunneled over by the upper stories of the houses.



THE PUEBLO OF ZUNI.

Just opposite Zúñi, on the south side of the river, are, besides a chapel of the Christian Reformed Church, and a trading post, the ruins, or rather the vestiges of ancient Zúñi, which was called Alona, or Hialona, meaning Ant-hill, on account of the large number of busy inhabitants.

The Zúñis, at the time of their discovery, in 1539, lived in six villages, or pueblos. Their country was known as the province of Cibola; Cibola being, evidently, a corruption of the word *Shiuona*, the name in the Zúñi language for the range or country of the Zúñi tribe. It was reported to the Spaniards that the region was immensely rich in precious metals, gems, textile fabrics, and other treasures. Zúñi, as well as Arizona and New Mexico, was discovered by Marcos de Nizza, a Franciscan friar, and a negro called Estebanico, *Little Stephen*, who accompanied him as servant and pathfinder.

In May, 1539, Father Marcos gained his first view of Zúñi from one of the surrounding hills, and planting a cross, the emblem of Redemption, on a heap of stones, he, in the name of the Viceroy Mendoza, took formal possession of the region for the king of Spain, as the new kingdom of Saint Francis, and then returned to Mexico. The next year, 1540, a grand expedition was fitted out by the Viceroy Mendoza, which was placed under the command of Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, with orders to explore the country of Cibola, the number, site, and wealth of its cities, the degree of civilization of its inhabitants, their civic institutions, and their religious conditions, and, consequently, their adaptability towards becoming subjects of the king of Spain and Christians; and especially the existence of the much-talked-of, and glowingly described treasures.

About the middle of July, 1540, Coronado and his army, accompanied by Father Marcos de Nizza, came in sight of the famous Cibola, and the first town they met they named Granada. This town was situated on the high-mesarock of Thunder Mountain, within easy sight of Halona, or Zúñi, where its ruins may still be seen. The people at first showed themselves very hostile, refusing

to listen to anything relating to the king of Spain or the God of the Christians. They came out in battle array intending to annihilate the unwelcome intruders; but, after their town was taken by assault, the other towns, or pueblos, soon submitted. When exhorted to become Christians and Spanish subjects, they fled to the mountains, and only after weeks could some be induced to return to their villages. The relations between the two races were distrustfully friendly so long as the army remained there. Needless to add that the Spaniards were disappointed in their expectations of finding gold and treasures in abundance.

To give detailed descriptions of the military campaigns against the Zúñis, and the political attempts to make Spanish subjects of them, likewise to describe their tribal organization, their customs, industries, ceremonies, etc., and the political changes their towns have undergone since 1539, does not come within the scope of this article, which is solely intended to be a simple historical sketch or narrative of the efforts and labors of the early missionaries in their attempt at leading the Zúñis to the Christian fold.

From the time that Zúñi was discovered, 1539, until 1622, very little missionary work was done among the Zúñis, despite the zealous desires of Father Marcos de Nizza. In fact, very little could be done. In the first place, the newly discovered province was of vast expanse, too vast for, perhaps, only a dozen missionaries to attend to; then, the interior was to them an absolute *terra incognita*. They knew less of the country into which they went than did Stanley when he undertook his famous march into "Darkest Africa"; for the latter knew the geographical position of the mountains, lakes, and streams, the course of the rivers, the tribes who inhabited the country, etc., and only a comparatively small region of the interior was really unknown. But the first Spanish explorers of New Mexico, and the missionaries as well, had rivers and mountains to cross, valleys and cañons to tread, forests and deserts to traverse, savage tribes to encounter, the geographical position, even the existence of which were absolutely unknown.

If in our days astronomers were to discover some means of reaching the planet Mars, they would be guided by a greater geographical and topographical knowledge in their explorations than were the first explorers and missionaries in New Mexico. Then when the missionary finally arrived at a station, either on foot or on horse, the violent prejudices of centuries, the deep hatred toward the foreign conquerors, the strong distrust of the "new prayer," and the cunning devices and treacherous machinations of the *Shamans*, or "medicine men,"

had to be met; and what this means, the fact that almost in every pueblo one or more friars died a martyr's death testifies. If the subject matter of this sketch were the missions of New Mexico in general, these points could be more fully explained and made quite clear. Surely the path of the early missionary of the Southwest was not a path of roses, nor was his couch a bed of down.

Forty years had passed since the discoveries and explorations of Father Marcos and Coronado, and their achievements were almost totally forgotten, or were held to be fables. But the Spanish occupation had been slowly and steadily working and pushing northward from Mexico, so that now, 1541, the "entradas," or exploring expeditions, which were usually accompanied by missionaries, were resumed with renewed interest and vigor. During the next eighty years, 1541 to 1621, all the pueblos were visited, and many thousand Indians converted; but the laborers were still too few, and Zuñi in particular could be visited only occasionally and at long intervals.

In 1621 the missions of New Mexico were erected into a Custodia, and Father Alonzo de Benavides was appointed its first custodian. Prospects for a more extended activity, a better concentration of forces, and consequently a larger spiritual harvest, began to look somewhat brighter when from 1622 to 1628 Father Alonzo de Benavides and Father Esteban de Perea brought fifty-six new laborers into the vast uncultivated field. Regular resident pastors could now be assigned to the various individual pueblos.

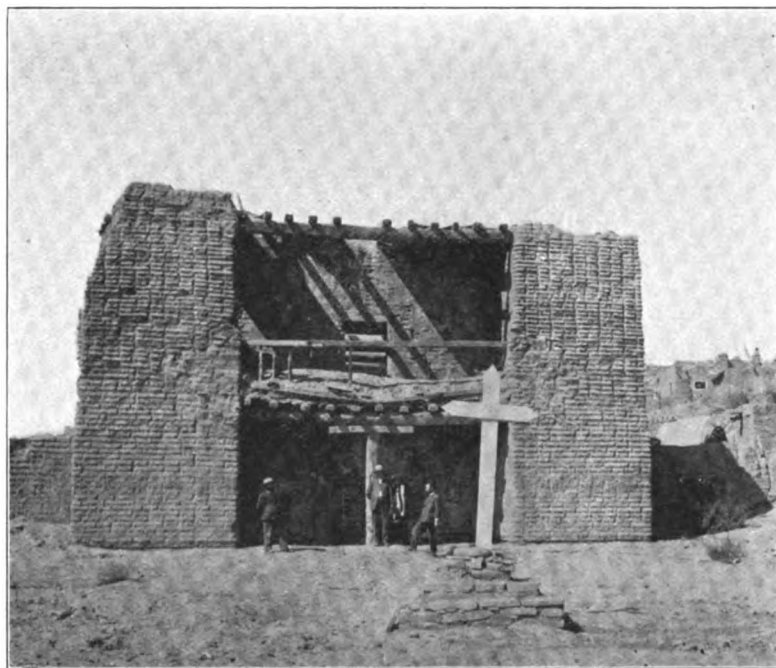
In 1629 Zuñi was put in charge of Father Francisco de Latardo, who thus became the first resident missionary and pastor of Zuñi. About thirty miles from Zuñi, along the old road that leads to the Rio Grande, is a large rock, *El Morro*, "The Castle," covered with names and dates. Upon this rock the Spanish explorers and missionaries were accustomed to scratch or chisel their names and the dates of their passing by. Good descriptions of this gigantic rock-autograph-album are given by Lieutenant James H. Simpson in his "Report on the Navajo Country," and by Charles F. Lummis in his "Some Strange Corners of Our Country." Among these inscriptions is one which says that in the year 1629 Governor Silva Nieto passed there with a company of militia escorting Padre Francisco de Latrado to Zuñi.

Churches were soon built in the pueblos of Halona and Havico, and chapels in Matsaki and Kyakima. He

attended to all six of the Zuñi pueblos, and was fairly successful in converting and Christianizing numbers of them. But the burning hatred of the Zuñis against the white invaders and conquerors of their country embraced everything that was Spanish, consequently also their religion and the missionaries, while the *Shamans*, or "medicine men," did all in their power to add fuel and intensity to the flames. Thus in February, 1632, Padre Francisco was murdered, and the church burned. This happened probably at Havico—written Hanicu by some—the chief of the six Zuñi villages.

Fearing the vengeance of the Spaniards, they fortified themselves on the high mesa of Thunder Mountain, which, it seems, was used by the Zuñis as a place of refuge in times of war and trouble. When Field Marshall Abizu arrived with a detachment of soldiers, the Padres who accompanied him induced them to leave their fortified perch and to return to their pueblo. But not

till thirty-eight years later do we find again resident priests among the Zuñis; at Halona, Father Juan Galdo; at Havico, Father Pedro de Avila. The last named was killed by the Navajos in a raid; they not only killed the priest, but also destroyed the church and the pueblo. The successors of Father Galdo: Lorenzo Analiza, Juan de Jesus Espinosa, and Sebastian Calzada met the same fate during the great "Pueblo revolt" in 1680, planned and instigated by Pope, a



THE CHURCH AT ZUÑI.

Tehua medicine man. Their bodies were buried in the church of the pueblo. In this rebellion twenty-one Franciscan missionaries and three hundred and eighty Spaniards were massacred on one day, August 10, 1680; which is, indeed, a red-letter day in the annals of New Mexico. Only by taking desperate chances did Governor Otermin succeed in saving the survivors at El Paso.

General Don Diego de Vargas marched against the pueblos in 1692, and brought them again into submission. He went to Zuñi from Acoma. Before trying to ascend the rock, where the Zuñis had taken refuge, Vargas sent to the Indians a certain Bonaventura, a man of their pueblo, to tell them that the Spaniards were coming with peaceable intentions. Relying upon the truthfulness of this assertion, they gladly submitted, and on the 11th of November they presented two hundred and ninety-four children to have them baptized. The same day they invited the governor to the house of an Indian woman, "where he saw an altar with two tallow candles burning on it. The altar was partly screened with pieces of

church vestments. Kneeling down, Vargas removed the screen and found, carefully kept, three small crucifixes, two of brass and one painted on wood, a picture of Saint John the Baptist, a silver gold-plated ciborium, a remonstrance with its rock crystal, and four silver chalices with only three patens. There appeared also several books which had been used by the priests who died there during the time of the great revolt. These objects were taken by the governor in order to transmit them to the custodian of the province. There remained two bells without hammers in the possession of the Zuñis." (1)

On "El Morro" we read the following inscription: "Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered for our Holy Faith and for the Royal Crown (of Spain) all the New Mexico, at his own expense (in the) year 1692."

On the 4th of March, 1701, the Zuñi Indians killed three Spaniards who had been exiled there and were the cause of trouble in several families of the pueblo. If the soldiers were not treated in the same manner they owed it to the swiftness of their horses, which they mounted without looking for saddles and bridles. As for the priest, Father Juan Garaycochea, nobody molested him, as all knew that he always blamed the conduct of these bad men in the pueblo. At the first notice of what had happened, Governor Cubero started with soldiers to punish the Zuñis. Upon hearing of his coming, not only those Zuñis who had killed the Spaniards, but many others, fled to the Tanos and Moquis, taking along as many of their horses and sheep as they could. There remained no more reason to justify, even apparently, any penalty against the Zuñis, still the governor thought he must punish them. He did so by removing their beloved priest to Santa Fé, thus leaving them exposed to the influence of the rebellious Moquis and Apaches. The mission of Zuñi was then put in charge of Father Antonio Miranda, pastor of Acoma and Laguna, who was succeeded by Father Francisco de Irazabal.

(1) According to *Documentos para la historia de Mexico*.

In 1737 Bishop Elisacochea, of Durango, Mexico, under whose jurisdiction New Mexico was at that time, visited Zuñi on his visitation tour through his extensive diocese. This visit, too, is recorded on the rock face of "El Torro," before mentioned, and from it we may infer that Zuñi at that time was still regularly attended. This seems to be verified by Villasenor, who estimated the number of Christian families at one hundred and fifteen. Very probably this number had not diminished in 1780, in which year the church was repaired and renovated. From this time on the missionary spirit began to decline, so that fifty years later no priest is found at Zuñi.

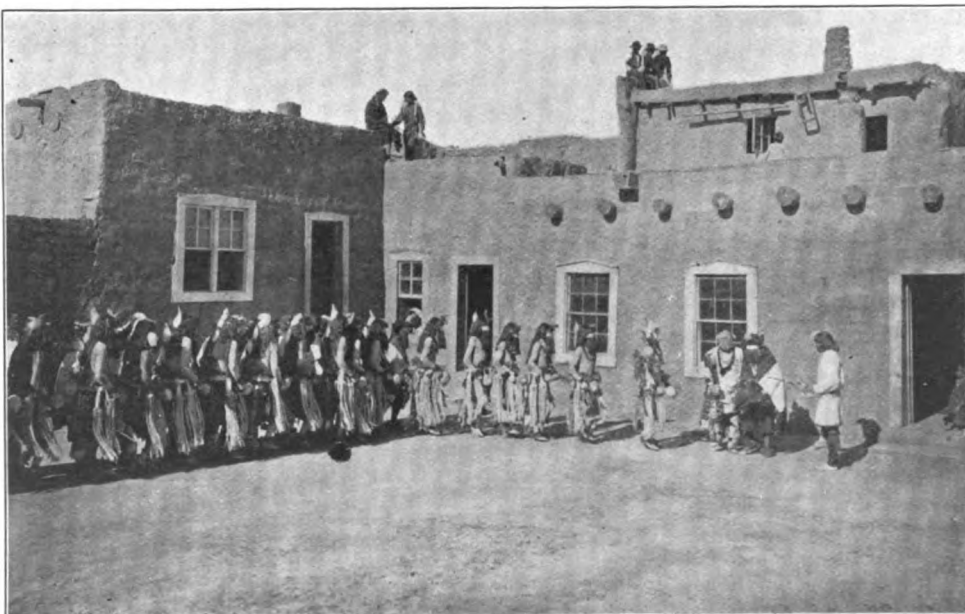
Among the reasons of this decay may be mentioned the intensely hostile opposition of the Indians, especially the medicine men, to Christianity; the hatred of the natives in general towards the Spaniards as invaders of their country; the inadequate number of missionaries, which was not, and probably could not be replenished after the martyrdom of the actual incumbents, and finally the waning power of Spain over her colonies, which was totally broken in 1822, when Mexico gained her independence, and run things in her own style. What that means can be easier imagined than told, if one takes into consideration the conditions as they were then.

Later on when, in 1848, this territory was ceded to the United States, the missions received their "coup de grace"; very few pueblos retained a resident priest; others, like Zuñi, could be visited only in long intervals; others not at all. Wonder it is that any traces of Christianity survived among them, as hardly any pueblo was, at any time, really in such a condition and in such circumstances, that its inhabitants could be thoroughly instructed and grounded in the Christian faith.

The last custodian of New Mexico, Father Mariano de Jesus Lopez, who has his residence at Isleta, visited from there Acoma, Laguna, and also Zuñi at regular intervals until 1847, when an unfortunate accident put an end to his life. Since then this mission has been

either without a priest or but imperfectly attended, owing to the lack of priests. Father Mariano de Jesus was the last of the Padres who had charge of Zuñi.

The mission of Zuñi is at present in a rather sad condition. The Zuñis have preserved much of the Christianity taught them by the Padres, but at the same time they have lost none of the old pagan beliefs, customs, and ceremonies of their ancestors. Indeed, as Dr. Gustav Bruehl remarks, they seem "more attached to their ancient belief than to the teachings of the Gospel." The old church is a sorry sight—empty, roofless, doorless, dilapidated, it is a mournful reminder of what



RAIN DANCE AT ZUÑI.

has been. The ancient bells are still preserved somewhere in the village, also the old vestments, chalice, and missal.

Zuñi now belongs to the parish of Gallup, New Mexico, but as there is a considerable congregation in the town of Gallup itself, to which are attached several mining camps in the vicinity and nine or ten out-missions besides Zuñi, it is evident that the pastor, however zealous, cannot do much for the latter. Lately the Zuñis have begun to put a new roof on the old church.

Realizing their condition, the Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, D.D., Archbishop of Sante Fé, made application to

the General Chapter of the Franciscan Province of Saint John the Baptist, at Cincinnati, Ohio, to accept the Zuñi mission. The Chapter tentatively acceded to his request in so far as to have the Franciscan Fathers at Saint Michael's, Arizona, attend to Zuñi for the present.

✦

May our Blessed Lady, who from the beginning was the chosen patroness of Halona, remember them at the throne of her Divine Son, and obtain for them the grace and the good will to see, understand, and follow the light "that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

Eighteen Months in Mulera

(Equatorial Africa.)

By Father Classe, of the White Fathers

(Concluded.)

Toward the end of 1904, the Gospel had not yet been announced in Mulera. In November of this same year the first missionaries settled here. It was on Kiruri, a steep hill sloping down to Lake Luhondo, that we pitched our tents on the feast of the Presentation of Our Lady. In vain we scoured the country, climbing here, stumbling down there to find a site for the future mission. Impossible to find a place that was not either too high upon the hillside or too narrow for the home of a mission.

Providence came to our assistance. The Batousi chiefs said to us: "You are looking for people; why not go to Rewasa? There are plenty of people there; it is the principal place in the country."

Rewasa? We saw it in the distance, huge and round, 6,600 feet high, dominating the other mountains with a protecting mien. We had climbed its slopes and our limbs still kept a remembrance of the exploit. One fine morning Kabushinge, one of the counter-forts of the proud domineering Rewasa, was quite astonished to see us settled on its brushwood-covered slope.

Rewasa was engaged at this time with a quarrel among the Rasinga, a family of cut throats. These gaol birds, these honest mountaineers do not cultivate the soil, they think that all prosperity belongs to the strongest or the most cunning. From their natural fortress they survey the whole country, and, day and night, they are ready for pillage. When they learn that a neighbor has brewed pombe, two or three of them go to taste it, and if it is good they simply have it taken to their homes. They are always on the market road inviting the homeward bound to lay down their load of peas, beans, sorgo, etc., or just to deposit their loads in their baskets. Everything comes to them; goats, honey, milk, even cows. In fact a regular system of robbery exists, and it was into this hornets' nest that we fell. The reasoning of our advisers had been very simple. "The Europeans are our enemies," said they to themselves. "They will be treated by the people of Rewasa in such a way that they will be obliged to leave the country if some greater misfortune does not happen to them."

Their reasoning was not false, as we soon found out. The Batousi seldom came to Rewasa before we settled there. They only took the road (a natural one) in numbers, and their presence did not tend to the security of the pathway. Defeat brought down vengeance on those who offended by trying to defend themselves. They considered Changabe as their boundary line.

✦

Introduced by the Batousi, we had nothing to expect but difficulties of all kinds. Yet, knowing this, what could we do but enter openly and frankly place ourselves on the king's side. The chiefs promised us workmen and materials. The Bahutu were reluctant to help us and forebore to appear. "Work yourselves," they said, and we were left alone for several days.

God helping, these people were persuaded at last to assist us. Notwithstanding the rain, by Christmas a very humble house was erected, and in the modest chapel beside it Holy Mass was celebrated at midnight for the first time. The mission was founded; our difficulties had begun.

✦

Is it possible for anyone to imagine the strange, weird ideas that have birth in the brain of a pagan negro? Would you like a sample of the calumnies promulgated against it? "These Europeans come here to eat our children," they said, "and when they have eaten them all, they'll eat our young people." They seemed to believe that everyone who came near us would be bewitched, no one could escape our spells, and all would be obliged to follow us to Europe, the country upon which the sun never shone. Even the old people could not escape our baleful influence. All the polygamists would have to leave the country.

Where did these people get such ideas? None of us had said a word to them about Christian marriage. They said also that every time we looked at the mountain a man died.

Their ideas soon changed, and then they said that we were the friends of the Batousi, and, as such, we intended to bring them back to the country. In reality they

were not far wrong in their last opinion. But what had become of the notions they entertained when first we came among them? Now they believed that all the chiefs were to be driven away by the Europeans and the Mahutas were to remain alone the lords and masters of all the mountains and the cones. They saw themselves milking the cows and drinking milk. To drink milk is the ideal of happiness for a Mahutu.

Another change soon took place, and they said: "These Europeans are now talking of obeying the chiefs and paying taxes."

Mistrust augmented on all sides. Our friends, for we had some, were threatened, then beaten, and some few were even killed.

"Wait," they said to those who came to be instructed or to sell us food. "Wait; the Europeans are going away soon and not one of their friends will be left alive. Get as rich as you can in their service for all you possess will soon be ours."

Then the robbers joined against us and for some time vigilance and alarm were our lot. After Easter there was a lull in the storm. If the number of our catechumens were not increasing, at least we began to see that our trials would bear fruit.

Full of hope, we began to build as soon as the dry season began. Though a shelter of straw and reeds may suffice for a time, it is not the ideal of a permanent mission, and when in the midst of neighbors given to division and subtraction of the other man's property, a good wall made of dry bricks gives more security than a hedge.

About this time, the Military Commander of Urundi Rowanda, Captain von Grauert, happened to come to

Mulera and he helped to quiet things by his kindness to us and his gentle moderation towards the Mulerates.

Why or wherefore, I cannot say, but one day it was noised abroad that the king had had the captain killed, and that the blacksmith at Kinyaga had killed him. "Now, the Europeans are at our mercy. Let us rid ourselves of them."

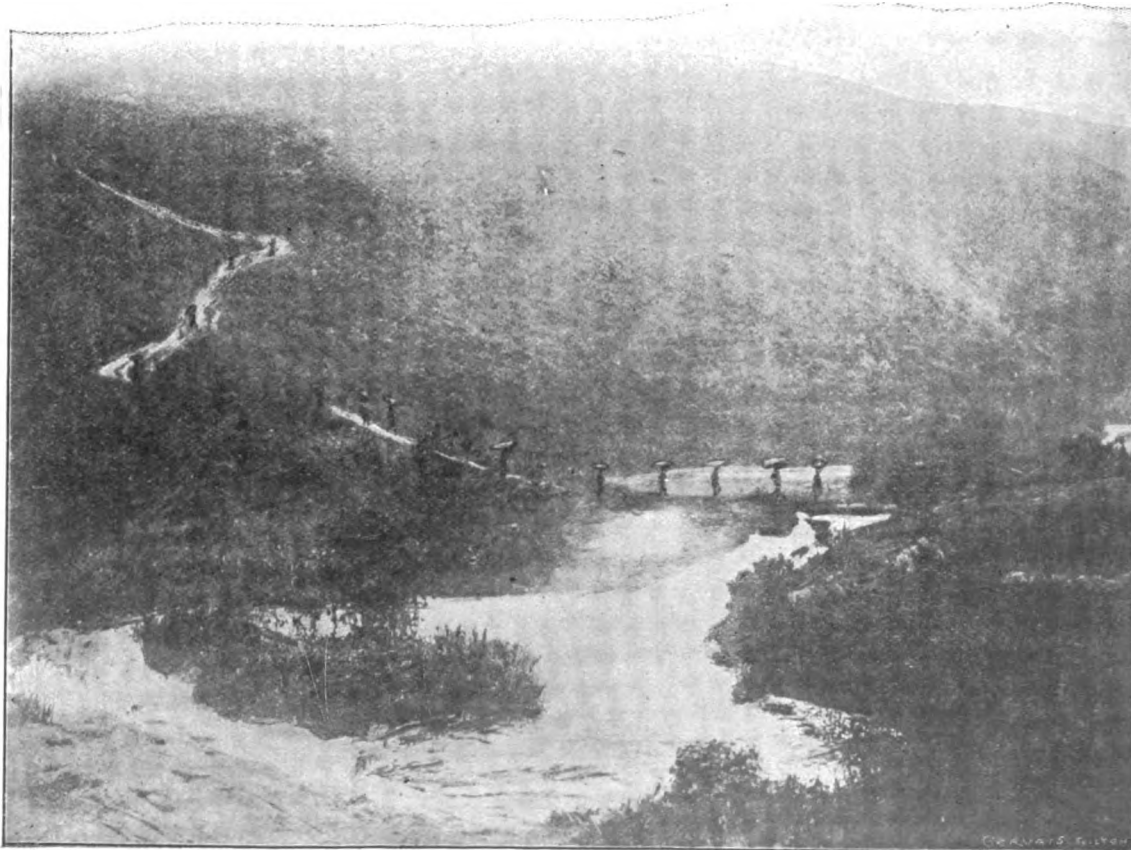
The missionaries smiled and the talk went on. The excitement grew and the chiefs profited by it to satisfy their old hatred against us. Our position became quite serious. Just now Rewanda was under the influence of an ambitious fever; it wanted to have its own ambitions gratified. More than two months had elapsed since we had had news from outside. We knew nothing of what was going on beyond the mountains. The timorous, always the greater in number, joined the malcontents. We had to give up building and defend ourselves. Those were bad days for us.

The sudden arrival of Captain von Grauert, who returned from Tanganika across the mountains of Urundi by forced marches, was like a thunder clap to Rewanda. All enthusiasm for independence subsided at once. They saw and knew that the captain was very much alive, for his extraordinary activity had killed a revolution. God has blessed our sufferings and the Baleras are quite attached to us.

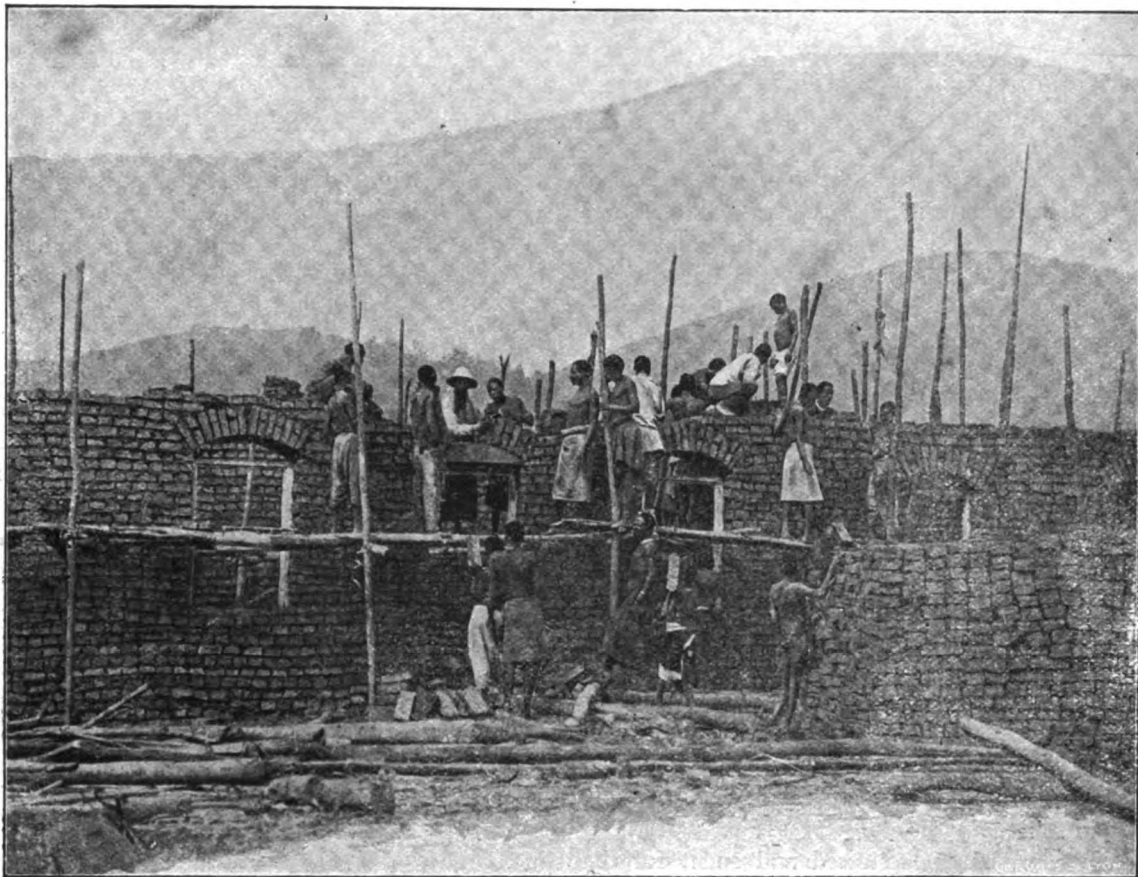
In order that grain might bear fruit it must be buried in the earth, and it must germinate there. Adversity is always a sign that a good work has God's blessing. Chiefs and subjects are now on the best of terms with us. Catechumens are numerous and many of them have given proofs of their courage.

There is no hill top so barren but it has a tuft of grass,

no rock so bare but it shelters a little flower. So let me tell you the story of two of our catechumens. Children of the same parents — the elder was twelve, the younger between seven and eight when their mother died. Without a thought for his children, the father bought another wife. Here children hold no place in the family; they and the dogs sleep where they can and eat what they find. The new wife was soon tired of the



THE CHONGABE RIVER MISSION BRIDGE.



BUILDING THE MISSION AT MULERA.

orphans, so to please her the father turned them out, saying: "There is no room for you in the hut; go to service wherever you can find work."

The children went away, but not wishing to be separated, they built a small hut of reeds and the stalks of the sargho. The older boy worked every day minding goats. The food he received as payment he shared with his brother. Later on they borrowed a spade and cultivated a small field. Helping each other they grew up together. The elder was about twenty-four when the missionaries settled in Rewasa.

Notwithstanding threats and jests, the brothers were the first to offer us their services; they were also the first to be instructed in our holy faith and to bring their friends to us. They were true friends even in our adversity. God has blessed their fraternal affection, and fortune has smiled upon them. Now both are married, and, though not rich, they are above want.

Some days ago the wife of the elder brother was poisoned by a wizard who wished to see if those who wore a medal of Mary could die. The brothers brought the dying woman, who was well instructed, to the mission that she might not die a pagan. She recovered, thank God!

The two young couples and four of their friends have settled quite near the mission in order to avoid fighting and mischief. Only a few days ago one of them said to me; "Our own father renounced us and cast us off, but God has given you to us. You have been father to us and have done us much more good than he, our own father, ever did." Of such souls, who have a good natural foundation, God in His own time will make good

Christians capable of drawing others to the true Faith.

Famine and sickness afflict Mulera. Two harvests in succession have been ruined by the rains, so famine follows. The unfortunate, wan, emaciated beings come in long files from Mulera and Ufumbiro. Many starved bodies remain by the roadside. Every day whole families, and poor mothers carrying their little ones, knock at our door. We never refuse alms, but we cannot undertake the maintenance of all these poor people. We can hardly keep the most exhausted.

Many die here at our mission. Here they get relief from suffering, and the grace of Baptism. Theirs are the first graves sheltered by the cross. The survivors are a heavy burden for us, but we place all confidence in the Father Who is in Heaven. He sent us His starving creatures; He will help us to provide for them.

✱

As usual, sickness follows famine, and the station is a vast hospital. Fever has claimed many victims. Our poor negroes, so helpless in time of sickness, see their friends and relations die without being able to relieve their sufferings. We reserve several huts for the sick. We are sent for day and night, and, unfortunately, we sometimes arrive too late.

The people remember with terror that six or seven years ago smallpox, following a famine, depopulated the country. Will such calamities occur again?

God, Who sent us trials and afflictions at the beginning of this mission, will, we hope, in His own good time transform these highway robbers into a race of firm believers. He is the Master of all hearts.

Missions to Non-Catholics in the United States

By the Rev. Bertram L. Conway, C. S. P.

If Father Hecker were alive to-day, he would surely cry out as of old: "Hurrah for Paradise!" at the wonderful development of the movement he inaugurated for the conversion of non-Catholics in America. Many deemed him a visionary, a fanatic, an idle dreamer. When he spoke enthusiastically of the converts to come, they shook their heads derisively, saying: "It is the childish fancy of the over-hopeful convert. Let us take care of our own!"

To-day we see his hopes realized far more than he ever dared dream possible at his death, in 1888. The seed he planted many years ago is now bearing fruit a hundredfold through the divine blessing of God the Holy Spirit.

Through the energy and zeal of his friend and biographer, Father Elliott, the missions to non-Catholics have become a permanent factor in the missionary activity of the Church in America. These missions have been given in over seventy dioceses; thousands of queries deposited in the Question Box by non-Catholics have been publicly answered and printed in the daily press; tens of thousands of dollars have been collected and spent for the missionary needs of the poverty-stricken districts of the South and West; scores of the diocesan clergy have been set aside by their bishops for this special work, while parish has vied with parish in its zeal for the "other sheep." Millions of pages of Catholic teaching have been distributed gratis; thousands of converts have been made, and many a renegade Catholic has been shamed back into the old faith.

There are some few sceptics even at this late day, men who will still argue that the American non-Catholics can be reached just as well by the regular Catholic mission. But the facts all point the other way. It is practically impossible to do justice to the claims of non-Catholics on a Catholic mission, for the missionary's time is taken up chiefly with the Catholic people in the confessional.

There is no room for the non-Catholic in the ordinary church building during a mission, for a good mission taxes the largest church to its utmost capacity. The moral and emotional mission sermon is not so attractive as the doctrinal sermon to the man who denies the fact of free will, the Divinity of Christ, the inspiration of Holy Scripture, the eternity of Hell.

The Question Box attracts thousands who never would come to hear a lecture or sermon. The fair, impersonal method of answering the inquirer's difficulty urges him to put other questions, and then he makes a private call to discuss the matter more at length.

At a successful mission to non-Catholics, a missionary will see as many as one hundred non-Catholics a day. This never happened at any Catholic mission I ever heard of.

That the immediate results are greater has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. The following statistics

afford a fairly good basis of comparison, for they cover a period of eight years, and embrace every sort of parish in a large city or in a country town from Cape Breton Island out to Denver. Under the term convert are comprised all non-Catholics of the inquiry class received into the Church within a few months of the close of the mission. Of course, these figures are not exhaustive, for many a convert goes to the nearest parish for instruction without ever speaking to the missionary, or the pastor of the church in which the mission is given.

Year.	Number of Catholic Missions Given.	Converts.	Number of Missions to Non-Catholics.	Converts.
1. 1898-1899	16	14	4	64
2. 1899-1900	14	60	5	212
3. 1900-1901	11	30	5	255
4. 1901-1902	3	18	11	417
5. 1902-1903	1	41	13	345
6. 1903-1904	2	12	10	379
7. 1904-1905	6	52	6	171
8. 1905-1906	10	41	9	95
	63	268	63	1938

The ratio of converts is therefore 7 to 1, a pretty conclusive proof of the comparative merits of the different missions for the conversion of non-Catholics.

These figures vary considerably according to the size of the city in which the mission is given, the length of time (one week to three) devoted to the lectures, the amount of notice given by the daily press, the attendance of non-Catholics, and the like.

It is very hard to make converts in a small town, because human respect prevents many from calling upon the priest until they have practically made up their minds to enter the Church. In a large city hundreds may call without their folks or friends being aware of it. Everyone knows that the personal interview is the most important part of the work of conversion. Difficulties answered briefly from the pulpit can be discussed at greater length; marriage entanglements may be solved; books suitable to the individual inquirer may be suggested. While a lecture course of one week does good, the time is too short to give a thorough course in Catholic doctrine. A three weeks' course with one lecture every night and two on each of the four Sundays is far more effective. In every instance where the attendance justified it, the number of converts of the second week far exceeded the first, while those of the third week exceeded the number of the two preceding weeks.

One meets with some wonderful cases of conversion, and frequently sees sacrifices made, worthy of the days of primitive Christianity. Let me mention some out of many.

Two baptized Protestants are engaged to be married, and out of friendship for some Catholic friends, they accept an invitation to attend the lectures. After ten

days they both call and are anxious to be instructed in the Catholic faith. I find out that the man is a divorced man, and that his former marriage was valid. Both, hearing the decision, are still willing to continue the instruction and enter the Church, although the Church declares their engagement must be absolutely broken.

A woman declares that if she becomes a Catholic some one very dear to her will commit suicide. You answer that it is an idle threat, which you have heard frequently. She declares that you are mistaken in this particular case. She persists, nevertheless, and the suicide takes place as threatened.

A school-teacher comes with a Catholic friend of hers and says that her instruction must be kept most private. Her sister comes a week later and says the same thing. Above all, their mother must not know. The third week the mother comes and tells you her daughters must not know of her decision. In the end all three are baptized.

class of inquiry and hears the broad church views of one of his own flock openly expressed. He speaks of this woman's stupidity and lack of faith, and asks for books on the primacy and infallibility. Some months after he gives up his ministry to enter the Church.

A Jewess becomes convinced that Christ is the Messiah of her people and turns without a thought of Protestantism to the Catholic Church for light. Every power of persecution is brought to play. The rabbis of the city are brought in to argue with her; her relatives urge every motive of racial hatred, and threaten disinheritance; the mother is broken-hearted, and faints frequently at the thought of her daughter's apostasy, as she considers it; and yet, withal, she enters the Church.

A young woman of twenty-five asks you at the door of the parish rectory to bless a rosary. You do so—then she kneels, asking a blessing. You give it, notice her worried look, and ask: "Is there aught the matter?"



THE APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

An unbeliever calls on you Sunday evening and declares that he would give worlds to believe and pray devoutly with his wife as she kneels down at her bedside every night, but he cannot. Two weeks after, he tells you that, although he has heard nothing that he did not know before, he has completely changed. His hypothetical prayer: "If Christ be God, let Him lead me to His Church" has been answered, and what before seemed impossible and obscure is now as clear as the noon-day sun.

A Protestant servant receives a card of invitation from a fellow servant, and goes to please her friend. Her mistress, a wealthy woman, asks what attracts her to church so often, as she rarely went to her own services. "Come yourself and see," she answered. In three weeks both are being instructed in Catholic doctrine.

A High Church Episcopalian minister attends your

She answers she is a Lutheran, who has attended the lectures, and is worried about her faith. You invite her to talk the matter over then and there; but she says: "My friend is waiting for me outside, so that I cannot now." You tell her to call in the friend, and you give them a sketch of the Catholic catechism. In three weeks' time the friend declares she will enter the Catholic Church, while the first girl remains a Lutheran, because of the opposition of her folks.

An old lady of nearly seventy—a Methodist—calls one day and tells you of her devotion to the Blessed Virgin. For many years she had never failed to say a "Hail Mary," taught her when a child by some good Sister she met by an apparent chance. She had brought up her entire family as Methodists, and was a devout member of the church herself. Needless to say, her devotion to the Mother of God brought her into the Church.

Another sobs out her story to you in the confessional. You know her to be a Protestant, because she stands up while talking to you, until you ask her to kneel. Her act of sorrow, you tell her, is her first step on the road to the act of faith. You make her promise to study, suggest some books, ask her to pray, and that seems the end. Two years after, she calls upon you in another city, tells you she kept her promise and is now a Catholic.

And so I could go on giving instance after instance of the working of God's grace in the soul, during the missions to non-Catholics in every part of the country. Away, then, with that narrow, un-Catholic spirit that says: "Let us take care of our own!" Who are "our own?" The Church answers in the word of Christ: "All nations." He came for all; He died for all; He established His Church for all; He sends His Holy Spirit upon all.

I remember a Paulist missionary walking through the streets of a certain town with the resident pastor. As they passed by, the women nodded, the men tipped their hats, and the little children smiled. Now and again the pastor would stop for a moment, speak a few kind words, introduce the visiting priest, and then pass on.

"Your people?" asked the missionary.

"Oh, yes," replied the pastor.

Again the same question, and the same answer. After a while the missionary asked: "Why, is this whole town Catholic?"

"Not at all," said the priest with a smile; "the Catholics are in the minority. *But they are all my people*—Catholic and non-Catholic."

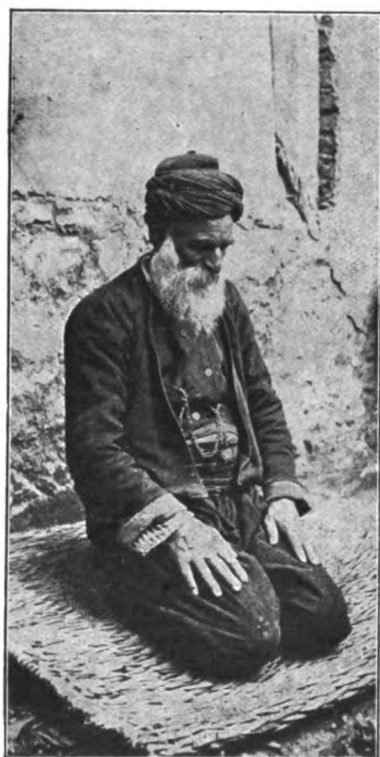
That is the spirit of the true Catholic priest or layman.

In Asia Minor

By the Rev. Father Poidebard, S. J.

(Concluded.)

The Tcherkesses emigrating from the Caucasus are growing more numerous every day in Asia Minor. Love of Islamism is the principal cause of their constant emigration. The aridity of the new country makes many



A DÉDÉ AT PRAYER.

of them regret their native land with its vast prairies, where "the grass is as soft as cream," whereas in Anatoly the mountains to be cleared and tilled present nothing but stones. Their villages of mud and stones are generally built in the mountains far from Tokat.

The Tcherkesses in the vicinity of Tokat are divided into twelve tribes, each of which has its own dialect and its own customs. They have a certain air of frank-

ness, and appear like a proud and energetic people, but they have a bad reputation among the different tribes of Anatoly. They think theft is no dishonor; it is rather an affair of audacity and courage. There are some good-natured people among them whom age, a less

nomadic, and less precarious life have made more sociable.

One day two Circassians accompanied us some distance, but at a turn in the road they disappeared. We followed to learn the meaning of this sudden movement. The youngest of the rascals had stopped one of the villagers to "borrow his boots and horse."

"You are young," said his old companion; "you do such things; my white beard will not allow me to act in like manner."

The divisions of a tribe into petty autonomic lordships have quite disappeared on account of emigration. Each individual is under the immediate jurisdiction of the Turkish government. Slavery still exists, but is gradually disappearing. A slave who can arrive at the capital without being caught is free.

I said to an old chief: "Notwithstanding all I have done, I cannot save the sick man in your village."

He answered bitterly: "The knave! Why, he owes me fifteen pounds." I heard later that the man was his slave. Thirty pounds had been the price fixed for his ransom. He died having enjoyed liberty without having fully paid for it.

One of the inhabitants of the village said: "The chief won't lose anything; he will sell one of the dead man's children."

We sometimes assist at very sad scenes. One time while in the dispensary an old Circassian came to me and said: "I have been alone these last ten years. My boy was away; he is home again, but he suffers and does not complain; I fear for him." Here, where consumption is so prevalent, the diagnosis was unmistakable. I promised to go to see him.

It was about the middle of January and the weather

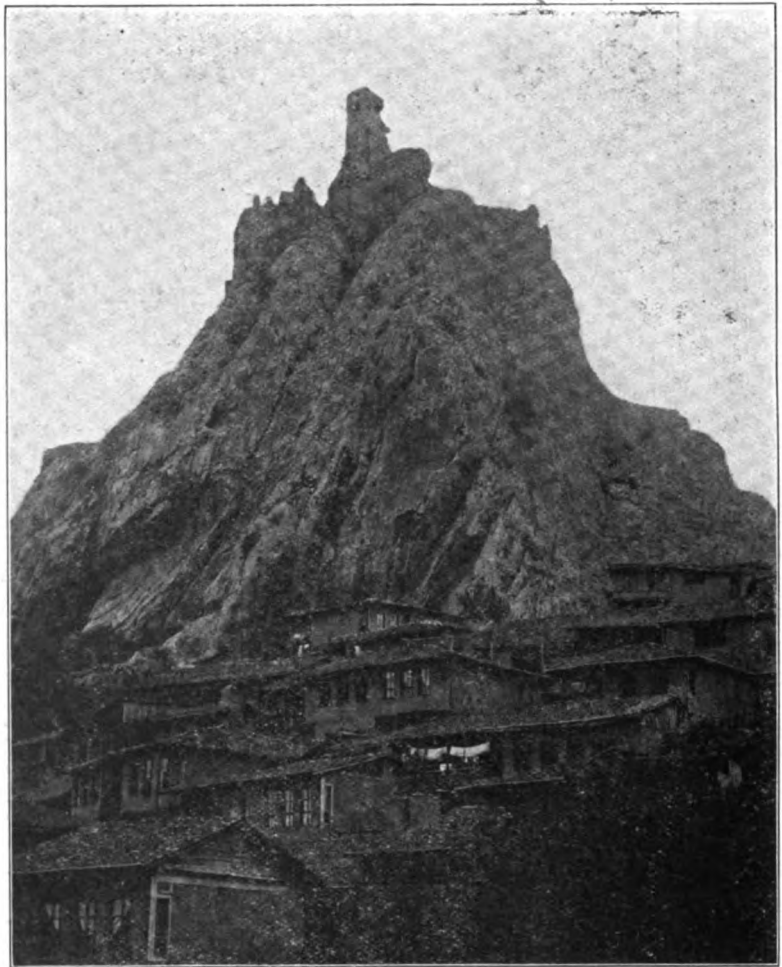
was cold. The village was a long distance off, and, to add to my discomforts, when crossing a frozen stream the ice broke and I was given an unsought cold bath. My horse was not drowned, so I managed to reach my destination. One look at the young man's thin, pale face was enough to convince me he was far gone in consumption.

"I do not want to die yet," he said, and he extended his shrivelled hands as though to hold me. Helas! the evil was too far advanced. We could do nothing for his body and little for his soul.

The village people are kind and respectful to visitors, but their hospitality savors of timorous submission. The head of the house does the honors, lights the fires, spreads the mats, brings the repast, presents the tea or the corn. The Moslem woman is a recluse. She is seldom seen, but when she does appear she is wrapped in a long veil; she never shows her face to those outside her family. She has but few consolations in her sad life, and is often treated badly. Even when infirm, she must do the work of the house or be abandoned.

"Have I not cared for you day and night?" said a dying woman to her master. "Now have you forgotten it, and do you dare to reproach me with having been useless?"

During our sojourn in the villages we are



TOKAT AND THE CITADEL.



A YOUNG TCHERKESSE OF TOKAT

sometimes able to say a good word, give some good advice, tell the people what the missionaries are doing, or give them a better idea of our religion, whose charity they admire so much. The little we do on such occasions has a good influence, or at least prevents much evil. Their good intentions are slumbering; they grasp spiritual truths slowly, but they may be awakened.

I have tried to give you some idea of the numerous groups of sick people with whom we come in contact. Besides the Turks, which are the greater number, I must mention three tribes—the Zeibeks, the Lazes, and the Djinguen—independent nomads more or less civilized.

In addition to the infirm which we assist in the villages, fifty or sixty patients come to the dispensary, or are visited in their homes every day. Consumption, scrofula, fevers, and tumors are prevalent. Add to these numerous skin diseases, simple or tubercular, much like leprosy, and you will have a faint idea of some of the suffering caused by misery.

The number of sick children we have to tend is almost incredible. We are often moved to tears when seeing the solicitude and devotion of parents to these little ones. Here, perhaps, is a cradle which will soon be a coffin, for one glance shows us a dying babe. The mother, a nomad Kurd, has doubtless carried cradle and child on her back a distance of twenty miles across the dusty plain of Kasova, and on a day of oppressive heat.

"Hakin" (Doctor) "tell me, must my child die? To-morrow at sunrise I will be with my people on the



THE MARKET PLACE AT TOKAT.

top of the mountain you see in the distance. If Allah has so ordained it, there will I bury him. Must I take his shroud?" Often we are asked such questions.

Very often extreme poverty increases the sufferings of the sick. Follow me into this hovel to find the father of a family. One winter day he was caught in a snow-storm, lost his way, and passed the night in the woods. He was frozen badly; gangrene soon appeared, and now his feet are rotting away, falling off in pieces. The place in which he is living with his family is so dark that we blow on the embers to kindle a flame and thus have light to dress his wounds. "Give me something to eat," he begs. Alas! I have nothing.

As you see, we might be good Samaritans at every step, but to heal so many wounds we need oil, we need balm. The missionary is often in a great quandary and grieved sorely at not being able to give the necessary remedies to the suffering sick. We accept this sorrow, this privation, as another cross sent by our Heavenly Father. We ask him not to make it too heavy for our shoulders, but to inspire some generous benefactors to come to our aid. We devote ourselves, we give our lives; let them supply us with means to do the Master's work.



MISSIONARY AND ORPHANS.



A Visit to the Arctic Regions

By Bishop Pascal, O. M. I.



BISHOP PASCAL ON A PASTORAL VISIT.

About the middle of August, 1906, a caravan composed of twelve or thirteen wagons left Prince Albert and directed its course northward. The Canadian Government had decided to send agents to offer a treaty to the Indians of Green Lake, Lac Poule d'Eau, Lac Canot, Ile la Crosse, Riviere aux Anglais, Riviere du Boeuf, and Grand Portage. The Indian Commissioner, his secretaries, his interpreters, the doctor, the servants, cooks, the police officer and his men—such were the members of the commission. After these came the tourists and the Bishop, who was provided with his portable chapel, his tent and camp-bed and accompanied by a good companion.

There could be nothing more picturesque than that troop moving slowly along the prairies, then through forests, across ravines, over mud holes, and in some places journeying in a desert country. In the evenings the tents were pitched on the bank of a limpid stream. From the top of the tent floated a British flag, displaying the colors of the mother country; the soldiers, or mounted police, kept guard. It seemed like a small army going to conquer a new country.

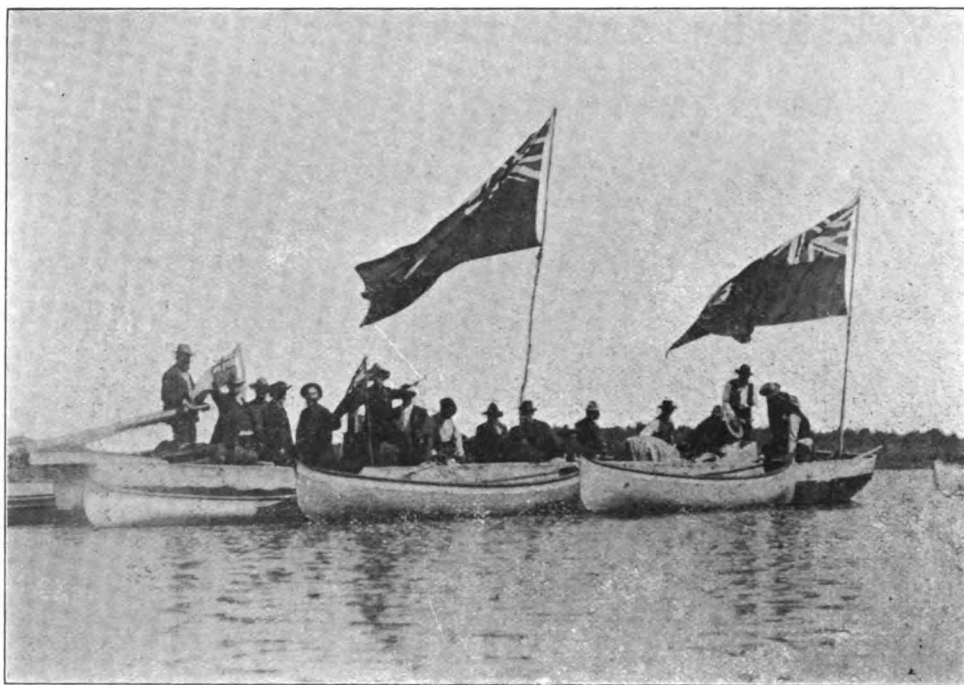
But fear not, no blood will be shed, the enemy is not dangerous, the Apostles of peace and of civilization passed that way more than sixty years ago. Such noble men as Thibeau, Taché, Lafèche, Faraud, Grandin, who were the pioneers of civilization in the North, brought the light of the Gospel to these tribes many years ago. The Cross of Jesus Christ, which was planted in the deserts and on the borders of these great lakes, may still be seen there, for it has triumphed over paganism; it has softened the savage instincts of barbarism, by it the

wolves have become lambs, and there, where the war-whoop formerly resounded, is now heard the murmur of prayer and the chant of sacred song. After four days we reached Green Lake. Here the mode of traveling changes. Horses and wagons are given up and lakes and rivers serve our purpose.

Picture to yourselves a flotilla of fifteen or eighteen canoes of all kinds, tugged by a small steamer bound for Lac La Crosse. The flags float in the wind, and we hail the post where the Indians of the neighboring camps await us. Behold in the distance those white dwellings, apparently built on the water; that place is Saint John the Baptist's Mission. At the extremity of the bay on the right, can be seen the trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, and beyond is the Catholic Mission. As we approach we see a wooden cross in the distance. It is the sign of salvation, a sign which was brought to these tribes sixty-five years ago. A little to the west, another cross indicates the cemetery. Here we shall see the graves of several missionaries, Oblate Fathers and Brothers of Mary Immaculate, and, also, Sisters of Charity. They repose beside the dear Indians to whom they brought the Gospel and for whose salvation they nobly devoted themselves. These graves are a living sermon.

The distance diminishes and the Church appears peaceful and beautiful in its majesty. Why has it no steeple? On one side is to be found the modest dwelling of the Fathers, on the other the Convent of the Sisters, the school, and a little farther on is the Indian camp.

As we are about to enter the village the roar of cannon announces our coming; flags and banners float on the air, and the bells ring out a merry peal. The Mis-



BISHOP PASCAL AND THE COMMISSION LEAVING GREEN LAKE FOR THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

siary Fathers, their helpers, the Sisters, the children, and the Indians are on shore, ready to receive with all possible reverence the blessing of the first Pastor of the diocese. They rejoice to see once more him whom they name "Great Chief of Prayer." They wish to kiss his pastoral ring; here no discordant note is heard, all the Indians are Catholics; neither pagan nor Protestant words are mentioned. Joy beams on every countenance.

After the Fathers we greet the good Sisters of Saint Joseph, these dear exiles who have come from Lyons, and from the heart of France, to devote themselves in a strange country to the education of the poor children of the woods. Nothing more admirable could be found than the self-sacrifice and devotedness of these holy women, who spend themselves so generously for the salvation of souls, for the conversion of the Indians, and for the honor of their congregation.

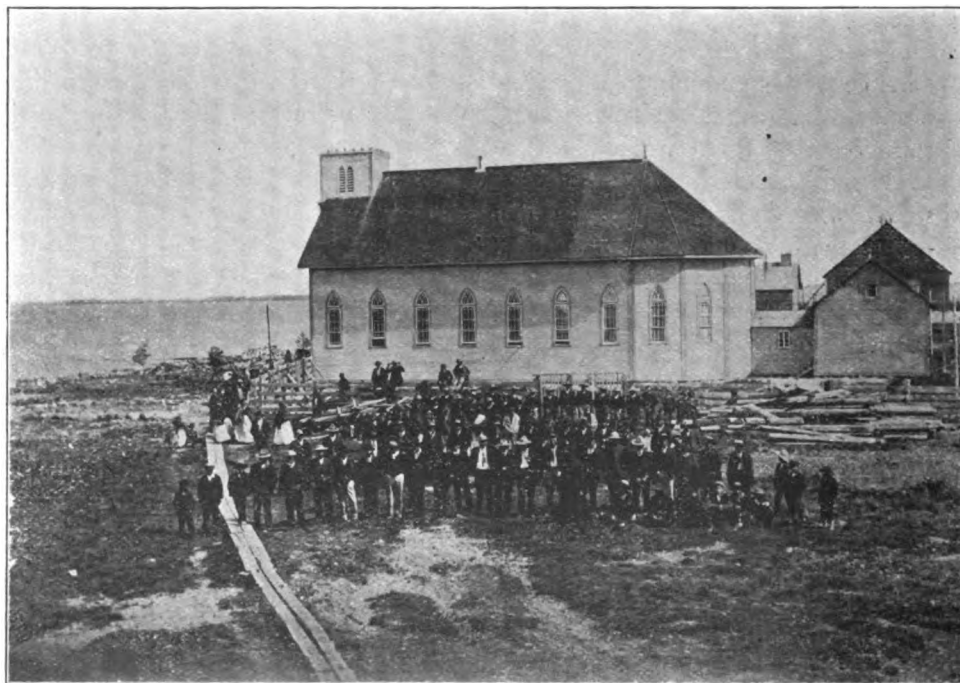
The following Sunday was a great day at the Mission. The handsome church, built only a few years ago and which was then considered too large, now can hardly contain the congregation. No doubt the Pontifical Mass attracted the faithful, and the members of the commission also assisted and a number of Protestants were present. The latter expressed their surprise and admiration at the sight of our ceremonies, the piety of the Indians, and the singing of the hymns in the Indian tongue. Holy Communion was given to about three hun-

dred souls, and one hundred and seventeen received the Sacrament of Confirmation.

From the mission of Saint John we proceeded farther on to another mission. The same ceremonial, but less solemn, took place at La Riviere du Boeuf and other places. Everywhere is to be seen the same enthusiasm, the same piety. The churches are humble and poor, the priests are badly provided for; everything indicates dire poverty, but the Indians here are good and kind-hearted. They have great confidence in the missionary whom they look upon as their father, friend, and protector. They love both priest and religious. They have a horror of dying

without the Sacraments. It was this sentiment which prompted them to reply to the Government Officials concerning the question of the treaty: We prefer religion to money, and we solicit principally two things from the authorities who wish to take possession of our hunting regions. Let the Government help us to bring up our children in the Catholic Faith and keep far from us the whites and all intoxicating liquors, which are the sources of demoralization.

The first week in October we returned from this expedition, and we are happy to say that the journey was exceptionally successful and that we owe most fervent thanksgiving to God for all the good done by our ministry to these poor Indians.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST—LA CROSSE ISLAND.

A Jubilee in New Zealand

(Concluded.)

By the Rev. Father Cognet, S.M.

A few hours after the inauguration of "Rome," our new jubilee house, the powerful and pious tribe of the Hlamua arrived to take its place in the congress. It was led by Kahungonn, its worthy and generous patriarch. Learning the reasons of these festivities, the good old chief, although worn out by sickness, said: "To my knowledge we have never yet been united and drawn together by a thought purely and simply religious. Now our Mother, the Church, calls us together to glorify Mary, the Queen and Mother of all nations. Even should I die on the road or on arriving there, I will obey this call, and if I may see this Jubilee and then die on my return home, I will die contented."

Our Heavenly Mother evidently smiled upon his courage and blessed it. Not only did Kahungonn come to the Jubilee, but he was one of its lights, both by his piety and his eloquence. He did not die after his return home, for Providence has preserved him to be the guide of his tribe in these days of dangers and difficulties.



Towards evening, on the 6th of December, members from the tribes along the Wanganni arrived; among them were Werahiko, the devoted catechist, the Rev. Fathers Lampile and Soulas, and many other Catholics, both chiefs and orators. Seeing this little Christian band file before me, it seemed as though a glorious and edifying past came to take part in the triumphs and joys of the present. I was there to greet these old friends who had so often helped me in my work on the banks of the Wanganni. At the same time I felt compassion for them. Knowing their simple, even primitive ways, I asked myself with some anxiety what their feelings must be at the sight of all this magnificent civilization. One of them confided his impressions to me: "Let us suppose," said he, "a little mouse appeared suddenly in the middle of a room which was brilliantly lighted and full of people. The little animal would quickly look for a small hole in which to hide himself. That is just how I feel to-day." Yet the town of Otaki is not by any means an important city; it is but a large struggling village, where the remnants of a powerful Maori tribe mix and blend with the white race, adopting the customs and even the language of their masters. Before long the Maoris as a people will live only in history."



At dawn on the 7th of December, the Otaki Protestants, whom we had politely invited to join the Catholic members of their tribe, wished to show us how much they appreciated our kindness. They all arrived together and without any delay began mingling with the Catholics, and helping in every way.

At about eleven o'clock it was said that the Archbishop was quite near, that he was on the road. Our Catholics at once formed in close battalions; all of them carried green branches which they waved in unison as they went to meet the episcopal retinue. The Rev. Father Devoy, official representative of our Archbishop, who was in Rome at the time, and the Rev. Fathers Ainsworth, Tymons, and Schaefer descended from the carriage which had met them at the station and appeared at a turning in the road. At a signal from the chief, a loud shout of joy filled the air, hands rose and fell, while feet stamped the ground and voices rang out in harmony. Walking backwards, continuing their shouts and gestures, the Maoris guided their distinguished visitors to the place of reception where an affectionate salutation greeted them.

"Come! Come! Welcome, our beloved guests. Heaven has sent you to us. Welcome! Welcome!" While shouting their welcome, they continued to advance till the favored guests were seated in the centre of the assembly.

The missionaries present grouped themselves near the newcomers and then speeches began. The first orator to rise was no other than Petera te Pukuatua, from the most notable of the Catholic tribes. He bowed profoundly to Rev. Father Devoy, not forgetting to treat him as a Bishop, and expressed to him the joys, the hopes, and the grievances of the Maoris. He also asked him to intercede with Pope Pius X. that he might check the war, and also restrain the ever-increasing covetousness of the white race for Maori lands.

Our next speaker was Manahi te Pokaitara, the Otaki chief, he who had first had the idea of sending an address to the Holy Father and who had been the missionaries' right hand during the preparations for the festivities. Clothed in white, with head covered by a large hat, he rose above the assembly, and by his height and proud manner attracted general attention. Being a good orator, both eloquent and courteous, it did not take him long to congratulate those present and to explain to them in choice language the object of the assembly. Then turning to Father Schaefer, he thanked him affectionately for the time and trouble he had taken in writing and illuminating the first message of the Maoris to the Supreme Head of the Church.

Three or four orators continued in the same strain. At last we heard Hone Heke himself, who, though a Protestant, explained to us that he liked to assist at Catholic reunions and that the present one in particular had all his sympathy on account of its religious and national character. After a few very flattering remarks about our Holy Church, he quietly seated himself among his own people.

Rev. Father Devoy was the next speaker. His speech consisted of greetings to all assembled, and he explained to the people the twofold meaning of the Jubilee we were celebrating. He did not forget to allude to the Archbishop's visit to Rome nor to the beautiful Maori letter which he was to present to our Holy Father, the Pope. He also reminded them of the many services Hone Heke as a member of Parliament had been able to render his people, and he said he hoped that the next elections would give our colony many legislators as intelligent and valiant as Hone Heke. All the missionaries who wished to speak were now given an opportunity. Father Delach distinguished himself by his humor and appropriate remarks. The lateness of the hour and the odors from the cooking viands created a restlessness, which could be subdued only by allowing the little god, Gaster, to have his turn.

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In the meantime, a survey of the scene proved to our own satisfaction that this Jubilee Congress was really a success, as both whites and colored had able representatives.

Here we have the Rev. M. Marie Joseph Aubert, and there is Mother Rosalie from New Zealand, who is trying to hide herself in the crowd. She has a right to a place in our festivities, for she represents true heroism and untiring charity. She has known this mission since 1860, and for many long years (from 1867 to 1879) she has been its principal support and a most zealous worker. To-day her large heart takes her to those who need her most. Truly she merits our respect. Further on is the Rev. Father Keogh, the Superior of our college at Wellington. He has brought us five young Maoris, the flower of their tribe. Still farther on are the Rev. Fathers Lacroix, Vibaud, Barra, and Hurley, and many others. To have our assembly really complete there is missing only one, whose name is on all our lips, the Rev. Father Comte, the founder of Otaki. Alas! for us he is no more of this world. Since 1896, he rests in the peace of the Lord. A beautiful photograph of him is placed on the top of our new building. When those whom he had baptized saw the picture, they showed their love for him who had gone before.

About noon the songs and dances of our cooks gave notice that the banquet was ready. We saw the brigades file before us, each one carrying his special dish meats, fish, roasted eels, shell-fish, vegetables, pastry, jelly, fruit, tea, coffee, etc. Each group in bringing its offering sang songs and performed appropriate dances. Those who carried the eels attracted particular attention by the picturesqueness of their baskets, which seemed to belong to some prehistoric period. We were invited to places at a large table where a hundred could be seated. As soon as we were seated, the chiefs of tribes farthest from Otaki and the neighboring chiefs took their seats, and the others took the places remaining. Grace, which is never forgotten here, was said, and all began to eat, having before them a good menu, and everything cooked to a turn.

On the evening of the seventh, confessions were to be heard, and among them thirty children who were pre-

paring for their First Communion. Rev. Father Lacroix kindly assisted me. According to custom we had public night prayers, and found that our church was too small for the attendance. Until midnight lights could be seen and noises heard in the new house where the Maoris dancing in the most comical way imaginable until they were making speeches and celebrating the feast of the Immaculate Conception in their own way.

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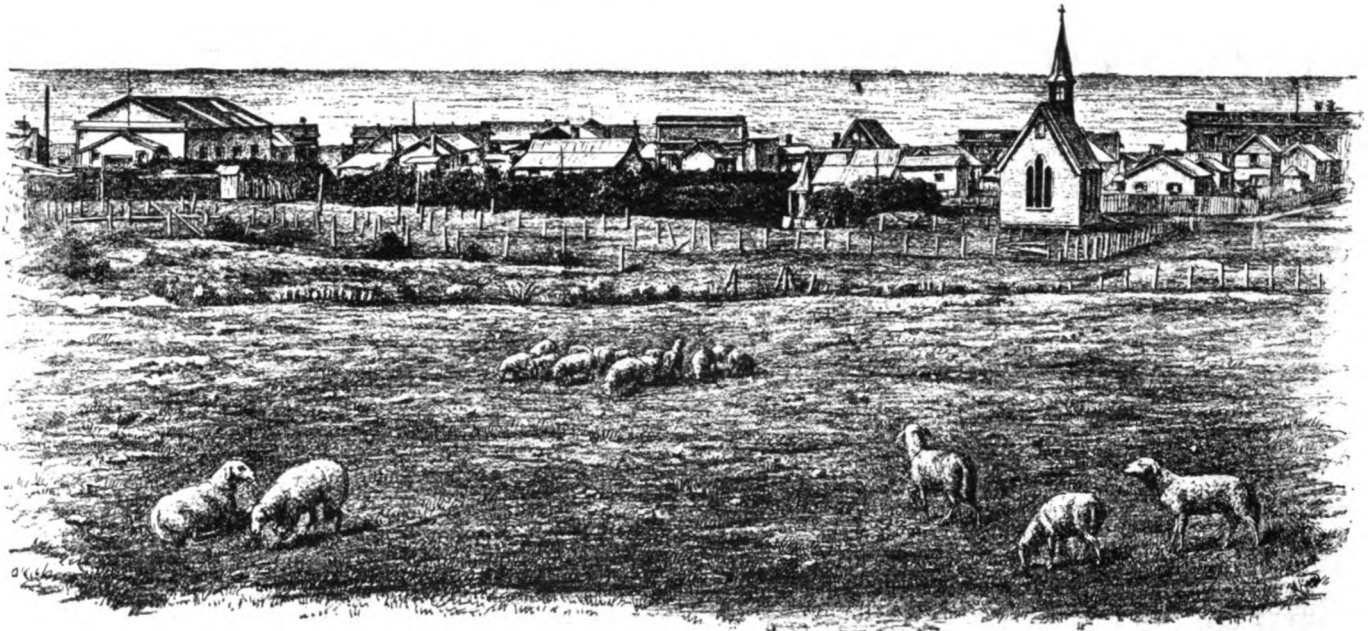
At last the great day dawned and, as though Heaven favored our intentions, the sun shone with brilliancy. Joy was in every heart, as could be seen by the faces. At daybreak the church was filled and for several hours the Holy Sacrifice was offered by different priests. At seven o'clock the children presented themselves at the Lord's table to partake of the "Bread of Angels" for the first time. The sight of them awakened pious thoughts in our hearts and attracted general sympathy and admiration. As the children's clothes were alike, it was difficult to distinguish the native children from the colonials. With regard to prayers, hymns, and sermons it is the custom to employ Maori and English alternately to make sure that everyone can understand. In a few years Maori will evidently give way to English and will only be known to learned philologists.

It is very seldom in Maori lands that three priests come together on a Sunday and that the ceremonies of our holy ritual can be shown to the natives. For the double Jubilee we were celebrating we had tried to bring together as many priests as possible. There were eleven missionaries, three scholastics of our own dear Society (Fathers Barra, McCarthy, and Hurley), so we were numerous enough for grand ceremonies. We had solemn High Mass celebrated by our Provincial Superior, the Rev. Father Devoy, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Schaefer and Vibaud. The choir, composed of natives and whites, was equal to its task. Our Maoris looked and listened in astonishment; they had never assisted at anything like this.

You will be interested in learning something of the ceremonies which precede and announce the opening of a Maori feast, because they reveal one of the most picturesque traits of the Maori character. Among the people hospitality consists in showing the guest a certain cordiality and in providing for his wants.

The Maori shows his cordiality by loading the table with a great variety of dishes and by amusing his guests with speeches and demonstrations of all kinds. So he has invented special rites for public dinners. When the dishes are all prepared, each member of the tribe takes possession of one; then a procession, headed by an old chief, is formed, and they move off slowly, singing and arrive at the banquet place.

The halls were decorated according to Maori tradition; everything betokened contentment, peace, and harmony. At the proper time the Rev. Father Keogh rose and gave as a toast "The Maoris." Hone Heke was his interpreter. He told them that a long time ago the renown of this intelligent race had reached his ears and that he then felt an ardent desire to see the splendor of their ceremonies and the generosity of their hospitality.



THE TOWN OF OPUMOKE, NEW ZEALAND.

He had been in New Zealand only a short time, but he was already convinced that the reputation of the Maoris was in no way exaggerated. "And," he added kindly, "if we are to judge the whole race by the samples I have had occasional to observe at Saint Patrick's College, I may say with all sincerity that the Maoris deserve more attention and sympathy than they receive at present. Whenever they appear, they do so with honor, whether in the government of our colony or in the halls of our Parliament (like our friend on my right, Hone Heke), in the peaceful debates of our universities or on the battlefield. They know how to live! They know how to die."

The orator continued in the same strain, showing the importance of the double Jubilee we were celebrating, and recalling the heroism of the first missionaries in these regions and the efforts they had made to implant here faith and virtue. At the name of the venerated Father Comte all heads were bowed. How great would have been his joy to preside at these festivities, where he might see the golden harvest of his years of sowing. It was left to us, the late comers, to gather the fruits of his patient perseverance and to sing the triumphant *Allluia* due to his apostolical courage.

When the orator took his seat, his able interpreter, without the least hesitation, began the speech, and with admirable enthusiasm and fidelity translated it for the Maoris, who in their turn received it with loud and prolonged acclamations.

✦

At three o'clock the signal was given for the grand Jubilee Procession. They all ascended the hill Pukaraka, and having arrived on the top they formed in groups between the monumental cross at its summit and the memorial house built on the site of Father Comte's hut in 1844. Flags floated on the breeze, banners were unfurled, and the Cross, our guide along all pathways, was carried at the head of the procession. At this solemn moment only a very good orator could undertake to express the deep emotion we all felt.

The Rev. Father Ainsworth, with his usual eloquence,

performed the task. I translated his able address for our dear natives. His subject was the Immaculate Conception. While the orator was developing this fascinating theme, our hearts beat for Rome, for Pius X. and for the "Rose without thorns." When our emotions became too strong for words, a hymn composed for the occasion, one expressing our admiration for the glorious Virgin, rose on the air, thus giving vent to our love and enthusiasm. The procession reformed while we sang *Tangispatu Ki a Meri*, and we proceeded down the hill, round the Grotto of Lourdes, and the new house (Rome) twice, thus consecrating the field of Hinenui o te to, and at last we entered the Parish Church.

I think that Maori fervor and enthusiasm in the Catholic cause was never before so exalted. They were transported to heaven for the time being, and the old men, not able to restrain their emotion, wept.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament terminated this touching demonstration, after which the whites dispersed, leaving us alone with our Maoris. According to the Maori etiquette we offered permission to the Protestants of Otaki to depart. They had been kind enough to honor our solemnities by their presence and co-operation. The greater number wished to pass the evening with us, so that only a few left at an early hour.

✦

It had been decided that evening prayers were to be said in the open air in the field of Hinenui before the Grotto. As soon as darkness fell upon us, the presbytery and the rising ground near the Grotto were illuminated. Otaki was really beautiful that evening. In the midst of all these new splendors the people of Otaki gave themselves once again to pious enthusiasm. We said the Rosary and sang the *Ave Maris Stella*.

A large bonfire was lighted on the top of the hill and there, for over an hour, Father Lacroix gave a fine pyrotechnic display. You can imagine the almost wild joy of our Maoris, who only a few years ago were considered savages. This was for them a day to be long remembered.

Letters of An American Missionary in China—II.

The writer of the following letter, Father Sylvester Espelage, is a young American priest, member of the Franciscan Order, who about a year ago left his country to consecrate himself to missionary work in China. A relation of his voyage and first experiences was published in the June number of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," and we think that his second communication will interest the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS on account of the personal element which makes the pictures more vivid.

After a few personal remarks, the writer continues:

"I will now answer the questions contained in your letter and then give you a short account of my vacation and experiences.

As regards my appearance in Chinese regalia: in fact I think that I might pass as a pretty good substitute, or imitation, of the genuine article. Only two explanations would be necessary to deceive the Chinamen themselves, viz.: The difference of complexion would have to be accounted for in some way. To explain that, one would have to explain his origin to be far in the North. They would think of Mongolia, whilst you would mean America. The absence of the queue, for I have none, nor am I growing one, would have to be explained. But then, you know, I am of the new school—one of the "Progressists"—as they are called here in contradistinction to the "Retrogrades." Of course, the Throne has not yet approved of this innovation; but like a real modern Chinaman, I am going ahead of the times, disregarding all prejudices and obsolete ideas to the contrary. This might be a sufficient explanation to some minds of the second difficulty, and thus I might pass in many instances for a real Chinaman—that is, after I had mastered the language so well that my foreign accent

would no longer betray me, although no one could make excuses for that.

♦

This brings me to the second point your letter showed interest in; namely, how far I had advanced in the study of Chinese, and whether I had any opportunities to speak English. I must say I am not as lucky in regard to the Chinese language as I am in regard to my Chinese appearance. I know many words, but when I attempt to say them, they very often have no sense; or, what is worse, a wrong one, and the general consequence is an answer like, "When you speak we do not understand." The whole difficulty was, perhaps, I did not get one or two or more words in correct (high or low, there are five tones in the language) pitch. This is not very encouraging; I can say I understand many short sentences, but I could not keep up a conversation for three minutes, nor could I understand two Chinamen who were planning to kill me even if I listened to them for an hour; at least, when two of them speak together in my presence I can rarely make out what they say. In the written language I suppose I can say that I know perhaps several hundred characters, if I see them in certain places and under certain conditions; otherwise, like unwelcome friends, I would be sure not to recognize them. As to speaking in public, there is no thought of that at present. True, I preached about ten minutes on the Feast of the Assumption; but it was merely reciting from memory. There were about one thousand Christians and Catechumens present that day at Wang-gia-tza, the place where I spent my vacation. The criticism I heard of the sermon was essentially this: "The old Christians understood what the Father said, because we knew what he was going to talk about; but the new Christians and the Catechumens did not understand, because they did not know what he was going to say." A very naïve remark, I think.

Wuchang, as you know, lies right across the Yang-atsekkang from Hankow, an open port, with more than one thousand foreigners, many of whom are merchants and business men, who speak English no matter what their nationality. So there is plenty opportunity to speak English. However, aside from the fact that a large number of these foreigners are not of the type whom a priest would feel inclined to associate with, and that my acquaintance among them is limited, it is not such an easy thing to cross in a safe and convenient manner



CHRISTIAN CHINESE GIRLS.

this large river, which is forty feet deep nearly all summer here at Hankow. There is no bridge, no safe, large ferry-boat; there are two small vaporettes, besides thousands of sampans, large and small, as the only means of crossing the river. I seldom get to Hankow. Then there is an American mission here at Wuchang, with a large institution called "The Boone School." I have met several of the gentlemen of this mission. Among the missionaries there is not one who speaks English as his mother tongue, so you can imagine how glad I was about two weeks when I shook hands with Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, of Worcester, Massachusetts, after I had detected that he was an American priest, and that also he was acquainted with your family. You may imagine that we had a good chat. Perhaps you had an idea that he would drop in on me?

✱

The climate, especially of Wuchang and Hankow, is not agreeable, chiefly, I think, because we are in the low valley of the Yangtse. I think that Hankow is not more than three or four hundred feet above sea-level; in winter it is very cold; in summer very hot. At all times there is great humidity, on account of the large river and the heavy rainfall. The climate is trying, especially to foreigners. It is our experience in the mission here that our Fathers are old men at fifty with very rare exceptions. Many of the foreigners at Hankow die prematurely. Heat prostration, sunstroke and dysentery are the chief causes of death. Not heeding the sudden changes of temperature, irregular mode of life, inexperience of the climate, often with no one to warn them and instruct them how to take care of themselves, they more frequently become victims of the climate than do the missionaries.

✱

Now, I will finally come to my vacation. I did not go up to Yang-gia, or, more correctly, Wang-gia-tza, by boat as I had intended, and think I mentioned in my last letter to you; because, at the time I intended to leave, the current had become so violent on account of heavy rains that no junk could go against it for several days. So I took the train, about ninety knr., then walked about an hour in the mid-day sun till I thought I would



MISSION HOUSE AND SCHOOL IN WUCHANG.



A CHRISTIAN MILITARY MANDARIN AND HIS SON.

fall over. My reason for walking was, the men who were to carry my chair, on lifting it, found it too heavy and one refused to go. This would make the work too much entirely for the other two. However, when I found it impossible for me to walk any further, my guide managed to persuade two strong fellows to take me on their shoulders in a rickety old chair (litter), and, with plenty of rests, they managed to get me to a Christian community where I knew two Spanish Fathers had established a mission. I celebrated the Fourth of July with them without including the battle of Manila Bay or Santiago de Cuba in my patriotism on that occasion. Early on the 5th I started out again, this time with four good chair-bearers, who trotted on at a moderate speed all day long. We had to cross rivers in many places and with various kinds of craft. One place—I shall not forget it—the only way to get across was by means of a washtub, one passenger at a time. But they were mean fellows that were running this new style of ferry. First they did not want to take me across, but they took my guide over. When they got back I sat down in their tub, not knowing how things were; but no sooner had I done so than they began to throw mud at me from the shore. There were about a hundred, and they all began to yell and howl. I did not understand what they said, but I knew there was no friendly ring to their voices. Later I was told by my guide and bearers that they were shouting: "Let us kill the foreigner—drown him!" all the while heaping mud on my hat and back. There were about twenty around the tub, and they gradually started to take me across to the other side, they being in the water up to their necks. I do not know why they did not carry out their threat of upsetting the tub and drowning me, except that God prevented them.

My guide and chair-bearers had a terrible fright, but I did not fear, because I did not understand enough to realize the situation. I was indignant at the insult, but I remained cool and neither said nor did anything to provoke further indignities. As soon as the chair was brought over, I left the place in a hurry, after my guide had been compelled to pay them an exorbitant sum for the pleasure of this occasion. After we had gone a little further I exchanged my regalia, as you call it, because I was in no way presentable on account of the late decorations. I arrived at my destination without further trouble and in time for supper.

In Wang-gia-tza, which is an old Christian community, Blessed Gabriel Perboyre, about seventy years ago, remained a few days. He was on the way to Honan. I spent my time studying Chinese and trying to keep cool. I had occasion several times to administer Confirmation, the Viaticum and Extreme Unction to the sick, also Baptism. The Sacrament of Baptism I administered to a little girl, whom we found at our gate one morning. She was in a little basket, placed there, no doubt, by pagan parents who had too many girls. We

gave her to the care of a Christian woman in the village, but the child died a week or so afterwards.

On the 20th day of August, I began my trip homewards. This time I took the water-way, first down a little river in a small boat, then down a larger river in a junk. Excepting one day when we had a somewhat favorable wind, we moved with the fastness of the current, sometimes helped along a little by two coolies pulling on a rope, like a canal boat. Our journey to Hankow occupied two and a half days and two nights. The boat people were catechumens, and I passed some of the time teaching a little boy that part of the catechism which I myself knew in Chinese and was able to read. For good reasons, I did not attempt many explanations of the text.

Now I am back here at Wuchang teaching in the school. The weather is comparatively cool, and my health is good. My Sundays and Thursdays—our holidays—are mostly filled writing letters, reading, and extra lessons in Chinese.

Once more I thank you for the kindly interest you take in me and my work."

An Order of Arabian Sisters

By Rev. M. M. Bourzeix, Superior of the Lazarist Fathers at Jerusalem

Will you kindly give space in the columns of CATHOLIC MISSIONS to the account by a Nun of the Order of the Holy Rosary of a mission journey made from Jerusalem to Karak and some of the interior towns? This Society may not be known to your readers; nevertheless, it is worthy of their sympathy.

It was founded twenty-five years ago by a venerable priest of the Latin Patriarchate, Dom Tannous. Its object is to provide native nuns for the country parishes and the desert mission served by the Patriarchate.

The real reason of its existence is that it is composed entirely of native nuns, who know thoroughly the geography, language, manners, and needs of the population, and who are accustomed to the food, climate, and modes of travel of the country. The lack of knowledge about those matters is a great obstacle to European communities; their work is restricted, often paralyzed, and they are obliged to remain in the towns and large centers, while the country places receive no attention.

The Nuns of the Holy Rosary are Arabians, and it seems plain that God gives them special graces for the evangelization of those half savage people, who are a prey to all the seductions of heresy, schism, and Islamism. Unfortunately, they are too poor to incur the expenses necessary for the proper maintenance and instruction of many new members. Be kind enough to mention, in CATHOLIC MISSIONS, their work and the good it is possible for them to do under more favorable circumstances. Your readers will be interested in the following account of the Mission at Karak, given by one of the Sisters:

Monsignor Piavi having authorized our community to make a foundation at Karak, two sisters and myself were chosen to organize the mission.

We left Jerusalem on the 25th of October, 1904, under the guidance of Dom Antoine Scanzio. We started out

joyfully, though we had been warned of the fatigues and dangers we would have to encounter. Sister Elizabeth had the first mishap. Before arriving in Jericho, which is only six hours from Jerusalem, she had fallen off her mule five times; but fortunately the results of her successive falls were not serious.

We remained in Jericho, in order to rest, nearly an hour; then we remounted and rode all night. This part of the way has its dangers: the desert is overrun by Bedouins who rob travelers. They murder those who resist or try to defend themselves. During this long ride in the darkness we recited the Rosary that the Blessed Virgin might protect us from all harm. It was a great relief to us when the dawn tinted the sky with pink and the sun flooded the immense plain with its rays. At eight o'clock we arrived at the Jordan. The banks, shaded by gigantic pink laurels, seemed as restful as they were beautiful. The next day we arrived at Madaba, a small town in which our Sisters have a school. We remained with them some days, and on the 2d of November we resumed our travels and began the hardest part of our journey.

We had to climb high mountains, in some places almost perpendicular; and the immense rocks over which we made our way in the torrid heat will ever be remembered. In one place the path was so steep and rugged that we had to dismount and go on foot, holding on to each other and leaning on our guides to prevent ourselves from falling down to the base of the eleva-

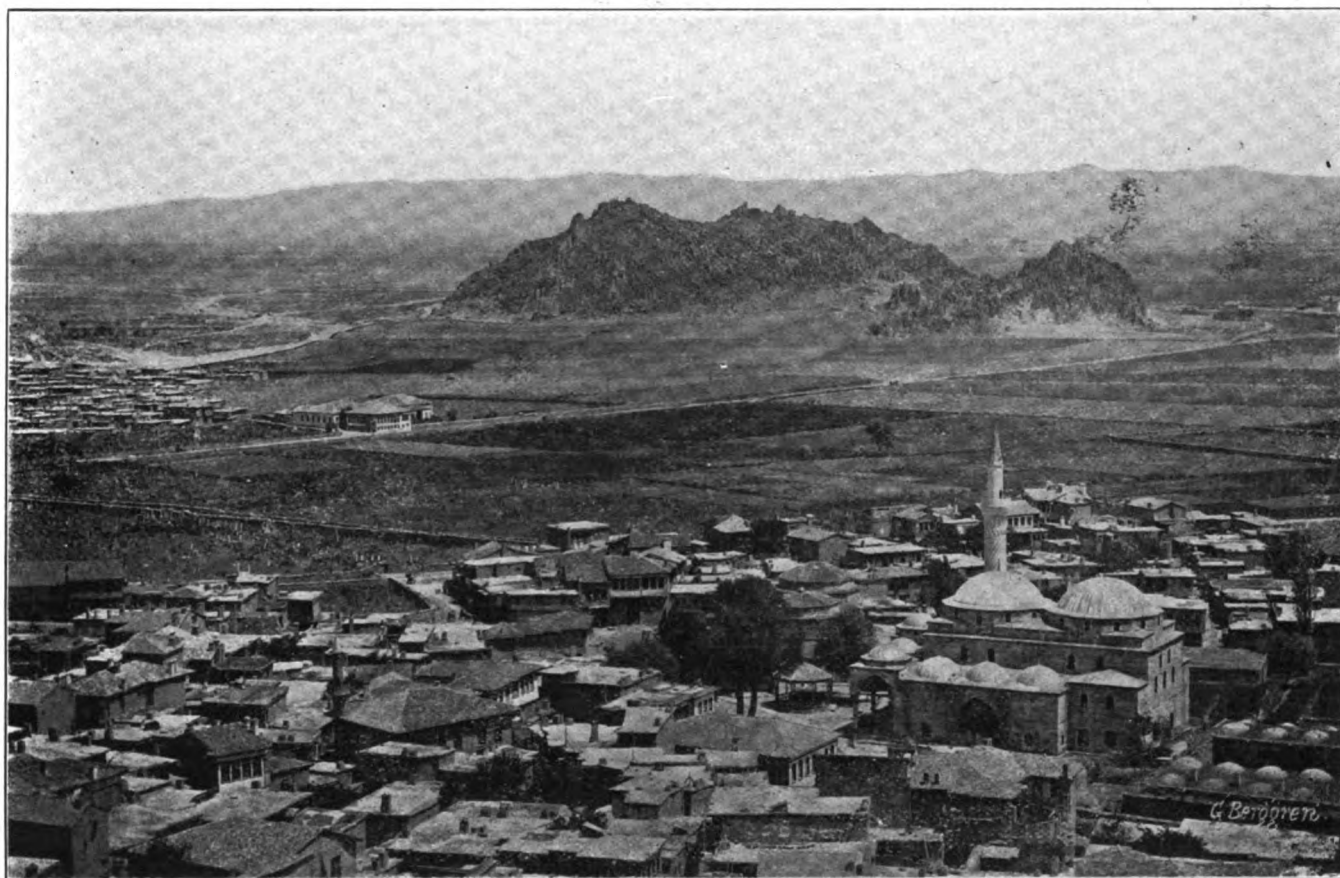
tion we were trying to scale. After two hours of this hard exercise under a burning sun, we found ourselves in the high valley of Mojab. This valley lies between two mountain ranges; the sides sloping down to the valley are of massive dark rocks, without a tree or a blade of grass. This valley, or pass in the mountains, has such a desolate and terrible aspect that the people of the country say that in this spot God wanted to give a sample of what Hell is like.

Although we had to watch carefully our pathway, yet we had lent an ear to the conversation between our guides and some Bedouins whom we had met on the way. These latter gazed at us curiously and attentively.

"Who are these people?" they asked our guide.

Our first act after our arrival was to visit the chapel, where, with hearts full of joy, we prostrated ourselves before the Tabernacle, offering ourselves to our Lord as His servants for His work in this new field. That same evening we waited on the Pastor of Karak, a venerable old man, who had given his life and used his strength for this poor mission. He received us with the words of Holy Simeon: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace." He was happy to see at last the helpers whom he had so long and so ardently desired.

The next day we began work, notwithstanding the difficulties raised by the Turkish Government and the dissident rites. We found that the women and children were



THE CITY OF KARA-HISSAR.

"They are nuns with their Christian praying chief," answered the guide.

"What is the price of the nuns?"

The guide answered jestingly: "Each of them is worth one measure of wheat, one of barley, five goats, and five medjidi" (about four dollars). It is what is generally given by Bedouins when buying the girl they wish to marry.

"Where did you buy them?" they continued.

"In Jerusalem."

"Could we find some at the same price?"

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At last our journey was drawing to an end. Four days after leaving Medaba at two o'clock in the afternoon, we began to ascend the mountain, on the summit of which is situated the little town of Karak.

ignorant of the most simple truths of Christianity. They did not know how to make the Sign of the Cross; they knew almost nothing about God.

We divided the work: one of us took charge of the married women, another of the young girls, and I had the little girls. God blessed our efforts, so that at the end of a month they all knew their prayers and the principal truths of our Faith.

The joy of the Pastor cannot be described. His ill health for many years and the many duties of his poor mission made it difficult for him to give his flock the necessary instruction in all things. The women and the children had suffered most, as their listless, inattentive manners in church would show.

Great was the joy of the good man when he saw his people assisting intelligently and devoutly at the Holy Sacrifice, and when he heard the children answer the



A CHURCH HEWN IN THE ROCK—ASIA MINOR.

questions of their catechism. Though very ill, he followed the progress of his dear children and thanked God for His kindness to his poor flock. One day when he was feeling better, Dom Scanzio proposed to him that he should go to Jerusalem where he might have the necessary care. However, he grew worse rapidly, and he knew that his end was near, but he did not fear death. A friend, expressing the wish to see him in good health soon, said to him:

"Let us hope that on Saturday, the day consecrated to our Lady, you will be well enough to celebrate Mass."

"No," said he gently, "on Saturday you will bury me."

Saturday morning his agony began. Kneeling with our little pupils by his bedside, we asked him for his last blessing. Too weak for any effort, Dom Scanzio held up his trembling hand, while he pronounced the name of Jesus. At five o'clock that same evening, peacefully and quietly he gave back his soul to his Maker. We did not wait long to feel the effect of his intercession with God for us. The children became better every day, more pious, more interested in their work, and the older ones prepared very carefully for their First Communion.

Dom Scanzio, who was appointed pastor of the parish, selected the 14th day of May for the date of First Communion. The seven little girls came to our small house to prepare for the great event by a triduum.

At last the great day arrived. We had prepared white dresses, veils, and wreaths of roses, all of which were unknown at Karak. The church was decorated as on a feast day, and the benches for the first Communicants were covered with white draperies. Dom Scanzio preached a very touching sermon. He was so moved he could not restrain his tears. The church was filled with

the friends and relatives of the little ones. All present were edified by the modesty and good behavior of the children. Even their parents could hardly believe their eyes, and they said: "Those can't be our daughters!"

After the Mass, the children asked permission to go home in their white dresses and veils. Their request was granted willingly, knowing to go and raise cattle. When the good impression their appearance would make on their parents.

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The next day, Dom Scanzio, wishing to give us a taste of mission life, sent us to spend a few days among a tribe of Catholic Bedouins. These Bedouins live in tents and seldom come to the towns or villages. Like the ancient patriarchs, they cultivate the

the harvest is over in one place, or the pasturage becomes insufficient, they raise their tents, put their baggage on the camels, and driving their flocks before them look for a more favorable locality where they can live for a time.

It is easy to understand that this wandering life is not favorable to the practices of a Christian life, and that it is not easy to teach people who are sometimes here, sometimes there, but usually a long way off. So these Bedouins are only Latins in name; they have received Baptism, but very little instruction, and they hardly practise any religion.

It was to these poor people we were sent to remind them of the principal duties of a Christian. We arrived at our destination at sunset. The women gave us refreshments of milk, the young men pitched our tent, and the elders of the tribe disputed as to who would have the honor of giving us our first supper.

At six o'clock, the men having returned from the pastures and the women having milked the cows and goats, we rang a small bell to call them together. Then we had the rosary and the month of May devotion, which we continued every evening. During the day, we taught the women and children prayers and the catechism. The children were most eager to be with us; they would hardly leave us, and it was difficult to be alone even for our religious exercises. As soon as our tent was open in the morning, the little people rushed in, surrounded us and would not leave us again for the day.

The fourth day, Dom Scanzio came to join us. Our tent was turned into a chapel and was nicely decorated. The whole tribe united to assist at the Holy Sacrifice and to hear a sermon. These rough men, attentive and



A CARAVAN IN ARABIA.

submissive as children, were really a touching sight. It was a great consolation to us; such days and such joys are not easily forgotten.

✦

Our work recalled us to Karak, so we had to leave these poor people and the forty little girls to whom we were quite attached. The Bedouins said: "Stay with us, we will give you the wool of our sheep, oil, and figs. Our women will milk the cows and goats for you, and draw all the water you need. If you leave us, who will teach our children? Who will speak of God? Who will teach us to be good?" The young girls wept aloud, struck their breasts and tore their cheeks till the blood ran, according to the custom of their country.

When we had mounted and were ready to start, some of the girls said they were going with us, and they were so very determined we were obliged to let them do as they wished. As we had a long distance before us we took them up, one in front and one behind, and in this way we entered Karak. These children had never before left their goat-skin tents, so they were greatly astonished when they saw a town and houses.

"What are those stones on top of each other?" they asked. "Who piled them up?" "What makes them

hold together?" "They will fall on us." One girl noticing windows in a large house, cried out in fear: "O! the great big open eyes, they frighten me!"

Some of the children had relatives in Karak, who consented to board and lodge them and send them to our school. Two children had no one to care for them, so they remained with us.

✦

Our house is a real Bethelhem. We have two small rooms, one is our dormitory and dispensary. The provision boxes are kept under the beds; it is the only place we have. The other room serves every purpose. It is parlor, work room for the young girls, kitchen, etc. It is surprising how many things can be done in a room fifteen feet square. School is held in a sort of grotto under the house, but in the rainy season water pours in so we, teachers and pupils, spend our time throwing it out. In the future we intend taking our pupils to the upper room during the winter. It is rather close quarters and, at times, the smoke is blinding; but, never mind, all these miseries count for very little when you see souls learning divine Truths.

Loneliness, poverty, and all the miseries they bring are borne with joy for the consolation of teaching these good people to know and serve God.



A Word from a Missionary in British India

By the Rev. F. S. D'Souza

The territory entrusted to my care in Ullul is about nineteen or twenty miles long. Two Fathers work in union with me. The population consists of about 535 families with 2,957 souls. We made this enumeration when going about in the villages, but there may be some who escaped our attention—perhaps one hundred or even more, although we used all possible care in endeavoring to find all the inhabitants.

This population in a large town would not occupy much space, but we are in the jungle, and the people choose places here and there where they find water and soft soil, or mud, for suitable places for crops, and a little plantation on which they depend mainly for sustenance. The homes are far from one another, and to gather the people at one place for catechetical instruction is very difficult.

During the monsoons the streams are full and travel is dangerous, at times almost impossible. When at such seasons we have to visit the sick we encounter great difficulties in going from place to place. The roads are really only beaten paths, and baggage is usually transported on the backs of coolies. In going from one village to another to visit our people, we have to go like caravans; not, however, with beasts of burden, but with human beings like ourselves. We take three, four, or sometimes even more coolies to carry our luggage. One carries things necessary to be used at Mass, another our culinary utensils and necessary kitchen furniture, a third our bedding and clothes, and a fourth or even fifth may be needed according to the amount of luggage we need to use.

The huts in which we lodge and in which we celebrate Mass are very poor, fit only for drying places for cones. We have to take our food with us, as the people who prepare food are often not troubled about cleanli-

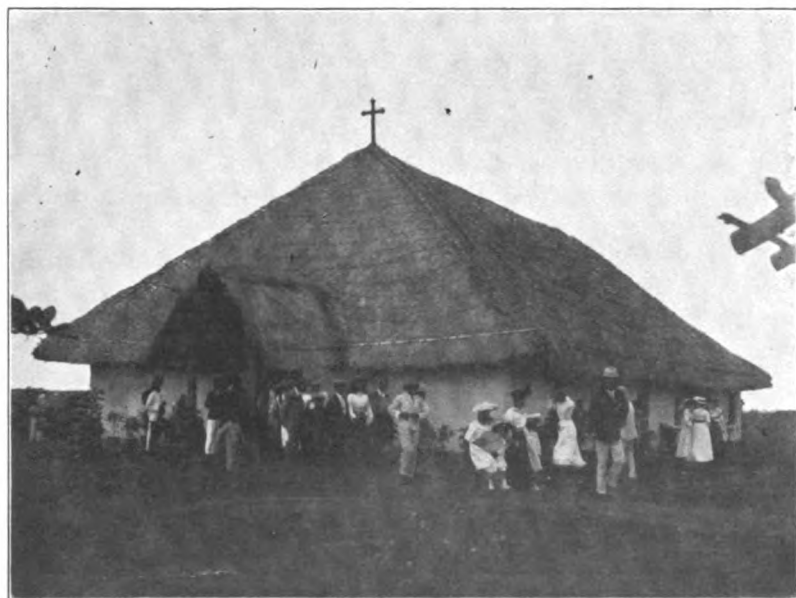
ness. They are satisfied with little. Rice and chili are much used.

The people are rude and ill-mannered, and devoid of



A HINDOU GIRL.

feeling for each other. They do not know the elementary truths of religion; they are no better off than the pagans who live near them. They are born, they live, and they die, and even after their death their ceremonies are pagan. When a child is born, out of fear lest they should be brought to task, the child is taken to the priest for baptism only after four or six months, and in a few cases after two months. Previous to this the child has been given a pagan name, and, as at the Christian ceremony, this little one has god-parents; so at home a pagan woman holds the child when it is being named. Around its waist is some diabolical thing used by pagans; and as the child grows, he learns more superstitious habits, then the Sign of the Cross and the prayers. When sick, out of fear, some person goes for the priest, but another goes for a pagan physician, who comes and does all he knows about diabolical practices. They seldom have a Mass said for the soul of a dead friend, but most of them practise the pagan custom of giving a dinner to the dead. Christianity has not made as yet much headway in this part of India. May we be able to help its progress.



CATHOLIC CHURCH AT KIHARGPUR.

MISSION LIFE AND NEEDS

The letters from the mission field published in this section were lately received at the Central Direction or some of the diocesan offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They will serve to show the needs of the missions and the results already obtained or hoped for, and also to express the gratitude of the missionaries to their benefactors. Appeals for help from missionaries will be entered here, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will gladly forward whatever answers readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may wish to give to them.

FROM THE RIGHT REV. THOMAS HENDRICK, BISHOP OF CEBU.

"I beg to acknowledge with gratitude the cheque kindly forwarded through you from a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, as an alms for some poor mission in this diocese. We have several missions where the priest is barely able to maintain himself, and, in some cases, could not do so without help from outside.

I am, therefore, deeply grateful for any assistance of this kind and hope you will convey my sincere thanks to the Society."

FROM THE RIGHT REV. JOHN A. O'GORMAN, C.S.Sp., VICAR APOSTOLIC OF SIERRA LEONE.

"Although I have not been able to send you the few notes you asked me for as soon as I should have wished to do so, I am none the less deeply grateful to you for the great interest you have shown in behalf of my mission of Sierra Leone and particularly for the opportunity the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has given me of bringing its needs before its readers. May God reward you for it a hundredfold!

You know our needs. If I could only make your readers realize them I am sure that I should not appeal in vain to their charity for a great work, which, without their assistance, cannot be continued.

We are at present twenty-two members, Fathers and Brothers, and about twenty-five Sisters of St. Joseph belonging to the mission. Our territory is about 40,000 square miles, and its population numbers something like 3,000,000. The climate of Sierra Leone is generally admitted to be one of the most unhealthy in all Africa and has earned for my Vicariate the name of the "White Man's Grave."

Our poor people are still almost all pagans, the only object of their worship being the spirits that are supposed to inhabit certain places and certain objects. God they know, though very imperfectly, but they never worship him in any way.

Our great need is the ordinary one—money. Men and women, who are willing to give their lives and their labors, we can have; but money enough to keep the mission work going we can hardly get—so far we have not succeeded.

If the Catholic people in America knew our poverty I am sure they would help us with that generosity which is so manifest a proof of their love for Holy Church."

FROM MGR. BARTHE, S.J., BISHOP OF TRICHINOPOLY, INDIA.

"For over a year famine has been making dreadful ravages in the poor mission of Madure; nevertheless, I have deferred writing about it till now, knowing the many calls that are made to you for help from the different missions. But I cannot resist any longer the appeals of my poor missionaries, so I come with confidence to ask your help and that of your readers.

Since last year we have had little or no rain, and, as a natural consequence, nearly all the crops have failed, so misery and want are extreme. In many families they have only a little food—you could not call it a meal—once a day. And what does it consist of? Some coarse roots or a few grains of millet soaked in water. Such is the dinner of a whole family. Others

scratch the ground looking for the grain the ants have stored away in the subterranean hoarding places, and that is all their food.

Not long ago a missionary wrote me: 'My door is constantly besieged by many unfortunate starving people, who have hardly strength enough to drag themselves along. In presence of such sights, and without any means of help at hand, I try to appear iron-hearted; but more often I turn from them to hide my tears, I feel so very helpless.'

Missionaries traversing the different districts are often witnesses of most heartrending scenes.

Recently a pagan mother threw herself at the feet of a missionary and showing him her baby, who was dying of starvation, said: 'Father, it is too hard for a poor mother to be obliged to hear the heartbreaking cries of her child when she cannot relieve it in any way. Take my son, I give him to you, only save him.'

How much good we could do now if our resources enabled us to aid the hundreds of pagans who come to us.

We implore the Sacred Heart of Jesus to inspire some generous souls to help us with alms, to open heaven to these poor souls bought with the precious blood of our Lord. These chosen ones would intercede for their benefactors, whose charity would win for them in heaven their crown and their joy."

FROM THE RIGHT REV. L. H. BOEYNAEMS, S.H. PIC., VICAR APOSTOLIC OF HAWAII.

"I am taking great interest in the progress of the Propagation of the Faith in the United States. It is a good work which should be established in every parish. In years gone by it has given much help to the American Church, and even now it gives a generous aid to our missions in Hawaii. Hawaii is a territory of the United States; shall our brethren in America forget us who are far away? Protestants have abundance on their missions and we have poverty. We do not complain; we knew before coming here what was in store for us. It is for our poor people that we ask; if we only had the means what good we could do here!"

FROM THE VERY REV. A. MUNZLÖHER, S.V.D., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF ASSAM, EAST INDIA.

"Though a stranger I take the liberty of writing to you on a subject in which we are both interested.

The pagans have erected beautiful temples for their idols while we have only a poor building we call a church, but which does not deserve the name, it is so poor and miserable looking, in which to house our Redeemer. For years we have added little by little to this building as the number of our converts increased. Now it is again too small for the congregation and the ground does not allow of an addition. What are we to do? Beg? We have done so for a long time and collected enough for a new site. But we can do no more; we have no money.

We require at least five thousand dollars to build a good, substantial church. Where is it to come from? The mission has so many charges and local help is out of the question.

"If you can possibly help us, pray do so either through your friends or by making our wants known in some of the newspapers. The church is to be dedicated to the Holy Apostles.

I do not know how you manage such things in America, but I would suggest that some kind persons undertake to collect one dollar each from twelve friends in honor of the twelve Apostles. I hope you will do the best you can for us; we are all working for the glory of God."

FROM REV. R. F. C. MASCARENHAS, UDYVARA, INDIA.

"Allow me to address to you a humble appeal on behalf of a Catholic congregation in extreme distress in far-off India. I am but too painfully conscious that the needs of the Church nearer you are pressing enough, but the assurance that a *little* bestowed elsewhere will be no appreciable subtraction, and the firm hope that every little helps, encourages me to send out this appeal of mine.

My congregation of nearly 1,200 souls, living amidst heathens and heretics, has just been suddenly deprived of its church, the same having been closed *under the orders of the Magistrate*, as being in a condition of imminent danger to the worshippers.

The church—a sorry apology for one—was a modest structure with accommodation for a thousand persons. The building had been finished some thirty years ago, but, owing to extremely straitened resources, it had to be put together part by part. Other circumstances, too, combined to bring about its present doom. At the time the only available site for a church-building was a marshy plot of ground surrounded by rice fields, so that, in course of time, the church was bound to suffer. First the walls showed ominous clefts, next the roof was attacked, and soon the whole edifice began to look insecure, and the Government officials, after repeated warnings, at last declared positively that it could be no longer used. The work of demolition is now going on.

Such are the peculiarly painful circumstances under which I am constrained to make the present appeal. It will be easily seen that it is not a work of art or ornamentation that is being undertaken, but one of absolute and immediate necessity.

Permit me, then, Father, to appeal to your generosity on behalf of this desolate and deserving portion of the Lord's vineyard. For over two centuries, through trial and tribulation has the True Faith lived in this land. The help, *no matter how small it may be*, bestowed on this work will have the merit of maintaining the life of Faith in many a soul for generations to come, and earn for you and your dear ones the solace of having upheld in some measure the Kingdom of Christ against His enemies."

FROM A JESUIT FATHER, MISSIONARY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

"I heard that you had sent some books, and as a splendid set of controversial books and Father Finn's stories came unannounced, I am writing to thank you with all my heart for your generosity. I assure you your thoughtfulness will do a vast amount of good.

The conditions here are sufficiently saddening. Just at

present there is a Teachers' Normal Institute going on—a seven weeks' course—in the High School of Vigan. Those attending—Filipino teachers—came from all the cities and pueblos of this province. My Knights of the Sacred Heart have brought many teachers to see me. It is sad to say that not a few are Protestants already or have tendencies to Protestantism. With people almost uninstructed in their religion—thanks to the unrest of the past few years—it needs but a few words, in some cases from the ministers, to unsettle the faith of these young men and women—though the latter, I think, are still good Catholics. This propagandism of Protestantism is also being carried on to large extent by Filipino perverts.

In some cases the ministers pay these new "ministers," in others the latter work without pay. Had these people but a little instruction, the work of the ministers would, I think, be almost hopeless. As one young teacher, who had become a Protestant, said to me (his father is now a Protestant preacher in his town): "Well, Father, no Catholic priest ever explained these things to me as you did." He has returned to his town a little more instructed in our Faith and promising not to return to Protestantism. A second, whose mother and father are Protestants, went, through fear, to the Protestant service, but had already, by rising early, attended Mass in our Church. He leaves Vigan promising to be a steadfast Catholic, even if he must leave home. A third, who came every night for a week with all kinds of difficulties, likewise returned to his town (the three were from different towns) with the promise to return to the old Faith and give up the office of Protestant helper of his town. I might mention other cases, but these three show you our dangers. If these young men—Filipinos and teachers in our public schools—have become Protestants, what may we not fear for the children, even if the teachers say no word of religion—how baneful will be the example. I shall send to one or two of these towns a copy of the "Faith of Our Fathers." All the teachers who came to see me are not Protestants, and many are anxious to establish in their towns a society similar to the one we have here in Vigan."

FROM THE REV. W. BRUCK, O. M. I., SASKATCHEWAN.

"Please accept our thanks for the Mass stipends you were kind enough to forward us at the request of some benefactors. May I ask you kindly to convey to them the expression of our gratitude, with the assurance that the Masses will be attended to without delay. I trust that others may be inspired to come to our assistance in some way or another, as we are still far from being self-supporting. Besides the net revenue of the farm, which may represent a value of about \$500, all the funds to support the fifty-two children have to be collected by the way of private charities. Hardly anything can as yet be expected from the diocese. Having to establish new parishes and missions in so many places very little can be used for the orphans."



MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA

SAN FRANCISCO.

Archbishop Montgomery, Coadjutor to Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, died on January 10.

Archbishop George Montgomery was born in Davis County, Kentucky, December 30, 1847. He was ordained in Baltimore by Cardinal Gibbons on December 20, 1879, and was consecrated bishop and coadjutor to Monterey and Los Angeles by Archbishop Riordan in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, on April 8, 1894. On June 10, 1896, Bishop Montgomery succeeded Bishop Mora at Los Angeles, where he remained for seven years, and in October of 1903 was transferred to San Francisco as coadjutor to Archbishop Riordan. R. I. P.

DAVENPORT

Right Rev. Henry Cosgrove, Bishop of Davenport, died on December 21, 1906. Bishop Cosgrove was born at Williamsport, Pa., in 1834. He was ordained priest in 1857; became pastor of St. Marguerite's parish, Davenport, in 1861, and was chosen Bishop of the Davenport diocese in 1884. R. I. P.

Bishop Cosgrove is succeeded by Bishop Davis, who, two years ago, had been appointed coadjutor.

FALL RIVER

The Right Rev. William Stang, Bishop of Fall River, died on February 2 at St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., and was buried from St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Fall River, Mass., on the 6th inst.

Bishop Stang was born in the German province of Baden-Baden in 1834. After completing his studies at the University of Louvain, he came to the diocese of Providence in 1879, where he occupied several positions. He was chancellor to Bishop Harkins, when on the creation of the diocese of Fall River, in 1904, he was appointed its first Bishop. R. I. P.

MANCHESTER

By the decision of the S. C. of Propaganda, confirmed by the Holy Father on December 21, 1906, the Rev. A. Guertin, pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Manchester, has been ap-

pointed Bishop of that diocese to succeed the late Right Rev. J. B. Delaney.

INDIANAPOLIS

On December 21, 1906, the new Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul at Indianapolis was consecrated by Right Rev. F. S. Chatard, Bishop of the diocese, assisted by the Right Rev. D. O'Donaghue, auxiliary Bishop, and a number of the clergy.

NEGRO MISSION BUREAU

Final steps looking to the organization of the Catholic Negro Bureau, have been taken in Baltimore at the meeting of the commission for distributing the funds collected annually for missions among the colored people and the Indians. The commission is composed of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Ryan and Farley, and with them in the government of the new bureau will be associated Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, and Bishops Byrne of Nashville, Allen of Mobile, and Very Rev. E. R. Dyer, D.D., rector of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. In immediate charge of the work of the bureau will be Rev. John E. Burke, rector of the church of St. Benedict the Moor, New York.

PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH AMONG INDIAN CHILDREN.

Father Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Indian Missions, has published the report of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children. The receipts in 1906 amounted to \$23,401.16, which shows an increase of \$8,433.95 over the previous year's returns. This is a gratifying result, and it is to be hoped that this year will show a similar, if not greater, increase.

PROGRESS IN ALASKA

In 1869 there were in Alaska 2,500 native Catholics with twelve churches, eleven priests and six brothers of the Society of Jesus, sixteen sisters with four schools and 257 pupils, one hospital and two orphanages. In 1906, in American Alaska, there were 9,500 Catholics, with seventeen priests and ten brothers of the Society, two brothers of Ploermel (Brothers of Christian Instruction), eight Sisters of Providence, three

Ursuline Nuns, twenty-two Sisters of St. Ann, twelve churches with resident priests, nine stations with chapels, twenty-eight out stations, two high schools for girls, three day schools with 240 children and four hospitals. This tells the advance of our faith in the icy polar regions during the period of ten years, but it does not depict the hardships and trials in connection with the work.

Any one wishing to know the heroism of the missionaries working in the Arctic regions should read the most interesting and edifying life of Father Judge, S.J., published by a priest of St. Sulpice, under the title of an "American Missionary in Alaska."

NEGRO AND INDIAN MISSIONS

The Report of the Mission Work Among the Negroes and the Indians has just been published by the Commission charged with distributing the funds. The total receipts from various sources amounted to \$171,816.76 in 1906, with a balance of \$50,558.39 at hand on January 1, 1906, placed a total of \$222,375.15 at the disposal of the Commission. Of this amount \$205,985.92 have been allotted to Negro and Indian missions in the United States, leaving a balance of \$16,389.23.

This is certainly a gratifying report, and yet, when one reads the letters, which follow the report, it is clear that the means are not in proportion with the needs.

CHURCH PROPERTY IN PORTO RICO

The Supreme Court of Porto Rico on December 21st rendered a decision favorable to the Catholic Church in the case of the Church vs. the People as to the ownership of certain properties. The court held that properties valued at \$500,000 belong to the Church, and accrued rents and incomes since 1898, when the United States took the island from Spain, amounting to \$100,000, are held to be due the plaintiff. Of the five members of the Supreme Court, three favored the decision for the Church. The American judges voted in favor of the Government. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Charles Hartzell, former Secretary of Porto Rico, represented the people.

**EARTHQUAKE
IN JAMAICA**

Earthquake and fire destroyed a large part of Kingston, Jamaica, on the 15th of January, and all the Church property in the city, and even some miles away from the city. Thanks be to God, none of the priests were injured. The Jamaica mission is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers. The Vicar Apostolic is the Right Rev. Charles Gordon, S.J. There are 14,000 Catholics in Jamaica out of a total population of 630,000, mostly colored.

SURINAM

At the suggestion of the S. C. of Propaganda, the Holy Father has appointed the Rev. James Meenwissen, C.S.S.R., Vicar Apostolic of Surinam.

AFRICA**SOCIETY OF
AFRICAN
MISSIONS**

On the 8th of December last, the Society of African Missions of Lyons celebrated the golden jubilee of its foundation by a solemn High Mass in the famous Sanctuary of Fourvière, at Lyons, where it was organized by Bishop Marion de Bresillac fifty years ago.

Of all the missionary societies founded in the nineteenth century, few, if any, has a more glorious record than the Lyonese society. Hardly three years after its foundation, all the first

missionaries of the Society, including Bishop Marion de Bresillac, had succumbed, victims to the climate of Equatorial Africa. Only one priest was left, Father Planque, who had remained in France as Superior of the Apostolic School. Father Planque is still Superior General of the Society, and was the celebrant at the jubilee ceremony. The Society for African Missions of Lyons has lost in these fifty years about 300 members, all stricken down in the prime of life by the fatal climate—300 men, who have sacrificed their lives as true martyrs of Jesus Christ for the conversion of the Negroes. At present it counts 490 missionaries pledged to continue the work of their heroic predecessors. May they always have the grace of God and the necessary means!

**LOWER FRENCH
CONGO**

On the proposition of the S. C. of Propaganda, the Holy Father has appointed the Rev. Father Derouet, C.S.Sp., Vicar Apostolic of the Lower French Congo. He received the Episcopal consecration on the third of February in the chapel of the Seminary of the Holy Ghost at Paris.

ZANZIBAR

The S. C. of Propaganda has decided that the Vicariate Apostolic of Northern Zanzibar shall henceforth be called Vicariate Apostolic

of Zanzibar, whilst the Vicariate Apostolic of Central Zanzibar is given the name of Vicariate Apostolic of Bagamoyo.

ASIA.**INDIA**

In an article contributed to the *Etudes Françaises*, Father Fortunat, O.F.M., says that Catholicity is increasing rapidly in India. Between 1891 and 1901, the Catholic population has increased at the rate of 15 per cent. Whilst there were about 1,500,000 Christians in 1872, there are now 3,000,000, half of whom are Catholics.

PERSIA

We are glad to learn from a letter of Archbishop Lesné, C.M., Delegate Apostolic to Persia, that the new Shah of Persia, Mohammed Ali, is most favorably disposed toward the Catholic Church, and on many occasions when he was only *Valyhad* (heir to the throne) has given our missionaries unmistakable proofs of sympathy. It is to be hoped he will grant them now his powerful protection.

OCEANICA**AUSTRALIA**

By a special decree of the S. C. of Propaganda, the Holy Father has attached to the Archdiocese of Sydney the island of Norfolk, which heretofore was part of the Archdiocese of Hobart Town.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

In this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS the most important missionary magazines are reviewed, those published in the English language having the preference as being more accessible to the majority of our readers. Attention is directed to articles, pamphlets, and books bearing on the missionary question in order that the friends of the missions may be kept informed of the progress of the Church among infidels, heathens, and all outside the fold.

The Field Afar (January) is a new and most welcome visitor at the office of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. Its editor is our co-worker, the Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of Boston. This paper contains sixteen pages of news items and comments on foreign mission work and workers. It is well illustrated with half-tone photographs and will be published every two months at fifty cents a year.

Though expressly designed to strengthen the Missionary Spirit already well developed in the Boston Archdiocese, under the constant patronage of the Venerable Archbishop,

The Field Afar will doubtless widen its circle of readers and win for the cause of missions many new friends. It will be published from the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau, which is installed at the Boston Diocesan headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 62 Union Park street.

The aim of the Bureau, in which several devoted priests are interested with the editor of *The Field Afar*, is to increase the output of literature on the subject of Catholic Foreign Missions and, through the greater interest thus aroused, materially help the propagation of the faith.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith (February) is introduced in its new dress by an article from Bishop Le Roy, Superior General of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.—It contains a review of the missions for the latter part of 1906 by Mr. Guasco, Secretary General of the Society, and a sketch of the missions in care of the great order of St. Dominic. At the present day, Dominican Fathers are in charge of a whole Chinese province and two Japanese Islands, of one-half of Tong-king and a district of Turkey in Asia. In America the dioceses of Port of Spain and Curaçoa are in the care of the sons of St. Dominic, as

well as a number of smaller missions in South America.—Father Cettour, P.F.M., describes the state of mind of the Japanese people in regard to the Catholic Church and the hopes which the future hold out to it.—A most touching incident showing the efficacy of the "Hail Mary" is related by Father Kayser, A.A.; Father Cuhe, A.M., describes the ravages of the sleeping sickness in Uganda.

The Missionary (January) contains the most touching history of the Apostolate of a newsboy; a poor boy, who, longing to be a martyr by loving others better than himself and giving his life to help others, died a martyr of charity when only twelve years old.

St. Joseph's Advocate (Winter Quarter) contains the following articles: "Christmas Among the Maoris"—"Congolese Politeness"—"Ants and Their Doings"—"Snake Worship in India," and several letters from missionaries of the Mill Hill Society, among them one from Father Verbrugge, Superior of the Philippine Fathers, in which he says that several of the missionaries have been very sick, the main cause being overwork and that they are in need of many things, but more than anything co-laborers.

The Rosary Magazine (February) contains an interesting article by Paul M. Ristes on "An Alaskan Missionary Hero," the hero being Father Judge, an humble Jesuit, worthy brother of a Jogues, a Brebeuf, or a Marquette.

"A Luminous Factor in a Pagan Land" describes the progress of Christian education in the College of St. Aloysius, founded in Mangalore, India, twenty-six years ago by the zealous sons of St. Ignatius.

Extension (Jan.-March) contains the report of a Special Meeting of the Board of Governors of the Church Extension Society, together with a number of interesting articles on the situation of the Church in the Diocese of Natchitoches, Indian Territory, East

Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, Texas, etc.

The Indian Sentinel contains an interesting article on the Order of Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament under the direction and management of Mother Katharine Drexel. Quite a number of schools, industrial institutes, orphanages in which Indian and Negro children are instructed and cared for, have already been established. But how many more are needed! How many more men and women are wanted in that vast missionary field may be gleaned from the facts that there are outside of the fold some 10,000 Negroes and over 100,000 Indians to be gained to Christ.

Scribner's Magazine.—It is not often that missionary societies or missions are mentioned in our great secular monthlies. For this reason, perhaps, we read with unusual interest the notable article contained in *Scribner's Magazine* for February on "The White Fathers of North Africa," illustrated by photographs and drawings made by the author, Charles Wellington Furlong. Mr. Furlong describes his visit to the Mother House of the White Fathers near Algiers, and the difficulty with which his hosts were led to speak of their work and achievements, so fearful were they of vain glory. Mr. Furlong visited the famous Cathedral of Carthage and the Seminary of St. Louis, both in care of the White Fathers, and interviewed Father Delattre, the famous archeologist and explorer, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has been bringing to light the remains of ancient Carthage.

Of the noble order founded by Cardinal Lavigerie, Mr. Furlong has this to say: "Great works, enterprises and institutions depending on the efforts of one man are often buried with him, but to-day the White Fathers and their work are stronger, better organized and better equipped than ever before. Incredible as it may seem, it is from France herself, as much as she is indebted to the Order, that the worst is to be feared. . . . Whatever happens, the self-sacrificing spirit of the White Fathers will be written long in the history of French Colonial Africa."

In **Donahoe's** for January, Father Notebaert continues his study of the "Actual Conditions in the Congo Free State," and declares that it is an open secret that England is bound to take possession of the Congo, which she needs for commercial purposes. In this lies the secret of the infamous campaign conducted both in Europe and in the United States under the cover of humanity and Christianity. It explains also the unnatural alliance concluded some time ago between England and France. The rapacious merchants of London, Manchester, and Birmingham are certainly well matched with the sacrilegious robbers who are at the head of the so-called French republic.

The Catholic World (February) contains an article on "A School of the Prophets," by A. Lloyd, M.A., which confirms some of the assertions made by Father Roussel in the learned study published in the present issue of **CATHOLIC MISSIONS**. A great difficulty for missionaries is to understand the state of mind of the Japanese in regard to religion; it is entirely different from our own, and it is quite possible that Christianity does not make any greater headway in the Empire of the Rising Sun, because of faulty presentation. Most desirable, indeed, would it be if the Theologians needed at the present moment were native Japanese; but where are they to be found?

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London, for December, 1906, contains an interesting chapter of the early history of the Church in the Canadian Northwest by the late Miss E. M. Clerke. Dom Maternus Spitz continues his sketch of the Catholic missions in Alaska, and Father Deltour, O.M.I., gives us his experiences in Basutoland.

Some of the foregoing articles are continued in the January number.

We welcome the appearance of two new quarterlies, **The Catholic Virginian** and **I. H. S.**, published, the former at Richmond, Va., and the latter at Johnson City, Tenn.; both are devoted to the cause of diocesan missions, and we wish them every success.

Words of Approval and Welcome To "Catholic Missions"

From His Excellency The Most Rev. Biomedo Falconio, B.D.
Apostolic Delegate

I have read with pleasure the first number of the magazine, CATHOLIC MISSIONS, just issued by the American Branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The usefulness of this publication appears evident, when we consider the aim which it has in view, namely, to make American Catholics better acquainted with the work of our Missionaries both at home and abroad, and, consequently, more interested in the propagation of God's Divine Kingdom upon earth. Aspirations higher than these can hardly be conceived. Our co-operation in the great work of man's redemption is the highest tribute of love which we can offer to God and to our fellowmen. Consequently, the duty of bringing souls to God becomes for us still more imperative when we consider that, though our Blessed Redeemer descended from Heaven to save all mankind; however, as yet, great is the number of those who do not partake of the fruits of redemption either because of ignorance of our Holy Faith, or, because though blessed with the knowledge of Christ, they remain out of the unity of the Church, so much recommended by our Divine Lord. Hence, although almost twenty centuries have already elapsed since our Blessed Redeemer commanded the Apostles to teach all nations and bring them to Him, His command remains as yet in its full vigor, and binding with equal force upon their successors in the Holy Priesthood, and will remain so as long as there are souls to be brought to God.

History informs us that the charity which fired the zeal of the Apostles and led them even to the sacrifice of their lives for the propagation of the Gospel, was not extinguished after their death. Their

successors in the priesthood continued the sacred mission with fervor and success, from age to age up to the present time. Their zeal for the conquest of souls to Heaven led them to spare no labors. They willingly submitted to hunger and thirst, and to every kind of persecution and torture, and a vast number of them died martyrs to the Faith. This spirit of apostolic zeal, which for centuries has adorned the annals of the Church with deeds of Christian heroism, needs to be sustained and encouraged, as long as there are souls in the world who do not belong to the Fold of Christ.

Indeed, in our day their is great need of priests endowed with the missionary spirit, both at home and abroad. At home, because, despite the wonderful growth of the Catholic Faith in the United States, we are still a missionary country with an immense field for evangelical labors before us. There are yet many parishes and dioceses not fully developed and properly organized; the great influx of Catholic immigration also calls for our serious attention; and again, the missionary work among non Catholics, which is proving so efficient, needs to be continued with renewed zeal. Abroad, the missionary work is still more urgent; some of the most fervent Catholic countries, which for centuries have been sending missionaries to every known part of the globe in order to Christianize and civilize pagan nations, are now, in a great measure, crippled in this Christian undertaking, by reason of that spirit of irreligiousness which is permeating modern society. Hence, a feeling of distress is felt, even in some of our once flourishing missions, for want of sufficient help.

At the consideration of these spiritual

needs which retard the expansion of the Kingdom of God, is there a Christian who can remain indifferent? Ah! no; American Catholics are generous and full of zeal for the conversion of souls. Let them understand well the work of the Propagation of the Faith, and zealous priests will be found ready to enroll themselves in the missionary bands, and more generous help will be forthcoming from the faithful for such salutary work. Hence, I consider your publication well adapted for the furtherance of the aims of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, a Society which truly is an instrument chosen by Divine Providence for the renewing in our hearts of apostolic zeal in order that the borders of the Kingdom of God on earth may be enlarged more and more.

In this vast new continent, in the past, the attention of American bishops and priests has been directed chiefly to the local needs, to the organization of parishes and dioceses. However, I think the time, has now come when Americans, besides their home missions, can well afford to take an active and prominent part in the missionary work of foreign lands. Certainly, for Catholics, there is no holier or more meritorious work than the propagation of Christ's Holy Religion at home and abroad, both by word and example. May God infuse especially into the hearts of young priests, a fervent zeal for the conversion of the heathen and non-Catholic people to the true faith of Jesus Christ, and may He eternally reward those who answer His call, and spend their lives for the salvation of souls.

While I pray that God may bless you and your co-operators, I tender you my best congratulations and good wishes for the success of the magazine.



From the Most Rev. John J. Keane, B.D.

Archbishop of Dubuque.

Permit me to congratulate you on the effort you are making to awake missionary zeal among the Catholics of America by your various publications! Please accept the enclosed offering as a small help in your splendid work.

Among the many fields of labor described in your excellent magazine, CATHOLIC MISSIONS, I cannot but feel especially interested in the efforts of Bishop Rooker to build up a Seminary, in order to supply his part of the Philippines with a native clergy, which he most wisely declares to be the only adequate solution for the religious problem in his Diocese. May the Providence of God inspire some wealthy Catholics to enable the Bishop to accomplish this most important work! And may our Divine Lord awaken in us American Catholics a burning zeal for the spread of His Holy Religion throughout the world!

From the Most Rev. S. C. Messmer, B.D.

Archbishop of Milwaukee.

Enclosed please find my subscription for five years to your new missionary periodical, CATHOLIC MISSIONS, which I hope will have a great success.

From the Rt. Rev. C. J. O'Reilly, B.D.
Bishop of Baker City.

The copy of the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS has been received, and I congratulate you upon its splendid appearance, and the excellent and edifying review of missionary activity which it chronicles.

The Catholics of this country take a deep interest in the great work of the propagation of our holy faith, and they are willing to contribute generously to the bringing of the blessings of our holy religion to all who are deprived of these great benefits. All that is necessary to induce our Catholics in well-organized dioceses and parishes to give of their means to their Catholic brethren in less favored spiritual conditions, or to those outside the sweet and saving influence of the Church, is to keep them well informed of the needs in fields of missionary activity. Your excellent and interesting magazine, CATHOLIC MISSIONS, will serve to give the Catholics of this country definite information of the work of our missionaries at home and abroad, and cannot but result in a generous support of both. The perusal of CATHOLIC MISSIONS will also serve to awaken a greater feeling of gratitude to God among our Catholic brethren who enjoy so many spiritual blessings, such as devoted priests, beautiful churches, and good Catholic schools. It is sincerely to be hoped that you may be enabled to give CATHOLIC MISSIONS a very wide circulation.

From the Rt. A. J. Cloutier, B.D.
Bishop of Boise.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. I read it carefully and found it very interesting and edifying. The make-up of the magazine is as perfect as could be expected. May your efforts be successful! I recommend it very highly.

From the Rt. Rev. Charles E. Colton, B.D.

Bishop of Buffalo.

I am much pleased with your new magazine entitled CATHOLIC MISSIONS. It will, I trust, have a wide circulation and thus help you in your great work of the Propagation of the Faith.

From the Rt. Rev. C. P. Mars, B.D.
Bishop of Covington.

I have received the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS and I hail this American publication with a thousand welcomes. The missionary spirit has made the Church in America what it is; to-day we begin to realize that it is even more blessed to give than to receive, and the zeal of our priesthood and people for souls is taking both Home Missions and Missions Abroad to their heart. CATHOLIC MISSIONS will keep aglow the fire of Christ's love in the hearts of the priests and enkindle it powerfully in the breasts of the people. It is a home publication and its make-up is up-to-date; it is interesting, and, I hope, it will find its way to every Catholic fireside of the land.

God bless and prosper this new and needed Monthly and reward every one who contributes by pen or kodak to make it attractive and powerful in its influence for good.

From the Rt. Rev. James Davis, B.D.
Bishop of Davenport.

I am in receipt of the copy of the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS, and I hasten to thank you for kindly sending me a copy of this very useful, and I need not say very interesting magazine, which I have read with great pleasure.

I wish the publication a word of God-speed on its laudable mission, viz.: in conveying to our American Catholics a knowledge of the great work done for God by the faithful missionaries at home and abroad. May success crown your noble efforts in the sacred cause of the Propagation of the Faith!

From the Rt. Rev. James McColrick, B.D.

Bishop of Duluth.

The new magazine, CATHOLIC MISSIONS, deserves commendation. The great work of our missionaries is little known; their labors and self-sacrifice are but slightly appreciated because but few read the

"Annals." Here, however, is a magazine well printed and well illustrated which claims notice. I wish it great success!

From the Rt. Rev. M. Tierney, B.D.
Bishop of Hartford.

Thanks for the copy of your CATHOLIC MISSIONS!

I find it interesting. Feel confident the people will be roused to make greater effort in this direction by reading such a magazine.

From the Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen, B.D.

Bishop of Mobile.

I received the copy of the paper you are publishing in behalf of the Catholic Missions. I am pleased with it and hope it will obtain a wide circulation and awaken new interest in the labors of our missionaries.

From the Rt. Rev. H. Healin, B.D.
Bishop of Natchez.

I earnestly recommend CATHOLIC MISSIONS to priests and people. If the succeeding numbers keep tally with the first, it will be a source of much interest and instruction to its readers, and amply repay them for the modest subscription.

From the Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, B.D.

Bishop of Ogdensburg.

I have read with interest the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS, which you intend to publish as a periodical to acquaint our people with the work of our missionaries at home and abroad, and I think it well suited to our times when missions are expanding with so much fruit, but also with so many needs of help. American Catholics must be and will be aroused by this missionary literature to the sense of their duty toward non-Catholics.

From the Rt. Rev. J. M. Regis Canavin, B.D.

Bishop of Pittsburgh.

The CATHOLIC MISSIONS magazine, in proposing to make Catholic Americans better acquainted with the missionary work and spirit of the Church, ought to receive a hearty and generous support from priests and people. We need to realize more and more clearly "the instant necessity for the salvation of all men's souls and the instant necessity of supporting the missionary to any people." Christian charity, zeal, and duty do not end with the limits of a parish, diocese, or country. If they do not go out to "all nations and to every creature," they are not Christian. I wish your magazine God-speed in spreading the missionary spirit among the Catholics of the United States.

From the Rt. Rev. Thomas Grace, D.D.

Bishop of Sacramento.

I thank you for a copy of the new magazine, CATHOLIC MISSIONS. It is very interesting reading and I believe that it will greatly promote the noblest of all causes—the Propagation of the Faith.

From the Rt. Rev. Wm. J. Kenny, D.D.

Bishop of Saint Augustine.

I received a few days ago the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS, and I am much pleased with its appearance and general make-up. It is a move in the right direction and cannot but make American Catholics better acquainted with the work of our Catholic missionaries at home and abroad, and thus incite them to extend a more generous help in the apostolic work. May it do so!

From the Rt. Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D.D.

Bishop of Sioux City.

I have glanced over your first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS and am pleased with its make-up. You need the medium of such an organ for your great work, and I am sure it will create a wider interest and insure greater success.

From the Rt. Rev. James A. McPaul, D.D.

Bishop of Trenton.

I have read with a great deal of interest the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. This beautiful publication should make the people better acquainted with the great work of the Propagation of the Faith.

From the Rt. Rev. P. J. Donahoe, D.D.

Bishop of Wheeling.

I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of

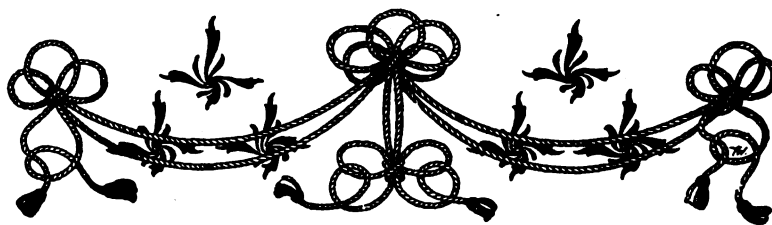
the first number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS and to thank you for the same.

I sincerely trust that this new publication will meet with much success, and that it will be the means of promoting the laudable work of increasing the zeal and generosity of the American people towards the noble object of your praiseworthy Society.

From the Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O.S.B., D.D.

Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina.

I hope and pray that the Catholics of the United States will extend to CATHOLIC MISSIONS, your new magazine, a most heartfelt welcome. CATHOLIC MISSIONS will supply just the information necessary to create a lively interest in our Home and Foreign Missions. This interest, once created, will bear fruit in a generous support of this great work of God and His Church.





"A Marriage Ceremony in Somaliland."

Catholic Missions

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Editorial Notes

France and the Missions

OF late we hear much about France and her conflict with the Church. We are told that she is breaking away from religion and its sacred traditions. The government's policy of wholesale confiscation of church property is called *progress*. It is, in fact, nothing less than robbery, the trampling under foot of the very rights of liberty and equality, for which demagogue leaders of the people have cried out for more than a hundred years.

It is consoling to know that in spite of this *progress* of certain French politicians toward infidelity, France has not retrograded as much as would appear from the reports of the arbitrary acts of the ascendant party. Proofs that faith is not dead in France are found in the interesting list published some time ago in the French edition of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. Of the Catholic missionaries who died at their posts during the year 1905, one-half of the total number were French. France, therefore, gave to the Church as many missionaries, who laid down their lives in the apostolate of religion, as all the nations of Europe and America together.

Moreover, in the report of alms received by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in 1906, to be published in the June number of the *Annals*, we see that last year, Catholic France, in spite of her struggles and threatened poverty, gave to the missions

the generous support she has afforded them for so many years. In fact, we find that about one-half of the total contributions of the world to the work of the Propagation of the Faith still comes from France. We find that France gave to the missions three times as much as any other nation, not excluding the so-called Catholic nations of old Europe, and that the French Catholics gave \$430,000 more than their American brethren, who come second in the list of contributors.

This is the "Credo" of the real France—this is an answer to those who proclaim that her faith is dead. These are facts that will counteract the impression too easily made on certain minds by the unfair statements of a prejudiced press.

French Catholics at home have been inert, aghast,—they have held aloof from the conflict in a manner inexplicable to us. But when a nation continues to give her blood and her money for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ on earth, even in her hours of trial, there is a well-grounded hope that she will soon throw off the yoke of oppression and give to the Christian world the example of virtues which centuries ago obtained for her the glorious title of "The Eldest Daughter of the Church."

New Missionaries for Japan

When Japan opened its doors to Catholic missionaries in 1858, the country was placed in the care of the Society for Foreign Missions of Paris; and until recently the Japanese missions were entirely in the hands of its priests. After the Spanish-American War a number of Spanish Dominican Fathers from the Philippines were sent by the Propaganda to the large island of Chikoku, on the eastern coast of Japan, detached from the Diocese of Nagasaki and formed into a Prefecture Apostolic. Franciscan Fathers have recently arrived in Scapporo, North Japan, where after an interruption of three hundred years they reopened the Franciscan missions. The sons of St. Ignatius are soon to re-enter the field so gloriously cultivated by St. Francis Xavier, and will probably found a large educational institution in Tokyo. The missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word (Steys) have accepted a mission in the Diocese of Hakodate and are already on their way to Akita, one of the most important coast-towns in Western Japan. All these moves are good, not only because they increase the number of workers, but also because they create a certain rivalry among them.

Native Priests Needed

Despite the outside help they are thus receiving, the Bishops of Japan will continue their efforts to give the country a native clergy.

The formation of a native clergy for the countries evangelized by its missionaries has always been the wish of the Propaganda. St. Francis Xavier, in the sixteenth century, recommended that it be done as soon as possible, and Leo XIII wrote in his letter to the Hindus (1893): "It is evident that native priests will inspire greater confidence than foreigners, and their work will be followed by more lasting results." As long as a country has to receive its clergy from foreign lands, it is still in the missionary period, which is necessarily a period of transition. Native clergy alone will strengthen the position of the Catholic Church in any country.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith

A number of inquiries received at the Central Direction of the Propagation of the Faith since the appearance of CATHOLIC MISSIONS cause us to repeat what we said in the first number. CATHOLIC MISSIONS does not supplant the *Annals*, which will continue to be sent to Promoters, perpetual and special members of the Society as formerly. CATHOLIC MISSIONS does not entitle to membership in the Propagation of the Faith nor any of its spiritual privileges. It is strictly a subscription magazine published in connection with the work, with a view to keep Catholics in America in touch with home and foreign missions.

Cuban Conditions

By the Rev. Regis Gerest, O.P., Missionary in Cuba

The troublous conditions which have recently prevailed in Cuba have attracted general attention to the young republic which a few years ago took its place among independent nations. The solution of all the problems that face this beautiful island, which well deserves its name of "Pearl of the Antilles," has been undertaken by those two nations whose temperament seems to fit them specially for the work—America and England. Many American capitalists, confident of large financial returns, have multiplied the number of sugar plantations and tobacco fields; the English are building railways which will connect the north and the south of the island and bring into communication all the coast towns.

Those who are especially interested in commercial and industrial questions have followed closely the prodigious material development which has taken place since the day of the Declaration of Cuban Independence, and they know that, despite the possibility of small revolutions, there is a brilliant future for well conceived and prudently directed enterprises.

The religious situation has not been so clearly defined. The true state of the island in this respect has not been brought to the knowledge of the faithful, always eager to know the progress made in preaching the Gospel and well disposed to sustain the missionaries' zeal. It is useless to try to determine the cause of a generally observed silence on the part of the religious press concerning this subject. Let it suffice to say that the work of spiritual regeneration is only beginning, and though it is in line with the movement of economical and material progress, yet its advancement is not quite so satisfactory.

As soon as we arrived in Cuba, January 18, 1899, we saw at once that the field confided to our care demanded of us much work and even more patience.

The people are generous and docile, but long years of constant struggle for independence have plunged the majority of them into religious indifference. Without malice, without hatred, these people, Catholic in name, ignored, or lived as though they ignored, the funda-

mental principles of that religion of which they called themselves dutiful disciples.

In the country places the churches show sad neglect. During the revolutionary times, the faithful seldom gathered in them to assist at religious ceremonies. In one place the confessional was out of use as such, and had become the pastor's library. In another place an unscrupulous and probably very ignorant sacristan took the offerings for Masses while the priest was absent and went through as best he could some of the outward forms of the Holy Sacrifice. On the altar of another church, the Missal had been eaten by worms, which showed how

little it had been used. When we first celebrated holy Mass in some parishes the congregation consisted of a few stray dogs which had timidly entered the holy place.

Such was the spectacle the country parishes presented when we first visited them.

In the larger towns the neglect was far from being so great. There was a certain exterior religious worship which was

ostentatious at times, but it was difficult to find the real Christian spirit in all these manifestations, often superstitious.

The Church in Cuba needed to be reorganized—resurrected, as it were. Here was a great and difficult task, but not without a certain deep interest, as the missionaries hoped to bring back these people to their place in the bosom of the Church by awakening in them serious convictions and reviving their moral and religious feelings. The American officials are trying to do the same thing in the intellectual and economical fields.

Acting with common accord, though in very different spheres, the apostle and the liberator may rely on the good will of a people pleased with its independence. The Cubans see that all that is being done is done to better their condition, and that both religious and civil authorities are working in the interest of the prosperity of the country.

The natural disposition of the Cuban is rather encouraging, though he has often been severely judged,



THE BISHOP OF CIENFUEGOS CELEBRATING MASS IN THE OPEN AIR

What has been attributed to his character is often the result of the very difficult position he has been placed in for so many years. As a rule the Cuban is easy-going and his society is agreeable; lively and intelligent, he is also very docile. If he appears to some too suspicious, perhaps he has good reason to be so, he has been deceived so often. If he is inconstant, may he not plead that he has never been taught constancy, the beautiful virtue which is planted in the soul only by the hope of final success. And has this hope ever been granted him?

Nevertheless, circumstances change with time; and peace now being solidly established in this beautiful country, it is to be hoped that the Cuban will give every evidence of a solid, serious progress; and then the missionary's work will gain in proportion.

education. As the present generation offered so few possibilities of harvest, we were obliged to try to prepare a new one which would form a good foundation for true and better understood Catholicism. To organize colleges, schools, orphanages, parochial work and sodalities, this was what we undertook to do.

We began with the most modest school ever seen on the island of Cuba. The first pupils, three in number, were rather curious specimens: two wretched little negroes, in rags and without the most elementary notions of cleanliness, and a little white boy, the son of a steamship captain. He was nice, amiable, and showed a liking for study.

For the opening of a school this was a rather pitiful showing. Our school material was of the simplest; a



DOMINICAN MISSIONARIES IN CUBA

Meanwhile our task requires much diplomacy. Many Cubans have grown accustomed to a self-made sort of Catholicism in which the commandments of God and the authority of the Church have but little influence on their lives. Though they care little to visit the churches, which many have not even entered for Baptism or marriage, at the same time they are quite willing to help with offerings of money any of the religious festivals which the pastor may think well to celebrate.

These dispositions in the people soon convinced us that any attempt at conversions would be futile. Only one alternative remained to us: to direct all our good will, all our energy to the care of the children.

The Government allowed us perfect liberty in this respect, and we therefore hastened to begin our work of

few roughly planed boards nailed together for desks and benches were all the school furniture we had for a long time. The first few weeks were sad ones. The children did not come to us, while directly opposite our modest quarters the Protestant minister's school seemed to gain ground every day.

Gradually our little class grew and ultimately outdistanced its rival. It developed into a high school and college; and at the end of seven years one hundred and fifty pupils are studying all the subjects necessary to take a bachelor's degree.

While doing all in our power to advance the young men, we could not neglect the education of the girls, who will be called to take such an active part in the moral, social and religious reorganization of the island.

Many of these children received no religious education at home. They were very glad when they heard we were going to open the school of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin for them. The only condition imposed on them was that they should show an inclination to study.

About this time we learned that the Cuban character is capable of the most sublime devotion. Our first teachers devoted themselves to the work without worrying about difficulties before them or the remuneration we could offer them for their services. Many of them gave up good positions and good salaries to devote themselves to the great work and assure its success. Every day obstacles presented themselves and our struggles were many. Each obstacle, each struggle, drew us closer, and attached us more to our work.

The pupils, sustained and encouraged by the example of their teachers, distinguished themselves by their studiousness and good conduct. Many of them have finished the course and received diplomas as teachers. Quite a few have been received into the Third Order of Saint Dominic, to which belong many of those generous souls who devote themselves to our school for young girls.

These successes were really encouraging, and it seemed that our zeal should be limited to this work. But circumstances and the opportunity to do good, which pushes the apostle forward, often beyond his resources, came to impose new obligations on us.



THE HARBOR OF CIENFUEGOS

A religious community which for some years had taught the children of the town's best families and cared for orphans was obliged to leave its work of self-devotion. As a natural consequence, college and orphanage would disappear. Relying on the untiring zeal of the members of the Third Order and on the protection of our bishop, we took up this new burden, and soon the College of Saint Rose of Lima and the Orphanage of Divine Providence were added to the works of Dominican Fathers in Cienfuegos.

Up to the present, we have been able to meet all demands. Nothing is wanting, and we have been able to procure all that is strictly necessary for our orphan children. These little people, so bright and cheerful, continue to enjoy the benefits of religious instruction and a good education.

All this work could not be done without attracting attention. By degrees our little chapel became filled.

Confessions began and then became more frequent. At present it is a consolation and a reward for us to know that four thousand communions are annually received at the feet of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary in the chapel of the Dominicans under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin.

While this work of revival was imperceptibly going on in Cienfuegos, where we had established our principal centers, we were fortunate enough to penetrate into the interior, where the bishop offered us very large districts: Rodas, Carthagena, Aguada, Campiña, Jaquaramas, etc. Stations for self-devotion, where the most intrepid amongst us could show their zeal and sow the good seed!

In these interior districts the



THE PLAZA, CIENFUEGOS

work to be done was of a different character and the tactics employed adapted to local necessities. The big distances, the almost impassable state of the roads, the bringing together of people from scattered points, people living in poor huts of straw, leaves and branches of trees, the incredible ignorance of these honest peasants, calling themselves Catholic without knowing why they do so—all these conditions demand a special mode of preaching and teaching.

In these regions the missionary must prepare himself to display all his energy, to suffer many privations, and

to lose many of his dear illusions. It is ungrateful work, without respite or rest, work of which he alone can see the small practical result, at least during the first years. It calls for great devotion and sacrifice to obtain very few conversions, and prolonged solitude, because these people are not accustomed to dealing with priests. Such is the perspective the missionary gets when he first goes on a mission. To show the nature of this kind of work and bring it to your notice, we will ask some of those on the missions to tell you about their apostolic labors in some future number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The Nomads of Somaliland, East Africa

By Father Stephen, O.M.Cap.

The Somalians though little known, are one of the finest and most intelligent of the African types. The reputation for barbarity which they enjoy has kept from them nearly all signs of civilization.

They are Mussulmans, and on that account seemed refractory to the Gospel. Generally speaking, strangers from civilized nations have a bad opinion of the Somalians. How can we feel any sympathy for the savage who seems to consider himself the equal, if not the superior, of the polished, well-bred man? He is unlike the Arab or the Indian, who grovels before the *frangi* hypocritically and is so seldom disinterested.

I will not present you to a Somalian, for he ignores politeness. He has not a word of greeting in his language, so he borrows the Arab word, *Salam*, and he does not use it too often. Those who adopt the luxury of a little civilization call to their friends at a distance:

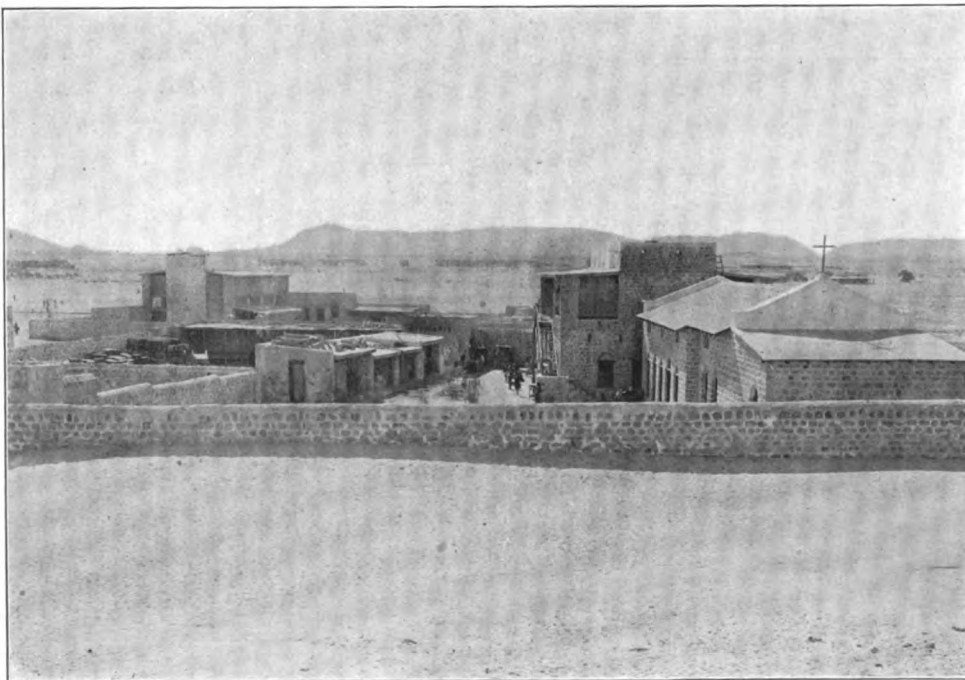
"*Ma nabad ba*," (Is there peace?) And they answer: "*Roa nabad*" (There is peace).

Gratitude exists among them only in a very feeble degree.

There is a group of Somalians advancing with shouldered lances. They are nearly all tall, fine men; their slight bodies are clear cut in delicate lines, but their emaciation gives them a ferocious appearance. Their long, thin legs seem dried up from constant journeys through the deserts. Notwithstanding all this, one can not help admiring their noble, dignified bearing, and thinking of the old Roman patricians, whose costume they have almost preserved. America furnishes the fine cotton stuffs in which they drape themselves so proudly. The women's costume is also very simple and not wanting in gracefulness. The young girls wear their hair cut to their shoulders and done up in a multitude of small plaits of a brilliant black.

The married women roll their hair up under a blue gauze which is fastened around the forehead. It is the head-dress of the ancient Egyptians. Our young Christians have thought well to abandon this head-dress, both for cleanliness and to gain time, so they wear their hair in the European style. The missionaries try to make them preserve the rest of their national costume, as much for economy as to have them retain their innocent simplicity. We try to do the same with the men. When once a native begins to imitate the European, he knows no bounds and often spends all he possesses in frivolities.

The work of Christian civilization should affect, bear on the heart, the soul and the bad habits



THE CATHOLIC MISSION AT BERBERA

of a people. Its object is not to change their laudable, modest customs and costumes.

As I have already said, foreigners have a bad opinion of the Somalians because of their pride and conceit, and also because they are liars, cheats, and thieves; as are nearly all Mussulmans. They pretend the Koran says it is not wrong to injure Christians.

Missionaries and other foreigners who have lived any length of time among the Somalians have not so pessimistic an opinion of them. Of course, they acknowledge their defects; but they also recognize their good qualities. I have not known any one who lived a few years among them who did not like them very much. The Somalian is intelligent; a great encouragement for the missionary, as it facilitates his work.

Nevertheless, the country is very backward, from our civilized way of looking at things. The Somalian's intellectual powers are in a latent state. He does not feel the necessity of changing his customs and walking in the way of progress. He looks upon the white man with indifference and considers him the slave of too many necessities, cares, and anxieties for his life.

The Somalian is not naturally lazy, though many travelers think he is; he is lazy only from force of habit. He has no work to do. I will explain why later on.

He does not sleep during the day, as the inhabitants of hot countries usually do. He goes to bed late and rises early. But during the evening his only occupation is to listen to or tell *sheko*, stories of battles or fights with lions and leopards, life in the desert. Sometimes he dances to the accompaniment of hand clapping (he has no musical instruments), and to wild songs which these people sing. Their voices are strong and vibrating. Hearing them sing makes you know they are a warlike race.

I have heard of many fine acts of courage performed by the Somalian. Justice is a virtue he likes to see practised toward himself. Be just and he will like you and be faithful to you. But if you are not just he will hate you and do all he can against you. Nothing but fear of the English government can restrain him. He fears it, but

he respects it. We have often heard him say that he prefers bringing his disputes before the white men because then he finds justice. This is what makes him tolerate the English Protectorate. He finds foreign authority a great hardship and considers it a blow to his liberty, of which he is so jealous. Liberty is the Somalian's one great happiness, and he loves it so much that he detests slaves. Though he is a Mussulman he has no slaves except on the banks of the "Webi-Schebeleh," near Abyssinia. But I can not give you a complete account of the manners and customs of the Somalians, as I must tell you about the country and our work.

♦

In all the accounts and descriptions that the missionaries give of the countries they are evangelizing, I have not read or heard of anything like the desolation of Somaliland. All explorers agree in calling the country half desert. A few towns are found along the coast;



YOUNG SOMALIAN MUSICIANS

there are in the interior of the country, only two or three small villages. The people are nomadic and agriculture is unknown.

Our readers may ask: Why is this so? It might be said that the Somalian is of a very independent nature and will not bind himself for any length of time to continued and fixed work. Wanderings, changes, adventures, these are what he prefers. But I do not think that this is the true cause, as we have been able to prove that a rational education can change these habits. It appears to me that this temperament is rather an effect of an essential cause—the country is unfit for agriculture.

Large tracts of land present nothing but granite to the eye, sometimes covered with a thin bed of calcareous



PORT OF BERBERA

other miserable traits. The Somalian's food consists of milk and smoked meat. These are all the country produces. There are no vegetables, no fruit, and he does not know what bread is.

As rain is rare, the stony and sandy plains seldom produce grass. Besides the thorny shrubs, which are almost the only vegetation of the country, the fertile lands produce after the rains grass which remains green one or two months. Camels and goats must feed on the branches of mimosa and other thorny shrubs. Cows and sheep find pasture on the plains or on the mountain sides during the greater part of the year. It consists of dried-up tufts of grass barely sufficient to keep them alive. The result of all this is that goats and ewes sel-

dom have more than one kid or lamb at a time. The quantity of milk supplied by a herd of animals is almost insignificant.

earth. It is wonderful to see mimosa, myrrh and incense-producing trees plant their roots in the crevices of the rocks. Of course, this vegetation is stunted and half dried up. In other places you see nothing but deserts of sand and, farther on, vast plains which seem fit for cultivation. But, alas! it seldom rains, and never regularly, so no harvest can be gathered.

If the country could be irrigated? But there is no river of any importance whose course could be turned to fructify this virgin soil. The maps show several rivers, but there is water in them only when it rains, and then only for a few hours.

In the province of Buban (the word means "roasted"), where our stations are situated, there are a few rivulets with water in them all the year round, but they are only some few hundred feet long. These streams are seldom found running through good soil, where they would be useful. They are usually lost under ground, running through beds of granite hollowed out by the rains of centuries. Rain is not only very rare here, it is also most destructive. This phenomenon is explained by the bareness of the country.

General Swayne, an Englishman and former Governor, who knows the interior of the country well, told me that traces of cultivation are yet found which go back to the time before the inhabitants were Mussulmans. The land was irrigated by means of rain-water gathered in cisterns, the ruins of which still exist.

These cultivated places were few and not extensive enough to feed the population; so naturally they had to devise some other method of getting food. The only resource left was the raising of cattle. Though the custom house registers the exportation of a large number of animals to Aden and of goats' and sheep's skins to Europe and America, this resource is not great enough to supply the Somalians with good food, which accounts for their leanness, avarice, habit of begging and many

dom have more than one kid or lamb at a time. The quantity of milk supplied by a herd of animals is almost insignificant.

To satisfy his hunger the Somalian often eats the old animals, and even those attacked by disease, if there is no hope of curing them. When the season is good he sells some of the best animals, or their skins, and buys dates, rice and clothing. When he has rice he eats it boiled in water. Those favored by fortune have smoked milk or a nauseous liquid butter with the rice. They have but one meal a day, and not always that. Their diet is a sort of perpetual Lent. Feast days are very rare, the hours of abundance rare indeed. Rice, dates, stuffs—everything is imported and very expensive.

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In so desolate a country what can a poor missionary do to reach the unfortunate nomads? How bring them the civilization of the Gospel? How bring them to Jesus Christ? "You will never succeed," are the discouraging words the missionary hears from Europeans who pity him for having to work in such an ungrateful field. They forget, or do not know, that the Catholic Church has secrets of success which upset all human calculations. One can not forever resist the charity of Jesus Christ and His Church. The priest offers to sacrifice his life after having renounced even the most legitimate joys of life. The faithful all over the world deprive themselves of many things in order to give alms with their prayers. This union of sacrifices rendered fruitful by the grace of God produces miracles.

There are but few converts in our young missions, and yet the English Governor, a Protestant, who a few years ago pitied us so much, said with emotion when leaving Somaliland: "Well, I never should have thought that you could succeed as you have among these people."

At first we took special care of the poor. To those

tormented by hunger we distributed rations of cooked rice, according to our means: sometimes to more than a hundred persons a day. First we opened one, then another dispensary, where during long hours the missionary devoted himself to relieving all kinds of human suffering. Often, in a fetid atmosphere, amid sores and malignant ulcers, his stomach revolts and he is obliged to vomit his meagre meal. But he returns with a smile and continues his work. The sight of all these horrors is perhaps more trying to the nuns, who devote themselves to the women.

Because of their innocence children are more easily touched by kindness and charity. Several little ones abandoned by their parents came to the missionaries and adopted them as fathers. Then some of the parents, who at first hated us, brought us their children on condition that we would take entire charge of them. Our station at Berbera soon became too small for us. After numerous sacrifices and dangers we succeeded in penetrating to the interior of the country, and there we pitched a few tents. At the present moment we have one hundred and eighty-four children, both boys and girls.

At Berbera, the capital of the country, which is situated on the sea coast, we teach English. Many of our young men are employed by the government. Their faith is in great danger. The hope of the mission rests on those in the interior, where the inhabitants are simple and uncorrupted.

With regard to the arts and trades which render such good services in other missions, we have no use for them here, where no one eats bread or builds stationary houses, where every one makes his own sandals and sews his *maro* with a mimosa thorn. The making of lances, daggers, and shields is the monopoly of a tribe called the "Tumal tribe."

After having tried and experimented many times, we have concluded that agriculture is almost impossible, at least for the present. Later on, when we are better settled and have some resources, we shall try again. Now we have to be contented with a garden of two or three acres, where our young Christian and catechumens learn with much pleasure to cultivate the soil on a small scale, so as to be ready to work on a large scale when we are able to overcome the enormous difficulties I have spoken about, and many others besides.

The young Christian married couples have, alas! the same nomad life before them as the other people of the country. I have blessed three young couples already. But imagine our difficulties! These children are quite a heavy burden to us from the time we take them till they arrive at the marriageable age, and then they require another great sacrifice at our hands.

Who is to give them the light, transportable hut and the animals to support the family? Certainly not their Mussulman parents, who, on the contrary, look for help from their Christian children. All the care and trouble fall on the missionary. He knows that without the Christian family all the fruit of his apostolate is lost to the Church, to Jesus Christ, to heaven, lost to this beautiful people of Somaliland, this splendid race of the desert!

A benefactor who knows the position we are in gave us the means of providing homes for the first three couples.

The hut and accessories cost sixty-eight dollars, the animals one hundred and seventy dollars. We are also obliged to provide them with rice for one or two years, sometimes longer, until the products of the live stock enable them to support themselves. This demands another sixty dollars, in all about three hundred dollars for each couple.

You should see how grateful to their benefactors these young married Christians are and how different from their savage compatriots.

At Christmas, notwithstanding their great poverty, they insisted on giving me a small bowl of milk, a greater self-deprivation than you can imagine. "Well," said I, "I have nothing to give you." The young married man whose wife expects soon to be the mother of the first Christian baby in the jungle said with emotion in his voice, "We ought to give you all we can."

Other young couples will soon come to increase the little nomad Christian settlement of Saint Margaret, so called after the benefactor's eldest daughter, who, before God, has all the merit of this good work.

Let me remind the reader that the work of Christianizing this country begins with the children. As I have already told you, we have one hundred and eighty-four children, boys and girls of all ages. Each child costs about twenty dollars a year.

Besides the great work of adopting children and founding Christian homes, there is another task we have set ourselves. I have translated several works into the Somali language, and one I should like to have printed as soon as possible. It is the "Illustrated Bible History of the Old and New Testament," by Dr. I. Schuster. This publication would be a great help to us in teaching



ALTAR BOYS OF THE MISSION

our neophytes. They have often asked to have the book confided to them. It would also help to extend the missionary's influence for the good of souls.

Catholic missionaries have worked hard at and largely contributed to the Somali language, which was unknown till quite recently. They were the first to write and teach it. Seven or eight years ago a rich English gentleman undertook the expense of having printed a Somali grammar and dictionary by the Rev. Father de Larajasse, the

first missionary to Somaliland. With our own little printing press we are trying to print a translation of the Catechism. We have been working at it for several months and have succeeded in printing only fourteen pages on account of many difficulties and accidents. At this rate we should never be able to print the Bible History, particularly as we would like to have the engravings inserted that are in the English edition. The Somali alphabet would be definitely fixed in this work.

Among the Sioux Indians

By the Rev. H. J. Westropp, S.J.

One of the largest of the Indian tribes still surviving is surely the Sioux, or, as they call themselves, Dakotas. All told they number something like twenty-five thousand. They are nearly all within the present boundaries of the two Dakotas, and though nominally forming one tribe, they are subdivided into many minor tribes, some of whom have a dialect or even language of their own.

Perhaps the largest of these subdivisions, or clans, is the Oglala tribe, now placed on the Pine Ridge reservation, and composing about seven thousand souls. They must have been a stalwart race of men in their day, but, owing to the inroads made by diseases of the whites,

whiskey and, especially, the changed method of living, consumption and a few of its kin have started their ravages here with startling effect.

Formerly, when these Indians lived in tepees of buffalo hide, they were ever moving about and, consequently, the refuse and dirt could never collect around their houses as it does now. At present, being held down to a reservation life and each man having been allotted land, he has his little hut of logs and mud, sometimes a mile or more from water, which he has to haul in a barrel from the nearest creek. The dirt and squalor in these huts sometimes surpasses all description. The children run around year in and year out without ever having their clothes washed, I believe, or their bodies either, for that matter. The food is as little considered. Whatever dirt accumulates around the house stays there, and so it is no wonder if their careless way of living breeds germs of disease to kill the Sioux and their progeny.

Of course these dirty cabins are not the rule, but they are not the exception either. Into them the priest often has to come and eat his meals (almost closing his eyes while he does so), spend the night and next day, say Holy Mass on some old box or stove, with the cobwebs hanging above him and perhaps a dog or cat running about his heels.

Several of the stations I attend are sufficiently advanced to have a church, "a holy house," in their tongue. Some of these holy houses are indeed hole-y. They are composed of unhewn logs, with the cracks and chinks filled up with mud. The roof is covered slightly with boards and dirt. Last fall I was in one when we got a rain or hail storm that knocked the mud out of the cracks into the house and set the roof leaking. One needs an umbrella and a rubber coat in such houses.

When I first came to the church or log hut in question—St. Agnes', it is called—I was, indeed, surprised at the faith of some of the Indians. One of them genuflected and made the sign of the cross when he came up to shake hands with me. I was afraid he was going to look for the ring on my finger to kiss it, as I thought he took me for a bishop. I have good reason to remember the piety of this Indian, Paul Catcher.

Later, when I met with a very severe accident far



LABAN WHITE HORSE

from home, he gave me his buggy without ever asking a cent for it. If one knows what great beggars the Indians are and how they want to be paid for most everything, he can appreciate this kindness. The same individual, though poor as the proverbial church mouse, never fails from time to time to come and give me a dollar or two for the church. I would never have taken a cent from him, he is so poor, but I thought self-sacrifice a virtue too necessary for this people not to be cultivated.

Paul highly edified me one day when he was driving me about. A rope lay in the road and he hastily got out and picked it up. After he had it, he did not know what to do, because it was not his.

"Never mind, Paul," I said; "if you don't find the owner you may keep it."

This satisfied him. Paul took the pledge last summer, not because he drinks, but because we were looking for members wherever we could find them. One day he came over to the mission—he lives fifteen miles away—and wanted to know what to do because the doctor had given him medicine with spirits in it and he was afraid to take it.

"Father," he tells me at times, "the Indians here do not know anything. They always go to the Fathers and beg. They do not care about religion, or if they do they want to be paid for it. I want to help the mission because they are so stingy."

Frequently I hear complaints of the following nature:

"You have baptized my children and now you do not take care of them; feed them. Here is my wife sick. Why do you not give her food?"

"Go away," I tell them. "I did not marry your wife. You married her, so you must take care of her."

Some even offer themselves for baptism in the hope of getting beef, et cetera. I make it a rule never to give them anything, no matter how poor they are, when I am dispensing the Sacraments.

"The good things I have are for the soul, not for the body," I tell them, and then they have to be satisfied.

How the Indians ever came to be such unqualified beggars is a great mystery to me. They cannot understand how you can refuse them anything they want. It seems they act something like that among themselves.

You may stop at almost any house, get a meal, stay over night, and feed your horses. The Indians are always giving one another presents. Whenever there is a dance, or anything going on, someone will be there to give away something—a horse or cow, clothes, beadwork, and the like.

When anyone dies, this spirit of generosity appears to be the most active. I have known them to give away horse, wagon, house and everything, even go into debt to buy something to give away.

However, all of these bad habits have a little good in them. When a relative is ill the Indians have the custom of coming and taking care of him, even though it be a baby. They assume a sad expression; and when the person is dead, the women often cut their hair, put on black, and begin to weep and lament. They will travel miles and miles to take part in the general mourning at the house of the dying man, yet, strange to relate, at the funeral in the church the attendants would not make up a corporal's guard. Sometimes there are not six

or eight mourners to carry the coffin.

Another peculiarity to be found in an Indian family is at times very striking. The woman will often be the very incarnation of hard work whilst the man will lie sprawling about. She can chop wood, go and haul water, unhitch the horses, put up the teepee, whilst he goes



SHIUX CHILDREN OF THE MISSION

off to amuse himself; nor does she protest in the least. This is easy to explain. Formerly the man's work was to hunt, fish, trap, and go to war. Hers was to toil at tanning the skins, curing the venison, cultivating the maize and caring as best she could for the children. She took pride in it. Now his work has come completely to an end. No more game, or fish, or war. He is out of a job, whereas hers continues and has even increased.

However, his lordship is commencing to realize that he has to look out for something to do, and I am happy to say by far the greater number of these Indians are now doing work of some kind, off and on, and so partially earn a living. Still they are unsteady, inconstant. One never knows how long they will continue an occupation. Chances are a man will grow tired in a few weeks, or else his baby or his grandfather will fall sick,

and he feels so sorry he cannot toil. You can seldom rely on him to perform any task well unless you are right with him.

A great difficulty the missionary has to contend with also is the language. The Sioux have several guttural and explosive consonants that an average man will find hard to pronounce. There is little or no grammar to learn, but that is just the trouble, only two tenses, present and future. When another tense is meant you have to guess at it from the context or some circumlocution. They have, moreover, a queer custom of slicing up their words and sandwiching pronouns, prepositions, etc., between the slices, giving the word quite another and unrecognizable appearance as well as meaning:

Thus, *ccya* means to cry.

Ce-ki-ya, cry to.

Ce-Rici-ci-ya, cry to someone for somebody else; to pray for.

Ce-un-kici-ci-ya-pi, they pray for us.

Wakan, or holy, is everything that is above their understanding. God is the Great Holy; gun, a holy iron; horse, a holy dog; doctor, a holy man; a watch they call a moving iron; eye-glasses they call eye irons; money is white iron, no matter if it is paper money.

This humor, if you can call it such, crops out in some of their words and expressions. Dress is literally a thing to put your ribs in; an inspector is a "big cat." The Presbyterians they call "bobtails," from the fact that they do not wear long garments during service. Though each relation has a different name for the relationship, be it female or male, younger or older, still they have a queer custom of calling their aunts "mother," their cousins "brother and sister," and so on. Therefore, at times, it is hard to understand of whom they speak. In choosing a name for themselves, some show a very prosaic nature. Thus, Long Pumpkin, Blue Broomstick, Boat Nail, Potato Hill. Others are a little more poetical, as "Day Comes Out," Flying Hawk, Blue Cloud. Some names are absolutely impossible, as Red Rabbit, Spotted Thunder; or foolish as Fool Head, Crazy Thunder, White Crow; or even too profane to mention.

The language when well spoken is very beautiful to hear, and often eloquent and powerful. Still these Indians need no language, they can speak just as well with their hands. Often the old chiefs use both tongue and hands so well that it is very interesting to hear or rather see them converse. Some time ago I spent the evening with a brave called No Flesh. It was amusing to see the old fellow go through what we would call mimicry. He was showing me how a man who was a whiskey drinker tried to get him to take a drink and how he refused. He curled up his hand into the shape of a whiskey glass, tossed it off, made it gurgle in his throat

and went through a number of operations, and wound up by shaking his head to show he did not like it.

By dint of hard work the missionary can acquire considerable fluency in the Sioux language, and when he has succeeded he has at the same time gained the hearts of the people, for they like to have their priests speak to them in their own dialect. Missionary life among them is often a house-to-house work. You drive up and see them; sometimes you may not be able to speak of religion, but, again, they are the ones to begin of themselves. After the ball is once set going, it is not hard to keep it in motion. They are anxious to have their relations and friends join, and so by and by a little congregation is started, but under the eye of the priest.

He must look after it. When they are sick, he must come and see them. To omit this attention would be an insult, and would lead to their backsliding. Of course, they are still ignorant; they cannot absorb much religious instruction at once. But, do not hurry. "Do not crowd yourself!" as my Indian catechist, Jim Grass, tells me.

They like to club together into societies. Accordingly, every week or two, or even oftener, they travel miles and miles to come to a central meeting place. Here they remain for seven or eight hours at a time, receiving instruction, settling business, singing hymns and ending the whole with a little feast. These assemblies are novel and interesting to the newcomer. I never grow tired, even after an eight hours' meeting.

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Of great help to us in our missionary work is our large missionary school, Holy Rosary Mission, where we feed, clothe and educate about two hundred Indian children. Here they learn reading, writing, sewing, cooking, farming, carpentering and, above all, their religion. The Indians are all anxious to have their children educated.

There is no longer trouble in getting their children to come to school, though they do run away from time to time. In the beginning the Government supported the schools, but as this help has been withdrawn, entirely or partially, for a number of years, we have had hard times keeping our heads above water. We depend to a great extent on the interest of the faithful.

Many a poor working woman has set aside a few pennies from her weekly wage in order to assist us. We can, therefore, truthfully say it is the widow's mite, "the small alms," that has kept us through the hardest times. It is still helping us along to better days, when many friends will realize the poverty of the houses of our Lord out here, and will aid us to build for Him decent tabernacles among the children of the wilds. Thus will they cheer the missionary on in a work for which he receives no earthly reward.



Our Armenian Brethren

By Father Riondel, S.J.

The mission of Armenia, situated in the center of Asia Minor, was founded by Pope Leo XIII. 17 years ago, to fight against heresy, dispel the misunderstanding of the schismatics, and help Catholics. It is called the Mission of the Sacred Heart. To the Sacred Heart it has been solemnly consecrated and to this Divine Source of grace do we look for protection and assistance in the great work of bringing souls to Christ.

There are now fifty Jesuit missionaries and ninety nuns engaged in the works of education and mercy. All give themselves with great courage and devotion to this arduous life, so full of hardships and privations, and by their holy lives and good works they draw down

him who is surprised in the fields by the cold or the snow! Last year ten men were found frozen on the same day and on the same road. The people who live in this country are chiefly Mussulmans (2,000,000) and schismatics (500,000). The majority of the schismatics belong to two oriental churches; they are Armenian, Gregorian or Greeks. The number of Catholics is small, about 7,000.

The Protestants, established in this country for more than sixty years, have scattered over the land a network of temples, orphanages, schools, hospitals and religious book stores. They receive from America plenty



AN OLD MAUSOLEUM AT SIVAS

upon the Church the praises of all, even of schismatics and Mussulmans.

A residence at Constantinople, in the centre of the Ottoman Empire, near the religious chiefs of the oriental rites, is the point of union for our missionaries between the West and the East. In the interior of Asia Minor six important Stations are established and arranged on the hills on a broken line from South to North, namely: Adana, Kaissarie, Sivas, Tokat, Amassia and Marsivan. Communications are still difficult in this hilly country, where they are without railways and the roads are bad and unsafe. Several times our Fathers were waylaid and stripped by robbers and even barbarously beaten. The climate is one of extremities; Adana, in the plains of the feverish Cilicia, is burned up during the long summers and the heat is almost unbearable. On the other hand, Sivas is subjected to the severest cold. Woe to

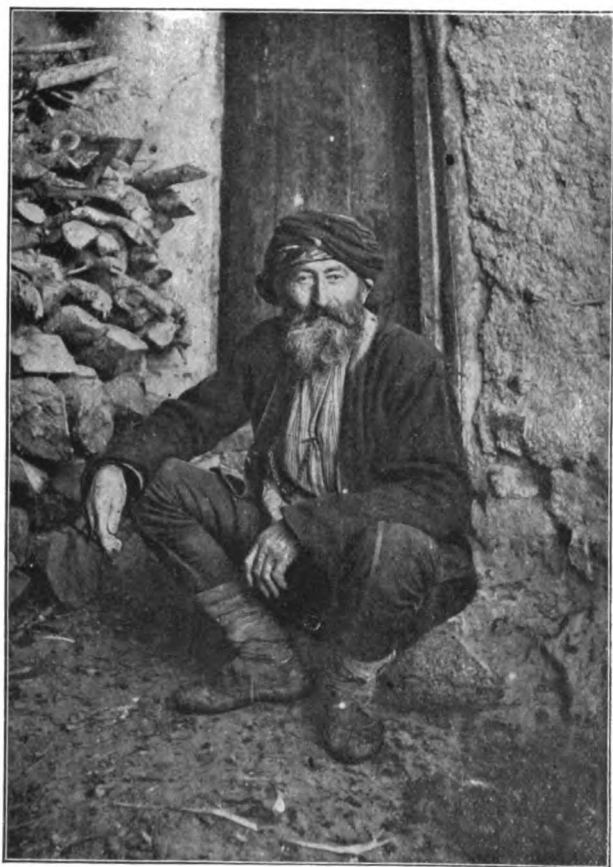
of money to pay their native auxiliaries and increase their settlements.

The missionary has great difficulty in securing a location for a dwelling and a chapel. The chapel at our missions is generally too small and unattractive. At Amassia, the chapel is an old silkworm nursery; at Adana an old and obscure storehouse; at Sivas it is even worse, an old stable where camels are housed in winter. You can easily imagine that they do not build marvels of architecture for such purposes as these; the buildings are dark, narrow, and ugly. At Tokat there is a convenient chapel, but it was not obtained without difficulties. When we were building it, our native workmen were put into prison and condemned to pay a heavy penalty, and consequently, no one would work for us. We were also condemned to pay a fine of £28 English money. Happily our house possessed a man fertile in

expedients in the person of Brother Janin, who, helped by some boys, finished off the edifice. When the policemen, astonished at seeing the progress of the building, came to know who labored for us, our old Brother would show his hands and say: "You seek after the workers; well, here! Come and take them!"

Without neglecting the Latins, who have ventured into these confines, the missionary occupies himself chiefly with the Orientals and particularly with the Armenians. He usually begins his labors among the "United Armenians." He is happy to be a friendly assistant to the Catholic priests of their own rite. Catechetical instructions, sermons, pious associations, retreats to enable these Christians to receive more instruction in the faith, conferences of Saint Vincent de Paul, and societies of charity foster kindly feeling and individual devotions.

Our apostolate, moreover, extends to our separated



THE MAYOR OF KEZEL-BACHI

brethren, who are called "Gregorian Armenians." To regain a field which has been lost for centuries and to uproot deep-seated prejudices is a long and delicate task; for these old prejudices are not lacking in defenders more or less interested. Promises and threats, trickery and violence, lies and calumnies, everything prevents some people from receiving the truth.

What keen anguish the missionary feels when he finds his genuine zeal hampered by the enemy of all that is good! How often in his travels tears come to his eyes on seeing whole villages in the darkness of error, where too often the Christian, after a life spent in the pursuit of the vanities of this world, is seized with death without preparation and without the Sacraments.

Alas! the entrance to the schismatic fold is closely barred and jealously guarded; nothing is more difficult than to effect an escape. Every year, however, brings returns to the Church, and this consoles the missionary whose toil on earth is endless. The converts are chiefly from among the young and are the happy results of sincere conviction and intrepid courage, which sometimes amounts to heroism. Allow me to quote an example. A young girl of Tokat, Guline A. by name, on confessing her conversion to her family, was kept in imprisonment, cruelly treated, even beaten. Every day brought her new trials. At last she was taken to the Turkish authorities. It would be impossible to describe her emotion, how she was exposed to the gaze of the crowd which was gathered around the entrance of the law-court. In the council chamber on one side were the members of the tribunal presided over by the Cadi. For five hours she had to answer her accusers and judges, and finally they declared that she had won her freedom. Guardian angels and missionaries know many more cases even more wonderful and touching.

Several schismatical priests and deacons with their families have embraced the Faith. Some neophytes have entered the Seminary, others—young men and young women—have consecrated themselves to God in the religious state. Nearly all our auxiliary teachers are converts from schism. Although among our separated brethren enemies are not wanting, a good number of them sympathize with us and appreciate the zeal of the Catholic missionary.

Our mission boasts twenty schools and thirteen churches or chapels. The whole exists chiefly on the funds sent by Divine Providence. The alms which the mission receives are absolutely insufficient to maintain those who are laboring in this field.

The school is the principal work in every one of our Stations. The other works would be of little value, indeed useless, if we did not form and instruct the children. Our immediate object is to confirm young Catholics in the true Faith and in piety, and to bring those already converted nearer to God by preserving them from the peculiar or false notions they would learn elsewhere. If at any time there should be a great movement of the Greek and Armenian people towards unity with the Church, it will be because they have been prepared for this change by a truly Christian education. There seems to be no other means of obtaining even individual conversions, at least conversions that give satisfactory hope of perseverance. The mature and old, slaves to ancient habits and many interests, are not generally inclined to make the sacrifice that conversion involves, especially as they do not see very well the necessity of it.

Even when established, our schools were not free from persecution, the first struggle for their very existence lasted seven years. Some of our powerful enemies spared no effort to get our schools closed. At Adana, Tokat, and Sivas, the gates of our houses were guarded by gendarmes to prevent pupils from entering, and the parents of our children were put into prison. At Kismarie, our school was on the point of being shut up. One day the Governor gave us the order to close the classes

the following day. A zaptier, coming to see whether the order had been put into execution, found all the pupils in school.

"Have I not told you that you must close your school?"

"Yes, effendim" (sir).

"Since the school is closed, why do you still receive pupils?"

"We are under no obligation to execute ourselves the orders of the Governor."

"Will you oblige the Governor to put zaptiers at your gate?"

"That is his business. But we protest that, since there is no law forbidding others to close church and schools, this special prohibition for us is an affront to us and to our Government."

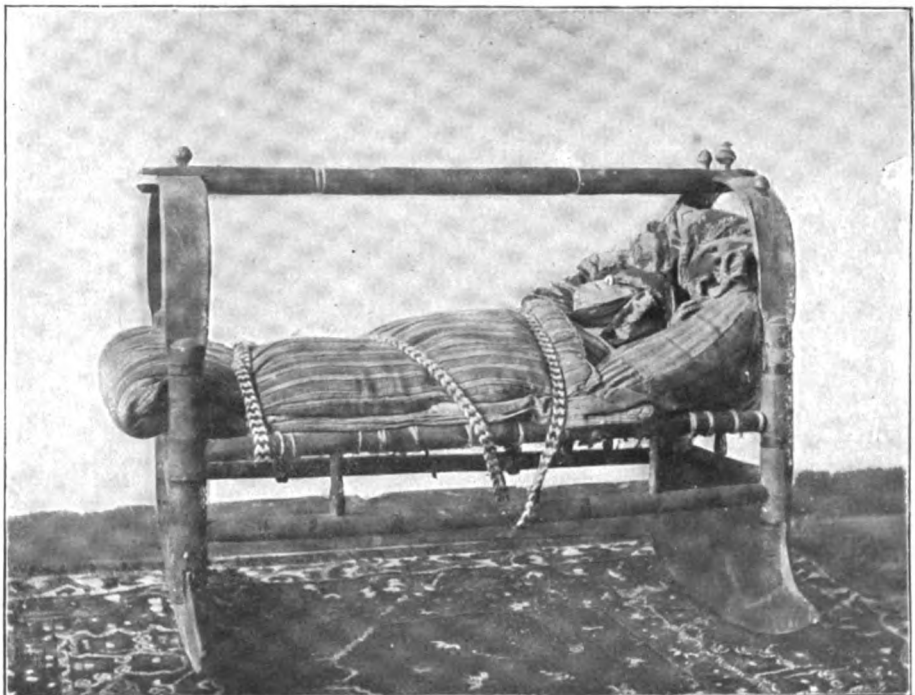
Some days afterwards the Governor received orders from Stamboul to leave us alone. Since that time it is only at intervals that our schools are persecuted. In 1897, for instance, all our teachers of the Marsivan were at one time on the point of being cast into prison. With all our troubles, education has not remained stationary. How modest it was in its beginnings. Five years after the foundation of our missions, the total number of the pupils reached scarcely 550. In 1905 we had twenty-two schools and 3,183 pupils. The number was not only on the increase, but it was less difficult to obtain native teachers. Old pupils well formed were assigned to the task of training others. We established order and discipline quite new in Oriental schools, and by greater regularity we obtained more marked progress in the studies. Naturally, as the educational work developed, we added new subjects. We endeavored to have everywhere a program of studies equal or superior to that of the best schools in the neighborhood. We did not want any, not even the schismatics, to be attracted to other schools on account of any superiority in any

Our pupils are generally poor, and very poor. At the hour of lunch, they do not need to go home. From a multi-colored handkerchief—truly a magic box for the Oriental, where all things enter and whence everything comes out—they draw out a loaf of bread, dry and heavy, a cucumber, a lettuce, or some black olives. They sit upon a stone in the court, or in a classroom if the weather is too cold, and after some minutes, the feast finished, they run off to play.

This would be the place to write the panegyric of the Oriental handkerchief; by turns a dusty rag, a larder, a basket, a money-case, a portfolio, a table-cloth; it has all uses, takes all forms, accepts all places; and when it has rendered any kind of service, without grumbling it enters the pocket.

It has often been said and said again that the Oriental is a liar, and that with him lying is an incorrigible vice. I can affirm that as a rule our children—those who have passed some years with us—do not lie. Whether it is due to nature or to education, the fact is certain. Another good quality of our children is they are hardy. Poor or rich, they live almost with the same simplicity. We do not find amongst them that carelessness, that horror of pain, so frequent among young Europeans. Accustomed to fulfil at home a great number of the duties we reserve to servants, they are earnest and obliging. It is the child who runs and opens the door for the visitor as soon as the bell has rung. In your presence, he will remain standing in a corner. He will not sit (on his heels) unless you ask him. Careful at the first sign, he will prepare a cigarette, bring matches, or a part of a fire-brand. It never enters his mind to murmur. To all this add, the children have quick wit, a good memory and an appreciation of the necessity of learning. It is not rare during the winter to see them coming very early in the morning, even at four o'clock, a little lantern in one hand and the books in the other.

Do you wish to visit one of our classes? Come! You will be a little astonished when you see the scholars without shoes but wearing red caps. Shoes are left at the door in a kind of clothes press, very like a small library. The red cap is the traditional and native *fez*, fixed and, as it were, screwed on the head of the Oriental more securely than the helmet on the head of a soldier. A true Oriental does not take it off day or night, nor when playing nor even when sleeping, nor before the Sultan nor before God. Salutations are made with the hand, which describes a double curve more or less graceful, from the knees to the lips and from the lips to the forehead. It is called the *temenna*. The custom is also to kiss the hands of priests and aged persons.



After the massacres of 1895 and 1896, young orphans, boys and girls, were legion. Many of them were forcibly abducted; those who survived the ill-treatment they received at the hands of their barbarous captors were sold as slaves. So great was the number of those poor children who were sold into captivity that they caused a glut in the slave market. Near Aleppo, for example, a young slave could be had for one Turkish pound. Then we opened orphan asylums, especially for little girls, in various convents of the Sisters of the mission, where as many were taken as the buildings could accommodate.

One day, at Kaissarie, they brought to Mother Superior a poor little girl five years old, all in rags, with a thin, pale face whose features revealed precocious sufferings.

"Sister, if you wish, I give her to you."

The Sister asked for some explanations. She learned that this poor child had already been sold at the village to an old woman, but the latter having died, the child was brought into the town and led about hither and thither to be given to anyone who would accept her, and, as everybody declined to receive her, she was offered to the Sister.

It would occupy too much space to tell how many were saved in this way by the good Sisters. Since that time, our orphanages have remained open, and from time to time they receive the waifs and the homeless.

For this kind of apostolate, the field is large in Asia Minor; the poor are numerous, and their houses are mere hovels, dark, damp and dirty. In such houses are swarms of wretched children, ill-clad and ill-nourished, huddled together, with no one to care for them and help them. Here, naturally, the germs of disease are harbored and fostered and, though the poverty that reigns supreme may serve as some excuse, the sad fact still remains that the diseases engendered by these unwholesome surroundings cause great ravages. No one gives a thought to such horrible conditions or is willing to provide the means for fighting the enemy. No money, therefore no physicians, no remedy.

On their arrival in the country, our Fathers were so moved by the complete abandonment of so many plague-stricken sufferers, that they began to open dispensaries to give gratuitous consultations. Little by little they gained a numerous and varied clientele. At Mersivan, Father Rougier was soon so surrounded by sick men that he rose at three o'clock in the morning in order to have time for attending to his spiritual exercises. At Amassia, the cure of a boy of our school established the reputation of our missionary; at Tokat, the success was no less striking: every morning, an endless procession of needy, ragged men and women arrived, sometimes from distant places, to explain their miseries and show their wounds and sores.

The Sisters Oblates of the Assumption, and the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Lyons, called for the services of the mission, have established their pharmacies with gratuitous consultations. Let us confess that these dispensaries are far from resembling the modern ones so

marvellously organized in the great towns of America. In some places the room and the means for service are most inadequate; the room is narrow, dark and dilapidated. The Sister who has charge of it prays and hopes that some charitable soul will be moved to relieve her distress and give sufficient means for a complete renovation. She devotes herself valiantly and joyously to her work. Persons who are afflicted with dangerous diseases very often cannot come to the dispensary; then the missionary goes in quest of them and visits them in their wretched homes.

"When we go to see a sick man," writes one of them, "parents and neighbors come, of course, and gather in the house to assist at the consultation. Other sick persons of the neighborhood come or are carried, so that soon the house is full of people." Sometimes the consultation is given under a tree or—as in the days of Hippocrates—in the middle of the street.

In 1894, cholera caused terrible ravages in some of our missions. At Sivas, the priests and nuns did not spare themselves. Father Rougier restored to health so many cholera patients that the president of the municipality sent for him and asked him to explain his treatment before the other physicians assembled. Moreover, this treatment was posted up at the gates of the churches, mosques, schools, and other public establishments.

"This," wrote this Father afterwards, "is the kind of life we led during the three weeks of the acute period of the epidemic. In the morning at three o'clock we received the people who came for consultation or gave news of those we had treated the former day, or took remedies for those who had been afflicted by the disease during the night. At half-past five we celebrated Holy Mass, at which the Sisters received Communion. After thanksgiving and breakfast, our work with the sick began. We got home by midday, and after dinner the work of visiting was resumed and we continued working till supper time. After supper we attended the sick till ten o'clock and even later. Even then it was difficult to rest, because every moment there was a ring at the door. It is true that an ingenious Father had recourse to the expedient of disconnecting the wire, but he reckoned without his host. For want of something better, the people began to strike the door with a big stone, which made still more noise."

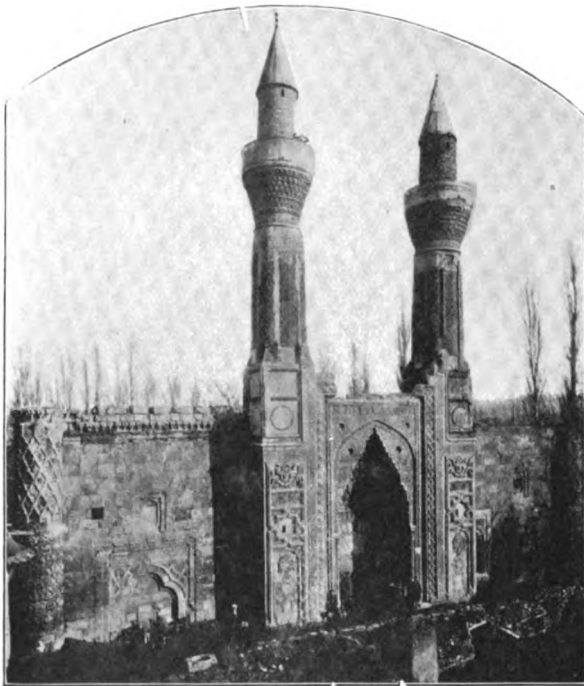
A similar kind of life was led by the missionaries of Kaissarie when the cholera appeared two months afterwards. It made its first appearance on the 19th of June, 1894. The venerable Superior of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, already advanced in years, had received the last Sacraments during the winter and continued suffering from a lingering fever. She was in bed when the plague descended on the city; immediately she arose and, supported on one side by her umbrella and on the other by one of the Sisters, she began to walk and visit sick persons. God granted her a great reward for her sweet charity by suddenly curing the fever.

An old Turkish man, wearing a green turban and speaking with the hyperbolic expression so dear to the Orientals, said to the missionaries:

"You, being three, in three days have done for the honor of your religion more than the others have done in a hundred years."

One Father, the Superior of Tokat, died almost in the midst of his labors. When we remember how the descendants of the prophet affect to look down on Christians, we can form some idea of the esteem in which this Father was held by a Mussulman. "Better that forty Turkish men had died and that man had lived."

A good old lay Brother was the means of beginning the work of assisting the poor people in the small villages. He had distributed so many remedies that he was well known in all the country round. The acquaintances he had among the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, who used to come sometimes to our residence to bring invalids or to ask for remedies, rendered access to the hamlets more easy. His reputation spread little by little. When the good Brother entered a new village,



MOSQUE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY AT SIVAS

the reception was most cordial. At Varoon, the chief of the village invited him to climb up into a rustic gallery and began to declaim at the top of his voice:

"The Jesuit physician, who gives remedies for nothing, has come. Let those who have sick persons bring them to him!" Nor had he long to wait.

Since these beginnings, good Brother Tanin has died. He departed this life in the middle of the winter suddenly, on a road up the mountain and in the exercise of charity. But, happily, God has not left him without a successor.

"And the robbers?" you ask. "What of them?" Till now they have spared our intrepid physicians. One

day a peasant, one of our clients, related to the Brother with self-complacency some of the notable achievements he had accomplished in the art of stealing.

"But never," he added with earnestness, "never shall I rob such men as you are. In robbing, we ought to show discrimination."

"No," said the other, "do not fear; you run no risk; you are like the iron cup they put near public fountains—you are for the use of the poor."

Nevertheless, even if we do not fear robbers for ourselves, these walks in the mountains are hard enough, between rocks, along precipices, by bad footpaths, especially when the thermometer is ten or twelve degrees below zero, and when one has to remain on horseback twelve hours in the day, his feet in the frozen stirrups. To reach very remote hamlets, the Brother sometimes accepts hospitality for the night in some house along the route. Then endless conversations are added to the weariness of travel. He is expected to speak about everything, to answer every question.

"It is ten o'clock in the evening," writes the Brother in one of his accounts, "and they have no idea of sleeping; I hear that they have a mind to serve a hen. Provided that they do not bring it, as they did some days ago, at five minutes past twelve, for it is Wednesday to-morrow, I may eat a little. . . . Finally the hen appears, and then without knife, fork, glass, or other utensils with which civilized people encumber themselves, our festival is finished in ten minutes; five minutes afterwards my companion's loud-sounding snores invite the guests to leave us, but alas, other famished guests, microscopic but numerous, come on, and those will not leave all night long.

"In these hamlets, beasts and men live in the most intimate familiarity. We are separated from the oxen and sheep only by a small beam. Last week I was awakened suddenly; a young bullock, mistaking me, no doubt, for a sack of barley, passed his tongue all over my head; but this inverted order of things was put to rights by a fir-branch, which, fortunately, was lying within reach."

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Cures are not wanting. Then thanksgivings and good wishes fall thick and fast upon the physician-Brother.

"May Allah protect your days!" "May Allah give you in Paradise the second seat after Mohammed!" and such like thanks are given.

From good words they sometimes proceed to deeds.

"Come here!" says a Turk, opening his fruit loft. "See. I have beautiful apples; put some of them in your handkerchief."

Another sends some grapes, another *yorourt* (a kind of curdled milk).

Poor people! the missionary who restores them to health wishes to give them still more!



The Religions of Japan

II. SHINTOIST IDEAS AND WORSHIP

By Rev. A. M. Roussel

Religion was not an institution nor a distinct feature of the early Japanese government. Prior to the first century before the Christian era (according to official chronology) the emperors set apart a room in their palace in which were preserved the three great imperial treasures: the mirror, the sword, and the precious stone. These are a sacred inheritance, precious emblems of the divinity and imperial power of their ancestors.

They say it was the Emperor Sujin who first thought fit to erect a separate building to hold these treasures. He chose a site near-by, and erected the first Shintoist temple apart from the imperial palace. The same word, *miya*, continued to be applied to both palace and temple. The mirror and sword were solemnly transferred to the new building. A princess, daughter of the emperor, was made high priestess, and the sacred treasures were confided to her safe-keeping. The precious stone was left in the palace, and to it were added fac-similes of the sword and mirror, all of which were kept in a room called *Kashiko-dokoro*. Even at the present day this sanctuary exists in the imperial palace. It is the family oratory, dedicated to the divine ancestors of the Mikado.

After a plague, or pestilence, which ravaged the coun-

try this same emperor, Sujin, erected temples to the gods of the empire and to the patron gods of the provinces. To these temples he gave grants of land, which were cultivated by a special corporation. This is the first effort toward regulating the Shintoist cult. At a time corresponding to the beginning of the Christian era (official chronology) the "goddess of the sun" revealed to the high priestess that she would like to have her temple transported to the province of Tse. The wish of the goddess was complied with at once. Thus the principal center of Shintoism, the "temple of temples" of the goddess of the sun and of the imperial ancestors, was removed from the seat of possible political disturbances, and is perpetuated to the present day in the province of Tse. When Buddhism invaded Japan, it was only at the temple of Tse, at that of Tzumo, dedicated to the descendants of Susanoo, and at the court, that Shintoism retained its original simplicity. Till about the fourteenth century the temple of Tse always had an imperial princess at its head. She was the faithful guardian of the sacred mirror which is preserved with great veneration (the sword disappeared during the civil wars of the twelfth century). This temple is inaccessible to any but the most elect of the cult. It has continued up to the present day to be the most sacred spot in Japan and the most venerated pilgrimage. A special representative of the Mikado assists at the principal religious festivals.

At the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War the emperor went to the temple to inform his divine ancestors of the enterprise the empire was engaged in. When peace was concluded he repeated his visit. You remember that Admiral Togo, returning victorious with the Japanese fleet, stopped first at Tse to pay homage to the imperial ancestors before being received in triumph by the Mikado and the people of the capital.

When we say that the temple of Tse has existed to the present day, you must not imagine an edifice built to brave the centuries. On the contrary, it is the custom to destroy the temple every twenty years, and rebuild it on the same model and of the same modest dimensions, thirty-four feet by fourteen feet. Shintoist architecture affects to preserve the archaic forms of the primitive hut, only raised a few steps above the ground. The temple is built entirely of wood, even to the roof. In the pure Shinto style there are no decorations. The wood is quite plain, without painting, lacker, gilding, or even varnish. At Tse, on account of the pre-eminent holiness of the temple, a triple railing and a double curtain hide the little sanctuary, which shelters the box containing the sacred mirror. But, of course, this is not the case in other Shinto temples; all eyes may behold their emptiness. There are no idols; only a mirror erected in the middle and some small sticks with cut-out



BEGGAR SHINTOIST PRIESTS

bands of white paper. This paper represents the cloth or silk-stuffs which were formerly presented to the gods. Now, offerings of rice, vegetables, fruit, fish, and rice-wine are presented in the temple every day. The only ornaments in the sanctuary are a few green branches of the *sakaki* (cleyera japonica), a tree sacred to Shintoism.

The ministers of the Shinto religion do not wear any distinctive costume except while officiating. They marry, renounce the ministry whenever they think fit, and adopt any secular career that suits them. Preaching and uniting the faithful in the temple does not form a part of their religious cult. It consists particularly in the rites of purification and the presenting of offerings. This latter takes place morning and evening, and is accom-

The religious actions or deeds of the faithful are reduced to a minimum. When they visit a temple their first act is to wash their hands and mouth. For this purpose a large stone vessel filled with water is found in front of every temple. Then they go to the central building and, standing at the entrance, they ring a bell suspended there, to attract the attention of the god. They clap their hands three times, incline their head, and murmur a few prayers, then they clap their hands again and throw a few coins into a large box placed nearby for that purpose.

As a sort of supplement to these rapid devotions—the visits to the temple are quite optional—the Japanese have in their homes a small altar modeled after a Shinto-



ENTRANCE TO A SHINTOIST TEMPLE

panied by certain formulas in an archaic tongue which is not understood by the people. It is only during these functions that the minister wears a special costume. It consists of a flowing white robe with large sleeves. The robe is held by a girdle. Sometimes he wears a high, narrow hat of a peculiar shape. In some of the large temples young girls help with the daily presentation of offerings and in performing on feast-days certain mimic dances, called *kegura*, in honor of the gods. These religious pantomimes, accompanied only with the fife, have come down from time immemorial and are supposed to represent certain episodes in the history of the gods.

ist temple. Morning and evening they there present an offering of rice; and at night a light is kept burning before it. This altar, called a *Kamidena*, is placed on a shelf near the ceiling, either in the entrance hall, or in the family sitting-room. On the same shelf, a small Buddhist altar, the *Butsuden*, is often found beside the *Kamidena* and is honored in the same way. There is scarcely a house in Japan that has not its own private altar, Buddhist or Shintoist (or both). The people do not know why they should prefer one or the other. When a preference exists it is a basis for distinguishing between the votaries of Buddhism and Shintoism. But we must

leave out the many cases in which the private altar unites both, and the more numerous cases—so numerous that they form the rule—of Japanese who pay homage in the temples of both religions.

The Japanese not only visit the local temples, but they are also very fond of pilgrimages. This custom existed before the introduction of Buddhism into the country, but Buddhism has made it more prevalent. More than half a million pilgrims visit the temple of the goddess of the sun, at Tse, every year; "chiefly in winter and spring, when the country-folk have more leisure than at other seasons. The rationalistic educated classes, of course, take little part in such doings; but even at the present day the majority of artisans in Tokyo, and still more in Kyoto and Osaka believe that they may find difficulty in gaining a livelihood unless they invoke the protection of the tutelary goddess of Tse by performing the pilgrimage at least once during life, and the peasants are even more devout believers. In former times it was not uncommon for the little shop-boys of Yedo (now Tokyo) to abscond for a while from their employers, and to wander along the Tokaido (eastern-sea road) as far as Tse (about three hundred miles), subsisting on the alms which they begged from travelers; and having obtained a bundle of charms, consisting of bits of the wood of which the temples are built, they made their way home in the same manner. This superstitious method of performing the pilgrimage was called *nuke-mairi*, and custom forbade even the sternest parent or master from finding any fault with the young devotee who had been so far for so pious a purpose. Stories are even told of dogs having performed the pilgrimage by themselves" (Murray, p. 307). Two hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims visit annually the temple at Tzumo, in a remote corner at the southwest of the main island. The temple of Kōpire, on the shore of an inland sea, in the island of Shikoku, is perhaps the most frequented of all; nearly a million pilgrims visit it every year. The summits of certain mountains considered sacred are places of pilgrimage during the summer. The Fugi, the highest mountain in Japan, is visited every year by ten thousand pilgrims within a period of about six weeks.

We could prolong this list of Shintoist pilgrimages to temples or mountains indefinitely. And even then we should have to add the Buddhist pilgrimages. Not to mention Kyoto, the ancient capital, the Buddhist Moscow of Japan, the large temples of Tennoji, at Osaka, of Amida at Nagano in the central mountains, of Tado at Narita, from Tokyo—all these attract innumerable pilgrims. In fact, nearly every region or district has its own circuit, more or less extended, of sanctuaries which are visited one after another. Such, for example, the "eighty-eight temples" of the island of Shikoku, or the "thirty-three temples" of Kwannon, in the province of Yamato.

The greater number of pilgrims are very devout and do not fear the fatigues of a tedious journey on foot. Some of them wear a long white costume and a great many live on the alms they beg along the road or, more particularly, at the doors of the temples. Returning home they take with them a sort of pass-book containing the seals of

all the temples they have visited. They show these books proudly to their relations and friends. At the various temples they buy amulets and charms of paper or tablets of wood. They consider these very precious, and place them over the house door or on the altar, near the tablets of their ancestors.

The sale of these charms is a considerable source of revenue for the temples.

The various statistics giving the number of Shintoist temples do not agree. They vary in estimates between 160,000 and 193,000. There are about 15,000 ministers who have the full rank of priests. The subaltern or inferior ministers, guardians of the temples, etc., number about 60,000. There are one hundred and sixty-six temples of the first rank or class. Shintoism being the official religion of the emperor's ancestors, the first-class temples are controlled, more or less, by the Government since the Imperial Restoration (1868), and the ministers are appointed like other functionaries. Some of the temples are served by the members of a family in which the office of minister is hereditary. These families are supposed to be descendants of the god to whom the temple is dedicated. Nearly 60,000 of these Shintoist temples, about a third, are called district temples; the remaining two-thirds are only country chapels. These latter, having no revenue to pay a guardian, are left to the care of the village people or to that of passers-by. This explains why the number of ministers is so much less than the number of temples. Going through the country-places in Japan we meet with many of these little sanctuaries. They are to be found near habitations and in lonely places. A portico of a peculiar shape, called a *torii*—two upright columns supporting on their summit two crossbeams slightly separated—indicate that there is a chapel in the midst of a grove of old trees. The Japanese are great lovers of nature, and erect the little Shintoist chapels in many places which present beautiful views. Sometimes we follow the path pointed out by a *torii*; no sanctuary is to be found, but there is a splendid view of sea-coast or mountains. We might say that nature was the temple or the object of veneration. Probably the Japanese do not see things in the same light as we do. One thing is certain—they place their temples in the most picturesque spots and surround them with trees to which time gives an added majesty. The result is that a visit to the temple is both an act of piety and a pleasure enjoyed among the beauties of nature. There is no gloomy element in the Shintoist religion—on the contrary it invites its votaries to peace of soul and calm joy.

Such are the exterior manifestations of the Shintoist religion. We will not give a calendar of its feasts, a description of its big, noisy processions, with monumental chariots, or the endless list of the superstitions it covers—they are the remains of the primitive cult. The nine sects of Shintoism differ very little; and the differences, which come from a mixture of certain elements borrowed from Confucianism, Buddhism, and even from Christianity, are not noticed by the common people.

It is important and interesting to discover the ideas

hidden under these religious manifestations of Shintoism.

It is not easy to imagine a religious organism more rudimentary than Shintoism. It hardly deserves the name of a religion. It is useless to speculate on what would have happened if Buddhism and Confucianism had never entered Japan. We can not be certain whether the evolution of Shintoism would have given it the elements we consider essential to a religion. The fact is that though it has undergone a certain evolution, it is still wanting in many of these elements.

It has no sacred books. The collections of legends we mentioned in a former article do not deserve that name, neither on account of the contents, which are purely mythological, nor the time and circumstances of their compilation, nor the intention of the compilers.

It has no dogmas. At least that is what Eastern writers are pleased to say. If by that they mean that the knowledge Shintoism furnishes the Japanese on general religious dogmas—that is, on divinity, on the nature of man, on sin, and on future life—is vague, cloudy, or altogether lacking, then they are right. According to our meaning of the word, Shintoism teaches two dogmas: (1) The special creation of a Japanese world leaving out other countries peopled, no one knows how, by inferior specimens of humanity; (2) the divine descent of the Japanese Emperors, sprung from the creative gods and reigning by the order and wishes of their eternal ancestors. These two points constitute of the whole of Shintoism and make the religion essentially national and patriotic. They have given to Japanese mentality one of its special characteristics.

From the remotest times up to the present day the principal idea of Shintoism has not changed, and it comes in a direct line from the two dogmas I have mentioned.

According to learned ethnologists, some of the conquerors of Japan came from the neighboring continent and knew that the Chinese worshipped the heavens. At first the conquerors practised this same religion in Japan. But by degrees, to impose more on the natives, to establish the political organization of the conquered country, and on account of their isolated position, they changed the cult and gave it a

particularly national character. This probably corresponds to the reality, at least a part of it. In any case, the legends clearly show us the pretensions of the invader. They assure the conquered people that in subjecting them they are acting under orders from the creative gods, they are sent from the "High Plains of Heaven." Their ancestors are the celestial gods, and their chief is the descendant and representative of the gods. Whereas the common hunters and fishermen of the savage tribes are descendants of the terrestrial or inferior gods. That is why the idols of the vanquished are relegated to an inferior position and called terrestrial divinities. The cult of these inferior gods is incorporated in Shintoism, tolerated or rather absorbed by it, without having any official place. These indications are among the most important the legends give us. It is not possible to consider them as inventions of the seventh or eighth centuries; a time when national unity was fully real-



A JAPANESE PAGODA

ized and when no distinction is found between conquered and conquerors.

If the valor and prowess of the conquerors made an indelible impression on the language, spirit, and heart of the nation, it is because, always imposing this dogma of the divinity of their chief on the conquered people, they themselves ended by considering their chief not only as an emperor, but an object of worship. In the course of time this idea was strengthened, developed, finally it dominated all religious manifestations. The personification of the sun, the genealogical connection between the creators and conquerors of Japan, and with the goddess of the sun, are myths invented or adapted before or after the conquest. That the mythological scaffolding of Shintoism, as presented in the eighth century, had received additions from different sources before the conquest is of little importance. The principal idea, from the very beginning, has been the divinity of the Emperor. We find this idea firmly established from the first and used as a basis for the political system.

During ten centuries, from the tenth to the nineteenth, the predominating influence of Buddhism brought about a prolonged eclipse of Shintoism. Buddhism invaded the temples, absorbing the gods and taking from the Emperors all exterior prestige and reducing them to the rôle of political phantoms. But even during this period the Shintoist dogma remained intact. When the *Shôgun*, or Regents of the Empire, made and dethroned Emperors as they pleased, they never dared substitute themselves for the heirs, who only appeared on the throne; they never dared assume the title, though they performed the duties of the office. It may have been a political calculation. Doubtless Japan is the only country in the world where an uninterrupted line of idle kings occupied the throne for a thousand years. If this was due to any political calculations, it is simply because the divine character of the Emperors rendered any attempt at usurpation quite useless. It had no chance of a lasting success; therefore the influential families preferred to hide their power under the shadow of a king, whose rights remained intangible.

Toward the end of the thirteenth century began what has been called the "Revival of Shinto." A school of commentators was formed who studied the sources of Shintoism so long buried in oblivion. This study revived the enthusiasm or, rather, the faith in the defined doctrine of Shintoism. From the dogma of the religion the commentators drew the following conclusions. These conclusions are logical, and conform to tradition, notwithstanding their very unaffected simplicity.

Japan having been created by the gods before other countries, is the country of the gods, the country of the most sacred spirits. And as Japanese humanity is sprung from these gods, it is superior to the humanity of all countries: it is perfect. Its divine origin explains its innate perfection and dispenses it from all moral laws. These were invented by the Chinese because they are an immoral people. "It is only outcasts like them and Western nations whose depravity renders the occasional appearance of sages and reformers necessary, and even with their assistance all foreign nations continue to wallow in a mire of ignorance, guilt, and disobedience

toward the heaven-descended monarch of the universe, the Mikado of Japan" (Things Japanese, p. 419). The Japanese need no moral laws. To act properly it is only necessary to consult their own naturally upright heart. The only duty of a Japanese is to obey the Emperor without questioning his orders because the Emperor is God and the representative of the gods.

As we see, it is the supremacy of the State-god, an absolute supremacy, annihilating, so to speak, the individual conscience. Thus, in the mind of these islanders, so long separated from the rest of the world, is explained the inutility of a dogmatic and moral system like that of other nations. If contemporary Japanese do not express themselves so crudely, they carefully preserve the same spirit, and consider it the source and mainspring of their national greatness. They remain as attached to the Shintoist dogma as their ancestors were. It is taught in the schools throughout the country and jealously guarded, that it may be preserved pure and remain unshaken. This dogma has aroused fresh patriotic enthusiasm, which is half religious, and forms the natural strength of contemporary Japan, which the country needs now more than in the days when it stood alone, separated from the rest of the world.

Shintoism has made its influence felt in Japan during nearly twenty centuries, and always in the same sense, notwithstanding a diversity of circumstances. If, at the present day, its horizon is broadened as is the political horizon of the Empire, the Japanese are right in claiming that they remain faithful to their traditions. The Emperor sets an example when, in the preface to the constitution, he speaks of his "divine and eternal ancestors." The Japanese add that it is enough for them to remain faithful to these traditions; that in them they will find the strength to take an important place in the world and to fulfil their mission of universal civilization, which they think is reserved for them.

The reverse of this national vigor, and these high aims developed among the Japanese by the Shintoist principles, is a very pronounced national pride formed by the accumulation of such ideas during many centuries. This pride is shown in many ways. It makes them disdainful of Western things and people from which they think they can draw no advantage. It makes them very susceptible and suspicious, so that they see everywhere a want of regard or deference on the part of individuals or of Western nations—as though strangers owed to the Japanese nation and each Japanese the half-religious respect and submission which the Japanese render their infallible Emperor. It also keeps them from Christianity, the religion of the West, of which they are convinced they do not stand in need, as they have the happiness of possessing a superior ideal, nobler and more powerful than ours. At the same time to call a Japanese a pagan is to offend him.

The reader has now a faint idea of the many and great difficulties the Catholic missionary meets with in Japan, and how Catholicism and those who teach it are despised. He must know what tact, discretion, circumspection, and indulgence the missionary must show in his daily intercourse with these people, or when he tries to present the Christian religion to them. Looked at from another point

of view, it is easy to understand the military zeal of these "invincible" Japanese, ready to die for their country and Emperor; all the more so because they know that after death they will be honored, in special temples, by the whole nation, even by the Emperor himself, as super-human heroes. You will also understand the impossibility of naturalizing a Japanese in a foreign country. To renounce their allegiance to the celestial Emperor, to sever the ties which bind them to their country, is not only a loss, but a sacrilege they can not bear the thought of. Thus the word patriotism means a great many more things to the Japanese than it does to the people of Western nations. This is what Shintoism has given the Japanese. Now let us see briefly what it has not given them.



Shintoism is very poor in what we consider religious ideas or religious knowledge. The idea it conveys of divinity does not correspond in any way with the idea Christianity has accustomed us to. If we translate the word *kami* into "gods," it is because we have not its equivalent in our language. As the difference between spirit and matter is not well defined in the Japanese mind, so the difference between man and the object of his veneration, the limits between the natural and the supernatural, are far from being clear. *Kami* designates everything that exists, animated or not animated, every phenomenon in nature which causes wonder, which appears superior, extraordinary, supernatural. It is power and strength, real or supposed, and used for good or bad, which form the foundation of the Japanese *kami*. Among the *kami* some are good, others bad; some beneficent, some malevolent. To these latter is attributed what we would call the origin of evil. Evil in Shintoism is merely legal pollution, exterior impurity, of which certain rites of purification are sufficient to cleanse men or objects. None of the *kami* represented in human form flinch from the coarsest, not to say the most obscene language and actions; so much so that numerous passages in the English translation of the legends had to be rendered in Latin. Violence, treachery, lying, fraud are not rare among the *kami*, who represent a rather barbarous state, where very few moral examples are to be found.

The gods of the Shintoist pantheon, headed by the imperial family, are eight thousand myriads, or even three times that number; trees and stones, rivers and mountains, sun and moon, seas and forests wind, rain and thunder, foxes, serpents, dragons, birds and fishes, gods of happiness and riches, gods of lust and of evil, spirits of national heroes and of soldiers who died for their country, the ancestors of every family, and those of the imperial family, all bear the name of *kami*. The sentiment of veneration is not exclusive—it is extended to the coarsest idols which the religion of the early savages bequeathed to Japan.

In praise of the Japanese it must be said that since 1870, under the pressure of Western residents, all exterior and public trace of phallicism has disappeared.

The abode of the gods of the Shintoist legend is not more clearly defined than their nature. Their heaven and

their vague hell seem to communicate with the earth, that is, with Japan, they pass so easily from one to the other. The gods in human form have their palace at the bottom of the ocean.

The state of souls after death is not defined, though a future life exists for heroes at least. The ancient practice of burying servants alive around the grave of their master is one proof of a belief in immortality, as is also the worship accorded the spirits of ancestors, though there is no idea of a future state of punishment.

Lafcadio Hearn goes further. In his *Kokoro* he says: "To Japanese thought the dead are not less real than the living. They take part in the daily life of the people, sharing the humblest sorrows and the humblest joys . . . and they are universally thought of as finding pleasure in the offerings made to them or the honors conferred upon them." It remains to be examined whether these pretended Japanese conceptions are really due to Shintoism or if they are not rather due to the influence of doctrines imported from China.

In concluding we must remark that in the worship of the *kami* no place is given to sacrifice, or was in the oldest times; whereas the rites of purification play an important rôle. Not that the Japanese have any notions of sin analogous to the Christian doctrine. Their ideas of the divinity and of the nature of man are too undefined for that. In early Shintoism there were hardly any stains recognized other than physical impurities. Houses, clothing and other objects used by men, particularly the temples, are subject to impurities as well as human beings, and must be cleansed by special ceremonies. Birth and death, sickness and wounds were considered impure and sources of impurity. At the present day a funeral procession may not pass the portico (*tortii*) which gives access to the Shintoist temples.

Formerly a hut was built outside the house for the mother about to give birth to a child, and for the sick person whose end was near. After the birth of the child and after the death of the patient these huts were burned. That is the reason why after the death of the Mikado the imperial palace was abandoned and his successor chose a residence somewhere else. Till 709 the imperial court wandered over the plains of Yamato and in the neighboring provinces. (The first fixed capital was Nara, where the Emperors resided during seven consecutive reigns: Kyoto, founded in 784, remained the capital till 1867.)

These customs remained in vigor among the people for a long time. Many vestiges of them are still found in a more marked manner, as for example, at Miyajima, a little island of the Midland Sea, there is one of the most celebrated Shintoist temples in the empire. Out of respect for the holiness of the temple, no birth may take place on the island, which has a population of over 3,000 souls. "Should a birth," says Murray (p. 421), "unexpectedly take place, it is still usual to send the woman away to the mainland for thirty days; and though patients *in extremis* are no longer removed, all corpses are at once sent across the strait for interment at the village of Ono, where likewise the chief mourners remain during fifty days for ceremonial purification."

The Jamaica Mission and the Earthquake

By the Rev. Patrick F. H. Mulry, S.J.

It is far from easy for a Jamaica missionary, in spite of familiarity with circumstances, to write calmly of the wreck and ruin of the last few months. And yet it is a clear duty to at least make the attempt, that is, if he would at all show recognition of the kindly, generous interest the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has never ceased to take in this far-away portion of the Lord's vineyard.

Monday, the fourteenth of January, dawned with never a hint of the calamity in waiting. A most successful mission week for the women and children had just been concluded at Holy Trinity Church, Kingston, by the Fathers of the Mission Band of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus. The confessions had rolled up to the number of twelve hundred; converts in plenty, both to faith and good living, were in evidence.

Everything betokened the likelihood of a similar con-

Suddenly, at half-past three in the afternoon, following what seemed a brief stillness of the very elements themselves, a tremor ran through the earth. Then, with no interval for thought or preparation, the ground for thirty seconds heaved and rumbled as it had not done since, two centuries before, Port Royal and its luxury had sunk beneath the Caribbean waves.

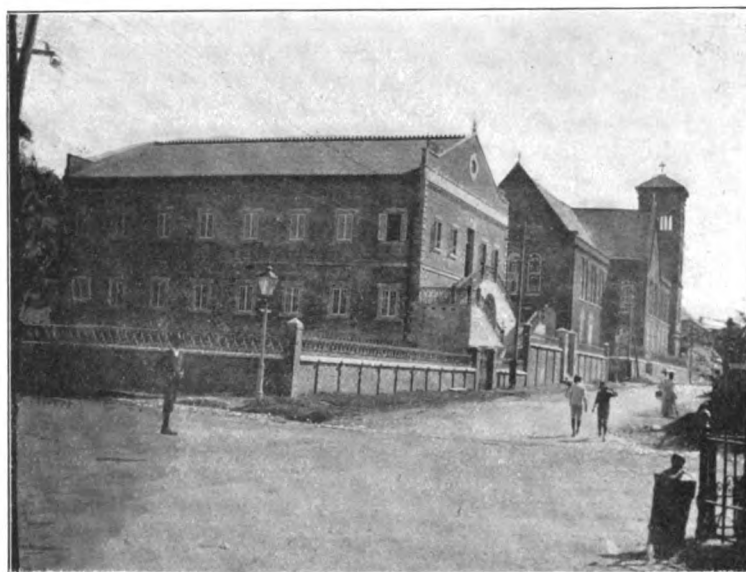
With a low moan that almost instantly rose to a loud roar, the ground oscillated violently to the south. The next motion can best be described by the word "circular." The earth spun like a top for four or five seconds and then stopped with a frightful jerk. The succeeding oscillation was from the south. This was followed by six or seven savage shocks—like a dog shaking a rat. The works of puny man could not stand the assault of nature—Kingston was wrecked.

How shall we paint the horror of the moments and hours that succeeded. The thunder of falling walls had scarcely died away when there rang out one universal cry of terror, repeated ever and anon with the recurrence of the frequent shocks. Dazed men dragged themselves, wounded or safe, as the case might be, from the debris wherein they had been caught, and walked aimlessly away.

Others, streaming with blood, dashed wildly towards the City Hospital, hoping against hope that it might have been spared and the surgical aid required might there be obtained. When they did reach the object of their quest it was to find a partially wrecked building and an overworked corps of physicians. Others, again, strove frantically, and as often as not ineffectually, to rescue friends imprisoned in the death-traps made by collapsed warehouses. There were dead bodies everywhere, buried in the ruins or visible, but inaccessible, in all the horror of their mangled conditions. As the survivor picked his way to comparative safety, he stumbled over them lying at the side or in the middle of the streets. Here and there, an arm or a foot projecting from under masonry showed where a passer-by had been struck down.

As if all this were not enough, fire was added to complete the awfulness of the situation. Down King Street and the adjoining streets, beginning at an apex just below the Anglican Cathedral, it burned its triangular way to the water-front, and on the floor of this vast crematory were mingled the ashes as well of those who had met death at once, when the shock came, as of others, and they were many, who, caught in the ruins, had waited for the flames to summon them. All night long the cowering city watched by the light of this dread funeral pyre.

Thank God, the morning came at last and with it the decreasing terrors of the second day. Is it wrong to believe that Christ's coming at the end of time may have some such accompaniments as those of the Jamaica



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH AND GORDON HALL, KINGSTON,
BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

soling result with regard to the men, who, having mustered in force for the first gathering on Sunday evening, had there listened spellbound to the old story of God, and sin, and salvation as it fell on kindling hearts from the eloquent lips of Fathers Stanton and O'Donovan. There were many careless ones, some hitherto reckless ones, who were looking to this Monday evening for the repetition of the experience of the previous day and to the strengthening thereby of good resolutions.

The afternoon Stations of the Cross had, after much consideration, been omitted, principally because the men as a rule are employed at the hour usually assigned. This omission, in the light of later events, was seen to be a direct interposition of Providence. Had Holy Trinity contained worshippers at the time of the earthquake, there would have been a holocaust of human life within its doomed walls.

earthquake? At any rate, we who witnessed the latter were not sure for a while whether the next instant might not usher in "the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty."

Among the church edifices of Kingston, Holy Trinity was perhaps the finest. Its tower was almost the first object to greet the traveller's eye as he steamed past the Palisadoes and Port Royal into the broad, land-locked harbor. For ninety-eight years this site had been consecrated by the presence of the Sacramental God. Its records went back still further to the last years of the eighteenth century, when Father Anthony Quigley, an Irish Franciscan, ministered amidst difficulties peculiar to penal times to the spiritual wants of his despised Papist flock. The white refugees from Hayti in the first days of the Black Republic had helped in Jamaica to make the names of Catholic and French interchangeable, and even up to the time of the earthquake it was not unusual for some of the ignorant blacks to refer to Holy Trinity as the French Church.

The first vicar-apostolic of the mission, Very Rev. Benito Fernandez, O.S.F., had, at his death, some fifty years before, been succeeded by Father J. E. Dupeyron, S.J., and, ever since, the Society of Jesus has been accountable to the Holy See for the work thus entrusted to it. The names of Father Dupont, Hathaway, Spillman and others were engraved on the hearts of a thankful people, if not on the stones of this very temple, where they had preached and offered the Holy Sacrifice. The bodies of the three named, as they lay in sacerdotal state before its altar, had been taken away and deposited, amidst tears and sobs, by their mourning children in the consecrated earth of the cemetery.

The Right Rev. Charles Gordon, S.J., the first and, so far, only Bishop, had been compelled by failing health to resign a year before. The tower and Lady Chapel

had been added by him to the church building, which itself had replaced an older one destroyed in the great Kingston fire of 1882. The Very Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., was now, as Administrator Apostolic, the ecclesiastical head of the vicariate.

Near the church, but separated from it by Mark Lane, was Gordon Hall, without doubt the most commodious parish hall in all Kingston. The forty-foot span of the roof was the greatest hitherto of any building in the West Indies. It represented, besides, the last labors of him whose name it bore. The erection of this structure had been a great strain upon the limited resources of the Catholic people, and two thousand pounds of debt yet remained to be wiped off. Altogether, Holy Trinity and Gordon Hall might be set down at a united valuation of twenty-five or thirty thousand pounds.

At half-past three on the fatal Monday afternoon, in just one-half a minute of time, these two monuments of the Catholic piety and energy of years crumbled away. The tower bell rang as it had never rung before, up to the very moment of the fall. Beneath it, almost within reach of the clamorous tongue, was a tourist, so report says, who had gone up into the tower to photograph the incomparable view of Kingston there to be obtained. Be this as it may, the body of a white man was found just below in the street; and for some time the rumor was wrongly credited that it was one of the Fathers of Holy Trinity Chapel.

Two devout ladies of the congregation were killed, by falling bricks, in the lane near the hall. Three others who had left the church an instant before the earthquake were, by this circumstance,



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE



REFUGEES ENCAMPED ON RACE COURSE

saved. One of them, however, the lady-sacristan, was caught for a while in an adjoining building. After the shock, she worked her way gradually out of the débris. The church cleaner, engaged at her usual work, had fled for life to Father Gregory's confessional. Later in the day she was extricated and, suffering from a bruised foot, was taken to the hospital. During the fateful moments of the calamity that meant so much to the Catholics of Kingston and Jamaica, there was here, as elsewhere in the city, a terrific accompaniment of sound both from the earth and in the air. As one who was within hearing described it, "Holy Trinity crashed to its ruin as with the discharge of ten thousand of artillery."

Near by, fronting on Duke Street, was the large convent block where, for over fifty years, the daughters of St. Francis had centered their devoted work for the young of Jamaica. Everything succumbed before the elemental forces that had been let loose—chapel, Sisters' quarters, schools where nearly a thousand children received their education. Fortunately, the nuns had removed for a short vacation to St. Andrew's Parish, a little outside Kingston. But even there, during the universal destruction of their property, they narrowly escaped with their lives. Their financial loss is about twenty thousand pounds, and as yet they have no way of replacing it.

A like experience fell to the lot of the Sisters of Mercy at Alpha Cottage. Here, two industrial schools, an orphanage, a high and two elementary schools were blotted out. One child was killed and three of the Sisters were injured. The chapel alone, a small wooden structure, was spared. St. George's College, St. Anthony's, St. Aloysius', and East Branch schools, the presbytery in North Street—in fact every building of the many in town belonging to the Catholic Church was wrecked,

with the exception of St. Anne's Chapel and that at Alpha Cottage.

In the year 1894 the spiritual charge was taken over by the Maryland-New York Province from the English Province of the Society of Jesus and, as a consequence, twelve American priests are now distributed throughout the island. Besides these, two Salesian Fathers have, within the last few years, been working in the four parishes at the extreme west. The Catholics of Jamaica number about sixteen thousand; in other words, about two per cent. of the entire population. This proportion rises to twenty per cent. in Kingston, where there are twelve thousand Catholics.

The length of the island is one hundred and forty-four miles; its breadth from twenty-five to forty-nine miles. Dotted here and there over this area, almost hidden in the hills or peering out along the coast, are thirty or forty mission stations, where from a score to five hundred souls are ministered to in more or less frequent periodical visits of the priest. The four country missions that have suffered from the earthquake are the largest, their congregations aggregating over a thousand individuals.

In no part of the world are there, in normal circumstances, brighter prospects for the faith than in this negro island of Jamaica. There is vice here most certainly, the vice of the tropics. But in the midst of much depravity there are marvels of pure living due directly to sacramental Catholicity and the grace that came with the teaching obtained in the Catholic schools. There are converts applying in ever-increasing numbers. Twice a week, on Sunday and Thursday evenings, the instructions of Father Gregory are largely attended; and nine hundred or a thousand conversions are Jamaica's yearly trophy in the Great Cause. Out of one thousand three hundred and forty-six baptisms last year, in the now ruined Holy Trinity Church, four hundred and more were adult Kingston recruits from the disintegrating ranks of heresy.

The negro has his defects. In this he only proves his kindred to the more favored race burdened with its own variety of backslidings. He may at times prove himself inconstant, slow, childish, improvident. But the priests of the Jamaica mission have no fault to find with the ready response to their efforts that come from the lives of those who are their spiritual charges. Work for the Jamaican and the result need not be doubted.

In conclusion, let us express the hope that with God's blessing there may be no retarding of the work. No more fitting place than the columns of CATHOLIC MISSIONS can be found for an apostolic appeal to their countrymen from those who, in obedience to a privileged call, are laboring in far-away Jamaica.



RUINS OF THE CONVENT OF MERCY

The Visit of a Chinese Priest to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith

Doubtless few of our readers realize that there are more than four hundred native priests in the Chinese Empire. The hope for the future of Catholicity in China lies in the building up of this native clergy. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is bending every effort in this direction. Last December Bishop Le Roy, C.S. Sp., introduced a Chinese priest, Father Dominic Kiang, at the central council of the Propagation of the Faith, in Lyons. He was received with special marks of respect and sympathy and was listened to with great interest when he had been prevailed upon to speak of himself and his work. The following is a report of his talk, and we are sure it will prove highly interesting to our readers:

I belong to the Mission of Fo-kien and I come from Fou-tcheou. Mgr. Massot is my bishop, and my father, for he has always treated me as though I were his son. The mission is in charge of the Spanish Dominican Fathers. China is a very large country. In various parts of it we have Fathers of the Foreign Missions, the Lazarist Fathers, Jesuit Fathers, Franciscan Fathers, and many others.

I am from Fou-tcheou, but I do not come straight from there.

Five years ago a Frenchman, Mr. Francis Vetch, an emigration commissioner, came to us asking for Chinese workmen. He wanted Catholics. He found seven hundred who engaged to work for five years on the island of Reunion. Their passage to and fro was to be paid, they were to be boarded and lodged and paid six dollars a month each. Mgr. Massot did not like to let his Catholics go so far away without a priest who spoke their language, as they were not likely to find one on the island of Reunion. He asked me to accompany them, and I went. That was five years ago.

Since then I have worked very hard. Mgr. Fabre, Bishop of St. Denis, received me very kindly. He has always been very good to me. He gave me a home with him, and I went about to the various quarters, to the plantations, to wherever the Chinese Christians were to be found. I said Mass for them, heard their confessions, administered the sacraments, kept them to the practice of their religion. I consoled them; I wrote their letters for them; I carried their messages, and, alas! I helped them die well, for three hundred of them succumbed.

Now, at last, their time has expired. Those who are alive will return to China. They are contented; they have economized, so now they can live, find work and help their families.

A short time ago they came to me and said: "Father Kiang, you have been very good and kind to us. What would have become of us without you? Since about two years ago we have put by a little money every month, sometimes fourteen, or even twenty cents. Here are eight hundred dollars. With that you can go to France, to Marseilles, Lyons, Paris, Lourdes and Rome. You can see all that is to be seen over there and then come back by boat from Marseilles. When you return to Fou-



FATHER DOMINIC KIANG

tcheou, you will let us know, you will call us together and tell us about all you have seen, how the Christians in Europe spoke to you, how our Lady of Lourdes smiled at you, how the Pope blessed you."

But how was I, a Chinese and alone, to make my way by boat and by rail, on the highways and in the large towns? Well, this is what happened. My great friend at Saint Denis (Reunion) is Father Meillorat, who is the superior of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost there. He is very kind. He said to me: "Father Kiang, I will give you a letter. Take this letter to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost wherever they are to be found on your way. Those of Madagascar will help you on to Zanzibar; from there you will be directed to Marseilles; those in Marseilles will send you on to Paris; from Paris they will send you to Bordeaux and Lourdes, and from there to Rome; then from Rome you will return to Marseilles, and the Fathers there will see you on the boat for Fou-tcheou."

That is what I have done. And here I am.

We are about twenty Chinese priests at Fo-kien, and there are four hundred in all China. But four thousand, or rather forty thousand, is what we need. There are more than four hundred million pagans in China. And the Christians are lost in that multitude, like grains of sand in the ocean.

There are no persecutions going on now at Fou-tcheou, but we are obliged to be very careful. The costume I wear does not distinguish the priest. In public the priests dress like any other scholars. We wear a small cap with a blue tuft—the color of the tuft varies according to the social position of the wearer—a long plait—the longer it is the more respectable—a black robe in winter, blue in spring, white in summer, yellow in autumn. Thus we pass unnoticed, for we often have to minister to a sick Christian in a family which is quite hostile to us. But we have confidence in God, and we go forward.

There have never been any great persecutions at Fou-tcheou. It was at that port the Blessed Perboyre, the martyr, entered China. He said Mass in our house, which is a blessed remembrance for us.

My parents are Christians and our family have been for a long time. It is from Christian families that the priesthood is recruited. We can trace back our Christianity through ten generations. Our first Christian ancestor was a native of Amoy. He was sent as school inspector to Fou-tcheou. Finding a Christian book in a family, he read it and was quite struck with the doctrine it taught. Days and weeks passed. He decided to settle in Fou-tcheou and asked in marriage the hand of the young lady whose book it was he had read. She was a Christian, but no one in her family knew it. When the day for the ceremony arrived, everything was prepared in the house to offer sacrifice to heaven and earth, as is the custom in China. All the tablets of our ancestors were there, with pictures, inscriptions and statuettes. But among all these objects the young fiancé had secretly placed a crucifix, that she might direct her thoughts, her prayers, and her offerings to the true God, while the others who were all pagans addressed the spirits and the idols. At a given signal the ceremony began. All at once the tablets, the pictures, the inscriptions and the statuettes fell to the ground, leaving alone in its place the Christian's little cross.

Astonished, fearful, but delighted, she explained this prodigy, and all the family were instructed and baptized. Since that time my family have been Christians.

✱

More priests—native priests—are needed in China. Perhaps there might be more were it not for the problems that arise in local conditions. First of all we must find well-disposed children in Catholic families; then the Bishops need resources to keep up the seminaries. We must have good professors devoted to their task. The children must study for years, during which time they

often change their minds, get tired, discouraged, and give way to all sorts of temptations, the strongest of which often come from their parents. The parents wish to profit by their children, and the more intelligent and the better educated the children are the greater their value. A priest can do nothing for his family. Whereas, if a young Chinese is educated, he can be employed by Europeans in commerce, and earn much money. It takes a long time before one becomes a priest, and even then there is no material advantage to the individual, nothing but misery and distress to look forward to and only faith to buoy him up.

In each Vicariate Apostolic there is a seminary. It teaches Christian Doctrine, reading, writing, arithmetic, Chinese and Latin, but no European language. I was brought up by Spanish Fathers but I do not know Spanish; the little French I know I learned at Reunion. European languages are not taught in the seminaries, because the missionaries say that the money of the Propagation of the Faith is not given for that purpose, but for preaching the Gospel. If the missionaries taught their European languages the Chinese would say (they say it even now) that the missionaries want to conquer the country and open it to their own nation; which would be their ruin and the ruin of the missions. Teaching European languages to Chinese seminarians would be useless work. The Chinese priests are not called upon to minister to Europeans, and the seminarian, after learning foreign languages, would certainly lose his vocation. A young Chinese who knows French, English or German would go into business, would be pushed forward by his parents, sought after and attracted by the European houses and lost to us. This is because a Chinese can not see a material advantage within his reach without grasping it.

Schools where languages and European sciences are taught are as useful in China as they are in Europe. The missionaries recognize this and do not refuse to have such schools, but they are special schools and not seminaries. These schools are opened everywhere and are growing more numerous every day.

✱

Japan is transformed, China is in a state of transformation. May this change, both in Japan and China, be a real Christian transformation.

✱

After speaking, Father Kiang, being asked to do so, said a *Pater* and *Ave* in Chinese, for the members of the council and all the associates. He prayed in a sort of soft, melancholy, pious chant, which must be very touching when voiced by a congregation of the faithful.

Father Kiang has carried out his program. He has seen Paris and Rome; he has seen Our Lady of Lourdes smiling on him; and has been blessed by the Pope. He has taken the boat at Marseilles, and now he is with those dear Christians, to whom he was both father and mother on the island of Reunion.

May God preserve him in their service for many long years.

MISSION LIFE AND NEEDS

The letters from the mission field published in this section were lately received at the Central Direction or some of the diocesan offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They will serve to show the needs of the missions and the results already obtained or hoped for, and also to express the gratitude of the missionaries to their benefactors. Appeals for help from missionaries will be entered here, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will gladly forward whatever answers readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may wish to give to them.

FROM BISHOP GEURTS, C.M., VICAR APOSTOLIC OF EAST TCHELY, CHINA.

"I thank you most heartily for your remittance. Hitherto our allowance from the Propagation of the Faith has been very small, twelve hundred dollars, though the mission work must be newly organized. When we came here in the Spring of 1901 we found only two or three chapels and one or two wretched houses, all nearly in ruins. We are still struggling against great pecuniary difficulties, and the progress of our work is slow. I am, however, confident of your sympathy for our mission, and I wish to express our sincere gratitude to the associates of the Propagation of the Faith."

FROM BISHOP GOETTÉ, O.F.M., NORTH SHEN-SI, CHINA.

"Your check was duly received. Propagation of the faith is going on here continually, and if I had the means greater things could be done. It is a pity my hands can not help and distribute where aid is needed. I hope God will raise up new friends for the poor Chinese missions."

FROM BISHOP ROOKER, JARO, P. I.

"Yesterday I received your favor inclosing a gift to help my poor missions. I beg you to accept my thanks and to express my deep gratitude to the good and charitable soul who has so kindly remembered this diocese. Our magnificent missionaries are perfectly willing to work on as hard as they know how. Any aid toward their support and the expenses of worship until the people are able to take care of these matters is a great charity."

FROM BISHOP MEREL, P.F.M., CANTON, CHINA.

"We are going to try to obtain permission to teach the literary grades in our school as they are taught in the government schools. I have invited the Marianite Brothers to come and take charge of the school. Many of them are Americans and English. Thus they can easily teach their language and in a manner far superior to the methods of the native instructors. They have above all the zeal necessary to draw their pupils to our holy religion. My difficulty is to find the means to pay the salaries of the professors. I stretch out my hands to the generous souls of noble America, souls eager for the glory of God and His Church. To make the true religion appreciated in this vast territory of China the first and most humane work is the foundation of schools. The Protestants have prosperous schools in Canton. Will you not, then, make an appeal to the charity of great America for our schools?"

FROM BISHOP CHATRON, P.F.M., OSAKA, JAPAN.

"You are about to publish CATHOLIC MISSIONS. America can render an immense service to Nippon, and there is one question that often occurs to me. Why cannot the United States have a missionary for foreign missions? If you had American missionaries their letters and accounts of their labors would keep alive the sacred fire and result in immense good. There must certainly be vocations in the States, for you have many zealous priests. I see here, in China, Corea, hordes of Protestant missionaries who teach the natives many errors. The antidote to this poison exists in America. Then why not send us missionaries? The work is waiting for them. I have given over three million Nipponese to the Spanish Dominicans. There are still ten millions to be instructed. Do you Americans wish to have them? It depends upon you. The work is often disappointing and seems to yield little return, it is true. But we ourselves must serve the Divine

Master, and the good American priests, with their ardor, their language, their resources, would accomplish much in the cultivation of the field, however arid it may appear."

FROM THE VERY REVEREND J. COLLINS, S.J., KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

"Very many thanks for the generous donation from your excellent society. The loss to these missions, which are situated between Kingston, on the south side of the Island, and the sea on the north, can not be less than ten thousand dollars. At present I am trying to build shelter, so that our work may go forward. Our schools are almost all government schools and must be kept up to their old standard if we may hope to draw the grant in aid that they have been receiving."

FROM THE REVEREND S. J. KELLY, SCRANTON, MISS.

"Your letter with inclosed check is received. I am very grateful to you for this kindness. I am trying to build a little church here for the colored people, and I suppose St. Joseph whispered into somebody's ears the story of my needs. Kindly extend my thanks to the donor."

FROM REV. FATHER BERTREUX, S.M., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF THE SALOMON ISLANDS.

"At Yangarara we have just dedicated our new church built of wood, which replaces the native hut in which Mass has hitherto been said. A large congregation attended the ceremonies and about one hundred received Communion. On this occasion we counted among those who assisted at the Mass a great number of women and young girls. During the six years the missionaries have been here they have not converted any of the women. Thank God, there is promise at last of a better result. Not long ago the savages of Yangarara, both men and women, did all they could to avoid us. Our recent conversions number six hundred. To plant the standard of Christ on the pagan islands of New Georgia, Malaita, and San Cristobal, and, three hundred miles further on, the Holy Cross Islands, we need apostolic laborers. I have only a few. We must found a school for native catechists. We need ground, a church, a residence and cabins (huts) for the young couples who would form the school. Will the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS help in this work? I appeal to their charity. If they come to our aid, in a few years, through the generosity of such benefactors, we shall be able to show a great harvest of souls."

FROM FATHER CHEVALLAY, P.F.M., TONKIN.

"Thanh-Hoa, Tonkin, has as yet few converts, yet it was in this province that the first conversions were made, namely at Cua-Bang, where Father Rhodes landed in 1627. Here, shortly afterwards, he baptized two of the principal personages of the place. Recently, a slight movement in the way of conversions has begun at Mom, where five hundred people have asked for instruction. Unfortunately I have been forced to send almost two hundred of them away, not having the means to provide for them. To instruct them properly we must keep them for a time at the mission. We must buy land, build a school-house and a small chapel. But I have no resources. I appeal, therefore, to the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. If aid is sent to me, I think the greater number of the inhabitants of this large village, comprising eight thousand people, will be converted to the faith."

MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA

MANCHESTER. The Right Rev. George A. Guertin, D.D., newly appointed to the see of Manchester, was consecrated bishop on March 19th in St. Joseph's Cathedral, of that city, by the Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, assisted by Bishop Harkins, of Providence, and Bishop Tierney, of Hartford. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. L. S. Walsh, of Portland.

Bishop Guertin was born in Nashua, N. H., February 17, 1869. He attended St. Charles College, Sherbrooke, and St. Hyacinth's in Canada, made his theological studies at St. John's Seminary, Boston, Mass., and was ordained priest by the late Rt. Rev. D. M. Bradley in St. Aloysius' Church, Nashua (1894). He is the first alumnus of the Boston Seminary to be raised to the episcopal dignity.

PORTO RICO

The new Bishop of Porto Rico, the Rt. Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A., was consecrated in Havana on February 24th by Mgr. Joseph Aversa, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Pedro Gonzales Estrada, Bishop of Havana. Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, formerly bishop of Porto Rico, preached the sermon. Delegations from all the Catholic societies were present at the landing of the new bishop at San Juan, and the occasion was made a public festival. Bishop Jones is a native of Albany, N. Y.

LITTLE ROCK

The Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., died on February 21st. Bishop Fitzgerald was born in Ireland and came to the United States in 1849. He entered the College of Barrens in Missouri and completed his ecclesiastical studies at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md. He was ordained a priest in 1857, was for some years pastor of a church in Columbus, Ohio, and in 1867 was made bishop and placed over the see of Little Rock. Bishop Fitzgerald is succeeded in the see of Little Rock by the Right Rev. John B. Morris, who was appointed coadjutor bishop about a year ago.

CHARLESTON

The new Cathedral at Charleston, S. C., was dedicated on April 14th. At the same time the silver jubilee of the Rt. Rev. H. P. Northrop, D.D., bishop of the diocese, was fittingly commemorated.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Rev. Anthony Smale, one of the eight Mill Hill missionary Fathers who about a year ago sailed for the Philippines, through the aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, is the first of this little band to lay down his life in this distant mission.

CUBA

President Roosevelt has directed Provisional Governor Magoon, of Cuba, to issue a decree, announcing that the government will settle with the Catholic Church by the purchase of certain property in Havana which has been occupied on lease by the military and Palma administrations. Secretary Taft states that it will be greatly to the advantage of the Cuban government to secure a good title in fee.

EUROPE

LIMERICK

His Holiness Pope Pius X has confirmed the nomination of the Very Rev. Andrew Boylan, of Limerick, to the see of Kilmore. Bishop Boylan is a distinguished member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and the sixth of the living Redemptorist bishops. He was at one time Bursar of Maynooth College.

DERRY

Bishop O'Dougherty, of Derry, the ancient see of St. Columba, died not long since, in his seventy-fourth year. He was greatly beloved by priests and people. During his episcopacy the new cathedral of Derry was completed and St. Columba's College enlarged.

RUSSIA

The Russian Minister of the Interior is about to abolish the restrictive legislation at present in force against Catholics, and government officials are already in consulta-

tion with representatives of the clergy. This change will be a great advantage to our seminaries and schools. The Minister has agreed to restore to the Catholics all the churches and ecclesiastical property confiscated by the State, except those edifices and lands now used by the Russian Church.

AFRICA

SOUDAN

Rt. Rev. Joseph Anatole Toulotte, formerly co-worker of Cardinal Lavigerie and vicar apostolic of the Sahara and French Soudan, died on January 23d at Rome, where, since his retirement, he held the position of Procurator of the White Fathers. Born at Lisbourg (Pas-de-Calais), France, he was ordained in Africa, was superior of the Arabian seminary of Notre Dame d'Afrique, of the Netlili Mission of the Sahara, and of St. Anne's at Jerusalem, and was a member of the Council of the White Fathers. He was made secretary and then coadjutor to Cardinal Lavigerie, and was consecrated bishop in 1891. In 1896 he visited the French Soudan, but the journey undermined his health, and in 1897 he resigned his vicariate. Bishop Toulotte made many learned researches in the history of the African Church.

UGANDA

The Church continues to grow in Uganda. In January, 1891, the mission counted only four thousand Christians, now its register has reached the astonishing record of one hundred thousand baptisms. "In ten years the number of neophytes will be doubled," writes Rev. Father Moulec, of the White Fathers. With the opening of the Dark Continent by European enterprise, the building of railroads, etc., the missionaries can labor with greater facility for the conversion of the pagan natives.

ASIA

CEYLON

A Buddhist monk named Gnanab Hiwansa, of Giruwa District, in the southern province of Ceylon, has been received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Father Fernando, at Halpatota, in Galle. Having completed his studies in Elu, Pali and Sanscrit, under the Buddhist high-priests of Alutgam Korie and Adam's Peak, he proceeded to

Siam and Burma, where he increased his knowledge of the oriental religions and literature. He received the highest order of the Buddhist priesthood at the hands of the high-priest of Kandy. His conversion to Catholicism is regarded as a severe blow to the dying cause of Buddhism in Ceylon.

NAGPORE

The Right Rev. Eugène Bonaventure, M. S. F. S., bishop of Nagpore, died at Chavanod (Savoy), on March 12th, after a long illness. He was born at Dingy-Saint-Clair, diocese of Annecy, April 26, 1851, began his missionary work in India in 1900, and was appointed bishop of Nagpore October 15, 1904.

CHINA

The Rev. Father de Madrey, S. J., missionary at Kiang-nan, sends us from Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai, statistics which show that in the Chinese missions during the past year the number of baptized children has increased about seventy thousand. In 1905 there were about 880,000 Christians in China. The increase has been about ten per cent. The number of adult conversions, statistically, gives about forty con-

verts to each of the one thousand seven hundred and fifty priests in China during 1905-1906.

YUN-NAN, CHINA

Bishop Fenouil, vicar apostolic of Yun-nan, in China, died on January 10th. Ordained priest the 29th of May, 1847, he embarked for Yun-nan on the 16th of the following September. He was consecrated bishop and named vicar apostolic in 1881. For nearly sixty years the venerable bishop labored in the field of his mission. He never returned to France.

SOUTH SHANTUNG, CHINA

Father Bluisa, missionary, writes of the famine in South Shantung: "Whole villages are deserted. The government will not send relief to the starving people because this would cost money. Anyone not able to stand the famine, may emigrate or die. If he fails to do either, he tries robbery. Then, if he is caught, he is at once executed. In Itchau, thirty of these unfortunate men were recently beheaded; in Fi-chien, fifteen. Here, in I-chien, three were nailed to a wall, eleven decapitated, and eleven strangled in prison."

MISSIONARY Father Corre, the **DECORATED BY** tireless worker **THE MIKADO** among the lepers of Japan, has received from the Mikado a recognition of his efforts to relieve the suffering people of Kumamoto. This imperial acknowledgment is in the form of a special decoration of merit, conferred upon the zealous missionary.

TOKYO

Father Ferrand recently revisited the United States, soliciting alms for the maintaining and founding of boarding-houses (*Geshikuya*) where university students may live in a Christian atmosphere and thus be brought little by little to the Church. He writes us from Tokyo, where he has just arrived: "Thanks to a donation of \$50,000, the Protestants are going to open fifteen *Geshikuyas* here, one in each part of the city." Father Ferrand has been for ten years at the work, and has gone around the world three times. So far he has been able to open and support only two *Geshikuyas*, which, none the less, have given remarkable results in the way of conversions.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

In this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS the most important missionary magazines are reviewed, those published in the English language having the preference as being more accessible to the majority of our readers. Attention is directed to articles, pamphlets, and books bearing on the missionary question in order that the friends of the missions may be kept informed of the progress of the Church among infidels, heathens, and all outside the fold.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith for April contain an account of the mission to the savages of New Guinea by Bishop Allain de Boismenu, M. S. C., who introduces us into the heart of the country among the people he is called upon to evangelize. The greater part of the population of New Guinea belongs to the Papuan race, but in many instances there is a mixture of negro blood. This ethnical duality explains the variety of opinions of the different travelers in New Guinea. The tribes visited by Mgr. de Boismenu are in the southeastern part of the island.

Other interesting articles are "The Scientific Work of Missionaries," dealing with the mineral, botanical and zoological researches of the Lazarist Father Armand David in China (by M. A. Guasco, Secretary General of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at Paris).—"The Society of Jesus and the Missions," in the series on "The Societies of Catholic Missionaries." Also "Chinese Customs," by Bishop Chataignon, and "Gabon, the Franceville Mission," by Father Biton, C. S. Sp.

The Field Afar (March) tells of important work at home this month; namely, of Boston's Chinatown, which will soon have a Catholic community if the Rev. Walter J. Brown continues to make converts as at present. Father Brown's first neophyte was baptized May 15, 1904. Since then nine other Chinamen have been received into the Church and a hall has been secured in the centre of Chinatown, where religious instruction is given every Sunday evening. *The Field Afar* publishes many complimentary notices from contemporary magazines and journals, welcoming its advent into the periodical world and wishing it all success. It has, moreover, a pathetic little sketch of the Belgian martyr of 1898, the Rev. Father Victorin (Joseph Delbrouck) who suffered for the faith in the province of Hupeh, China.

The Colored Harvest (March) has an illustrated article on St. Emma's Industrial and Agricultural College at Rock Castle, some forty miles south-

west of Richmond. The institution was founded by Mrs. L. D. Morrell (née Drexel), of Philadelphia, and placed under the care of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.—"Gip White, a Colored Hero of the Seventh Mississippi," is a charming incident of negro loyalty to "de ole massa" in war days. The sketch entitled "The Colored Catholics of Kentucky" portrays an interesting little community.

The Missionary (March) describes a parish as large as a diocese in East Tennessee where Father Callahan is the hard-working priest. It also points out the hope of the Church at the South in the new immigration coming in through the recently opened door at Charleston, S. C. It suggests the replacing of controversy by examples of sanctity.

The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (March) gives a missionary's letter on war and peace at Pitoke, New Guinea.

The Indian Advocate (March). We have already become accustomed to think of Oklahoma as the territory of pioneer struggle and enterprise, overrun by those who seek a short road to fortune. The small magazine published by the Benedictines show us that men go there with other aims; namely, as missionaries to the white people and the Indians. The sketch and illustrations of St. Patrick's Mission, Onadarko, show the work that is being done there. In these pages as well will be found a spirited account of the great battle which practically put an end to Indian warfare in Oklahoma.—Anent the generally accepted statement that the aborigines are disappearing utterly, the *Advocate* says: "There are more Indians in the United States to-day than there were in the days of Columbus. They were never populous, being too much at war. The first census of the Indians was taken seventy years ago. At that time there were found to be 253,464. In 1861 there were 254,200. In 1880 there were 256,127. In 1900 they numbered 272,073. To-day, by count of the Indian agents on the reservations of the country, there are 284,000 Indians. The Indians of the new State of Oklahoma are intelligent and wealthy, and will be heard from in national affairs."

Der Sendbote (March). Cincinnati, contains an interesting and well-illustrated article on the Franciscan missions among the Navajo Indians. The Navajos number some 20,000 souls and inhabit a tract of land 25,000 square miles, situated partly in Arizona and partly in New Mexico. It was about five years ago that their evangelization was begun by Franciscan missionaries through the zeal and generosity of Mother Katharine Drexel. The work, though extremely difficult, is progressing satisfactorily.

The Annals of the Holy Childhood (January-February) publishes a letter of His Excellency the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, congratulating Father Willms, the zealous director of the work, upon the progress the Association is making in the United States, and recommending it earnestly to Christian parents. In fact, every Catholic child ought to be enrolled in it.

Anthropos (January) presents a valuable addition to literature in the Bishop of Salford's translation of Hindu mythology as recorded by the Portuguese missionaries of the early seventeenth century. Dr. Casartelli deals in these chapters with the transformations of Visna and the superstitious veneration of the cow, general among pagan nations. Other topics of the

magazine are the continuation of Father Morice's article on the great Dené Race—A description of the interment of a Niger Chief, by one of the African missionaries—"The Congress of American Archeologists at Quebec," by Dr. Walter Lehman—"The Country of Castes," a bibliography on the Brahmins of India, by P. J. Caius, S.J.—"Mala-dies and Medicines of the Fiji Islanders, Yesterday and To-day," by P. E. Rougier, S.M.

Illustrated Catholic Missions (March), London, continues the "Story of the Abyssinian Church," by Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., and "Some Glorious Pages from the History of the Church in Tongking."

The April number gives various curious "Practices and Customs of the Angonies of Shire, Central Africa," including their marriage and funeral ceremonies, and points out that among these people there is much intelligence combined with good natural qualities which promise well for their evangelization.

Les Annales des Sacrés Cœurs (February), Paris, is the organ of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart. The great Father Damien was a member of this devoted order, which now has a new foundation at Fairhaven, Mass., in the diocese of Fall River.

The March number of the *Annales* is of especial interest to the Catholics of the United States. Leprosy is not entirely unknown in this country, but how many people are aware that we have actually a leper colony in New England? Such is, nevertheless, the fact. A few people, afflicted with this most loathsome disease, are sequestered on Penikese Island, one of the Elizabeth group, about ten miles from New Bedford. Penikese Island belongs to the State of Massachusetts, and a year ago five lepers, three Portuguese and two Chinamen, were sent there.

The late Bishop Stang, of Fall River, finding that the colony was within his spiritual jurisdiction, at once arranged to visit it in company with Father Pierson, Superior of the Fairhaven Mission. The *Annales* records the incidents of this trip to the shunned island, a journey that has now a particularly touching interest, in view of the circumstance that it was one of the last visitations of the lamented bishop.

On a beautiful day of last July, Bishop Stang and Father Pierson went out to Penikese with the physician who is in charge of the lepers. Dr. Edmunds took the Right Reverend visitor first to his own house, where he showed him his library containing many medical books on leprosy, exhibited the bacillus of the dreadful disease under the microscope, and explained the nature of the scourge. The bishop then visited

the lepers' cottages, which are large, well built of wood and well aired. In the first were the two Chinese. These unfortunates evinced a faint interest in the strangers from the outside world. The two natives of Cape Verde, who occupy the second cottage, greeted the bishop with delight. In the third cottage lives Isabelle Barros with a woman nurse and companion. It is said that Isabelle is nearly cured. If this proves true, it will be the first known cure of leprosy. She is to be kept at Penikese two years longer than her recovery, if such it is, may be assured. Isabelle showed great joy upon seeing the bishop, who blessed the lepers and promised to remember them.

RECENT BOOKS ON THE MISSIONS

A new **Atlas of Catholic Missions** has been published in German by the Rev. Charles Streit, of the Society of the Divine Word at the Seminary of Steyl (Holland), and there is a French translation by the Rev. Charles Riotte. Both editions contain twenty-eight maps and an alphabetical index of 13,000 places and stations, which is all the more important because the localities of the mission countries, for the most part, have singular and difficult names. Also, published in parts, in the same form as the Atlas are many statistical notes, a valuable complement to the commentaries of the maps.

Les Trente-Cinq Venerable Serviteurs de Dieu (Thirty-five Venerable Servants of God) is an account of the persecutions in Annam and China, published in French by Father Launay, of the Society for Foreign Missions of Paris. It includes a biography of a bishop who died a prisoner in Cochinchina in 1861 and of three missionaries—Fathers Vennard, Neron and Neel—martyred in Tonkin or China, in 1860, 1861, 1862. There are other pages dedicated to Annamite priests, soldiers and a number of noble women who gave their lives for the faith.

Our First Beatified Martyrs (Blessed Perboyre and Blessed Chanel).—The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, New York City, has issued an attractive little pamphlet containing short biographies of two martyrs of the missions.

Blessed Gabriel Perboyre was a member of the Lazarist Order, who went to China, was tortured because he would not trample upon the crucifix, and publicly put to death by strangling at Outehang-fou, September 11, 1840. Blessed Pierre-Louis-Marie Chanel was the first apostle of Futuna, the first martyr of Oceania, and the first Marist Father to receive the honors of beatification. Both these missionaries were beatified by Pope Leo XIII on November 17, 1889.



Interior of the Church at Acoma, N. M.

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Editorial Notes

The Missionary Spirit

The past few years have witnessed a remarkable awakening of the missionary spirit throughout the United States. This awakening has evidenced itself both in the institution and conduct of home mission effort, and also in the interest and support accorded to foreign missions throughout the world.

In the missions to non-Catholics, the Paulist Fathers have led the way. Through them this work has been focused by means of the Apostolic Mission House at Washington. We are told that, since the inception of the project, one thousand four hundred and sixty-eight missions have been given to non-Catholics, six thousand two hundred and fifty-seven converts received into the Church, and three-quarters of a million non-Catholics have listened to an exposition of Her teaching, the good seed thus sown bidding fair to yield a still larger future harvest. The Cleveland Apostolate has, also, achieved notable results among non-Catholics in the Middle West.

Another great step forward in the home missionary movement was the organization of the Church Extension Society, designed to meet the requirements of those within the fold in our land, who have been deprived by circumstances, especially of locality, of the primitive helps and services of religion.

But the great heart of our beloved country has gone out, in ever increasing measure, to the noble men and women who are carrying the Gospel to the distant peoples still in the shadow of paganism.

The foreign missionary field, with its ripening harvest of souls, has opened before the eyes of thousands who until now have never looked upon it.

Ever generous to every good cause, the Catholics of the United States placed at the disposal of the Work for the Propagation of the Faith during 1906 an amount in excess of the sum contributed by them in any previous year. The calamities that have afflicted the Church in France can hardly fail to lessen the ability of her sons and daughters to continue their large contributions to the missions, even though they still hold first place on the lists of the Society.

It is a consolation, therefore, to those laboring to extend Christ's kingdom on earth to feel that the foreign missions will not be forgotten. For the Church in the United States has begun to realize the importance of these missions, and to support them with growing fervor and zeal, out of the golden flood that prosperity has turned into the coffers of our people.

The French Missionaries

The French are an enigma to us as Americans and Catholics. We can not comprehend the element in the French character that tolerates the harsh legislation against the Church. But our confusion grows when, side by side with the seeming indifference to persecution at home, we contemplate the wonderful work of the French missionary in pagan lands.

We learn from authentic statistics that the French missionaries, at foreign stations, outnumber those of all other nations combined. Out of sixty-five thousand priests on the foreign missions, at least forty-eight thousand, or eighty per cent., are French. There are, besides the priests, five thousand men belonging to the Religious Orders engaged in work that ranges from agricultural labor to technical teaching. The French Sisters number more than twelve thousand.

Thus we have some sixty-five thousand missionaries from France alone.

Chinese Missions and Education

The remarkable success of Japan during the last few years, has aroused China to the necessity of educating her people on modern lines. The Catholic missionaries, long teachers among the Chinese, have taken advantage of this new movement on the part of the government. The Jesuits, driven from Peking during the persecution, have begun their work again at Shanghai, as instructors of the native youth; and the Sons of St. Vincent de Paul have founded schools in the capital of the empire.

In the Vicariate Apostolate of Quang-Tung, three years ago, Bishop Merel and Father Fourquet, who is so well-versed in the language of the country and conversant with the new conditions, opened the College of the Sacred Heart at Canton. Each class has a Chinese professor, and is daily visited by a missionary who instructs in Christian doctrine.

The government approves of the work done here and in similar colleges, and they have made the missionary known in a circle of Chinese society to which, before the war with Japan, he was not usually admitted.

In this way he has had an opportunity of overcoming a host of prejudices and erroneous ideas entertained by many of the intellectual Chinese who have, hitherto, resolutely held aloof from all Europeans. Thus, with his two-fold gift of knowledge and religion, the missionary in China has been able to widen the sphere of his work, and to extend the beneficent influences of his divine commission to "teach all Nations."

A Glimpse of New Mexico

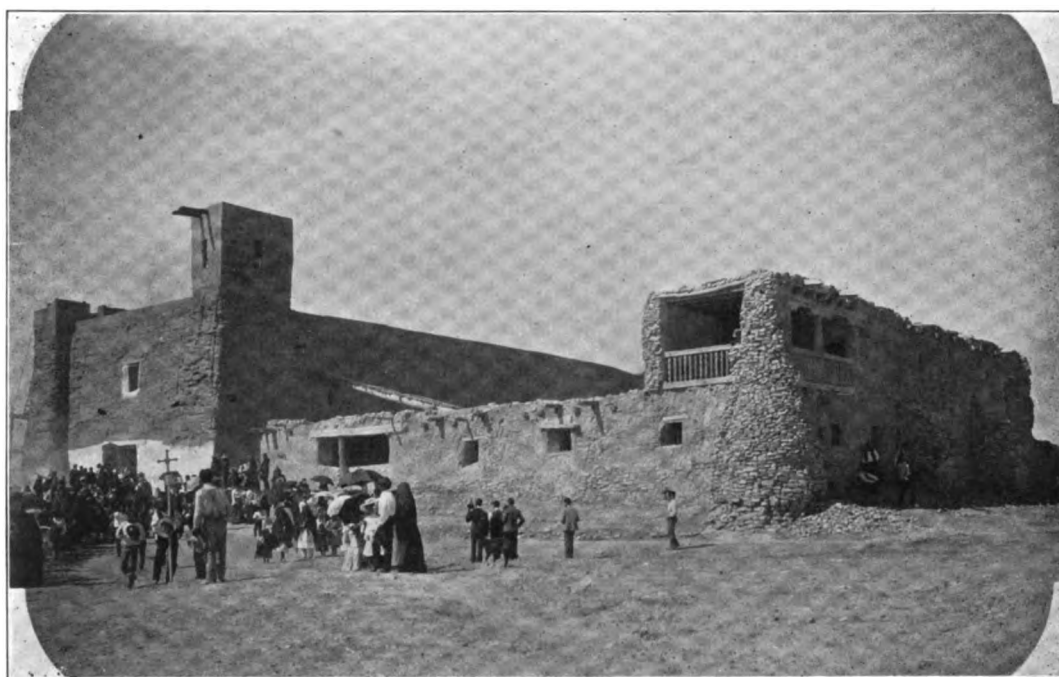
By Rev. Geo. J. Juillard

New Mexico has a history, and a very interesting one. In a short sketch we can not do justice to it. It will not be, however, without interest to our Catholic readers to know that a motive of faith led to the discovery of the country now embraced in the diocese of Santa Fé. It was faith indeed, a burning faith, which prompted a Franciscan priest, Fray Marcos de Niza, to confront many perils in order to reconnoitre this country, and to plant, in 1539, the cross near the Indian village of Zuñi. He was the inspirer of the movement which, one year later, developed into the organization of the expedition of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. On July 10, 1540, Coronado, after having conquered the Zuñis, claimed for the king of Spain

work with renewed energy. Notwithstanding the scarcity of means, they endowed our diocese with ten academies for girls, taught by Sisters, three colleges for boys, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, four hospitals, while in the meantime the clergy increased to the number of fifty diocesan and twenty regular priests.

This progress seems small in comparison with the growth of the Catholic institutions in other States, but conditions are different. The country is poor, and the people are poor.

New Mexico is mainly arid land. Outside of thinly scattered spots, you would look in vain for luxuriant vegetation. The country is undeveloped, but the climate is



THE CHURCH AT ACOMA, N. M.

and the Catholic Faith the new realm, of which Zuñi was the gate.

The Spanish flag did not always bear on its folds the motto of Cortez: "Friends, let us follow the Cross!" but it was always accompanied by the priest.

The conquest of New Mexico opened a new field of labor to the Franciscans, who, equal to their task, for centuries unremittingly worked for the spreading of the Faith in this land.

The king of Spain allowed a subsidy to the clergy of New Mexico, but when, in 1821, Mexico and New Mexico seceded from the Spanish crown, the subsidy came to an end. The clergy, left without means, decreased, and when New Mexico became a territory of the United States, there were only twenty priests left to minister to the wants of the faithful, to cover an area nearly three times as large as the State of New York.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of Archbishops Lamy, Salpointe, Chapelle, and Bourgade, the Faith spread its

perfect. The scenery is picturesque, because of the titanic cataclysms of ages having hewn gigantic mountains, scooped precipices and heaped wonders upon wonders the land over. It is true that the mountains, rugged and steep, are seldom favorable to vegetation, and that, in most instances, nothing grows on them, save dwarf cedars and pine trees, struggling for life amidst sandstones and lava slags. It is true that the grass is scanty on the plain. But nature has, with an artistic hand, decorated the whole land with hues of incomparable richness, harmony, and variety. Seams of yellow, orange, red and purple, halo, as it were, the alternating strata of the slopes, the valleys, and the towering mountains. The country becomes a kingdom of phantasmagoria, for when our sun enlivens the plains and the half-barren hills, it transforms them into an enchanted realm, where gold, diamonds, and myriads of the richest colors revel at leisure as in a fairy land.

In the valleys, as well as on lofty cliffs, lie ruins of In-

dian villages, which bespeak the prosperity of other times. Is the former prosperous era ever to return?

The soil when irrigated brings forth excellent crops of the fruit of the temperate climes. The irrigated valleys are real oases. But they are too few to maintain a large population.

Besides these few oases and lofty peaks and hills, all is but sand or steppes. Still this land bewitches one, notwithstanding its wildness and its sterility, for its barrenness is gilded by the sun, which floods it with waves of heat and light eternal.

Outside of one exclusively American parish, all our missions are Mexican or Indian. I shall not speak in this article of our Indians, nor of our American population.

The Mexicans claim as their ancestors the chivalrous *conquistadores* who discovered and won the greater part

spreads a winsome charm upon social as well as commercial intercourse with them.

Hospitality is another of the many gentle characteristics of the Mexicans. In an exclusively Mexican settlement you would look in vain for a hotel or a restaurant. The Mexicans invariably have relations or *compadres* or friends in every village; if, perchance, they have none, they may stop at any house, and they will be cheerfully entertained. No one ever died of hunger in New Mexico. The Mexican diet is not always commendable, because of the excessive use of chili, lard, and coffee. The people use jerked meat and at all seasons the succulent Mexican *frijol*. Previous to the American conquest, coffee was unknown; water and *atole* were the common beverages.

The Mexicans have not changed much since the conquest. Although they have identified themselves with



THE TOWN OF HOPI, N. M.

of the New World. They come close to the Spanish type, and while their blood is often partly Indian, their features are Spanish. Although the energetic thrift and the irresistible push of the northern races are not among their characteristics, in common with the Mexicans of Mexico they possess qualities which place them socially above the dollar-chasing Yankee and the cold, calculating Saxon. The Mexican Señor is an enlarged edition of our own Southern gentleman. A refined urbanity and good breeding seem to be his birthright. The blood of Spain's proud Hidalgos, coursing through the veins of his race, has developed a gentility *sui generis*. The inborn culture, as we may call it, is not an exclusive privilege of the higher classes, but can be noticed in the humblest families as well. Gentle and courteous manners are universal in New Mexico, and one is never accosted in a blunt, curt, rough way, which, although it may screen a big heart and a kind nature, is at times, nevertheless, rather unpleasant. The almost extreme politeness of the Mexican people

our political institutions, they have not, in the majority of cases, adapted themselves to our mode of living. The Spaniards had a civilization of their own before the American conquest, a civilization in many ways superior to ours, founded on intense faith and Christian traditions.

They could not forego in a moment habits, traditions and methods of living which had insured their happiness for centuries. Was our civilization, were our ideals, such a boon as to warrant their adoption at sight? We must not forget, besides, that many of the early American pioneers did not display the best judgment in their intercourse and their dealings with the Mexicans. They often-times assumed the air of conquerors and masters. They sometimes oppressed and wronged the Mexicans. A certain amount of diffidence was thus created, which lasted for years. Then, the difference of language widened the gap between the Mexican and the American. These points should be understood before casting blame upon the

Mexican race for not having sooner been assimilated.

However, the English language now pervades the whole country. There is not a hamlet to-day where English is not spoken by at least a few Mexicans. The intercourse between Mexicans and Americans is friendly. They understand and appreciate each other better, and the Union has not more loyal citizens than the Mexicans. They have contributed more than their share of volunteers in all our wars ever since the conquest; they have shed their blood fighting truly and bravely on the battlefield. Their language has not been incompatible with their loyalty to the country, any more than the use of the French language by the French Canadians of the province of Quebec has been inconsistent with their devotion to England.

While it would be desirable that all the Mexicans should speak English, and while we urge them to study it, their native language should not be held in contempt.

"It is only the Mexican dialect they speak," say many people who are unacquainted with their tongue, while, as a matter of fact, their language is pure Spanish.

"The discovery and the conquest of the New World," a learned Spanish Jesuit said to me once, "was mainly the work of '*Dones segundos*,' the younger sons of noble families, whose pockets were empty, but whose education had not been neglected, and who swarmed the Mexican shores in quest of fortune. They transmitted their language to their sons, and while, inevitably, some spurious expressions made their way into the Mexican vocabulary, the language was preserved intact, as a sacred legacy, through generations. The language spoken in New Mexico compares favorably with the Spanish spoken in Spain, where each province differs in its accents, idioms and pronunciation."

Their language is beautiful, indeed, and fails not to leave a deep impression, especially when combined with music, as heard in our churches. The Mexicans are not dilettanti and seldom cultivate the voice, but when a whole congregation joins in praising the glories of God and Mary, something very harmonious, sweet, and filial-like emanates from their hymns, which Spanish alone, blending so marvelously with musical rhythms, can create.

The Mexican may be said to possess an inborn faith which has been developed by home influence. His faith is a powerful dike; it restrains his ardent nature. For a number of years after the Mexican declaration of independence, when priests were scarce, the Mexican clung to his rosary, and his rosary safeguarded his faith. Before daybreak, *á la Madrugada*, many Mexi-

can families, faithful to old traditions, sing a hymn to the Blessed Trinity. Many still meet each other with the greeting: "May God grant you a good day," *Buenos dias le dé Dios*. To the majority of them the adobe church, however humble, is a haven of comfort.

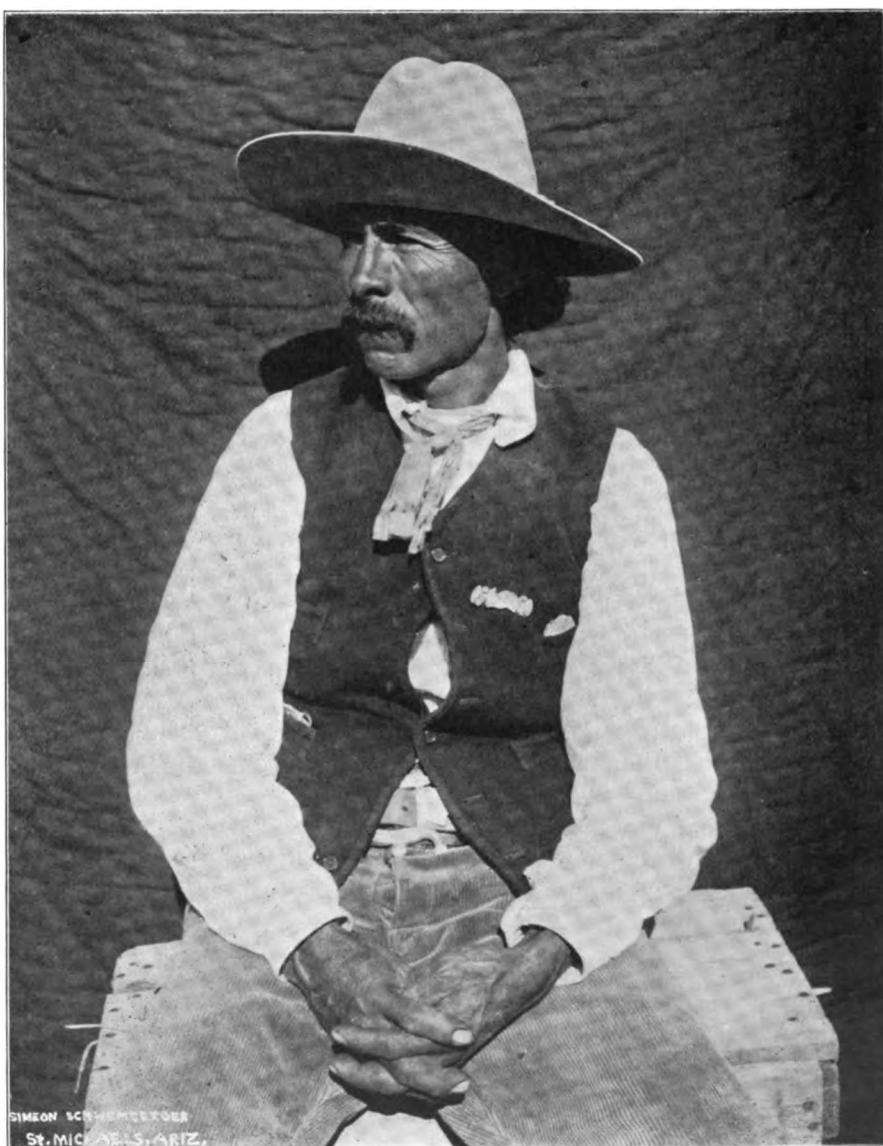
The Mexican appears well in his own little village, and even better on his ranch. There he is not spoiled by the examples of religious indifference which prevail in cities.

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Notwithstanding his many good qualities, the Mexican is not without shortcomings. For that matter, all races have some.

Most of his faults, however, are the outgrowth of his philosophy, and of the conditions which surround him. His wants are few; he is easily contented. Why should he launch into a life of desperate energy to win the chance of indulging in fancies and hobbies which do not appeal to him?

He tills his few acres of land, in the valley, near a bubbling spring; he raises his chili, frijol, wheat, and corn, just about enough for the demand of his large family; then he rests, leisurely inhaling his *cigarito á la resolana*, telling tales of former days.



A NEW MEXICAN TYPE

The well-to-do Mexican is a sheep owner. Every two weeks or so he rides to his herd, sees that his shepherds are provided with food supplies, ascertains the conditions of his sheep, the losses sustained, inquires about the pasture, arranges about the salt to be furnished to the flock, decides with the *caporal* as to where the herds are to be tended during the coming weeks, decides about the dipping; then his inspection tour is over. True, the balance of his time will not be a perfect *dolce far niente*, for he has to canvass the hiring of shepherds, as it is seldom that a shepherd will stay away in the hills more than a few months; naturally, he longs for his village and his home.

The hiring of shepherds is not a simple proceeding; they have to be selected among many, for if they are not competent, honest and active, the herd will diminish rapidly. The widespread improvidence of his people helps the sheep owner, however, in his task. As the most of them live from hand to mouth, he will now and then pick a good man from among the needy who cross the threshold of his house. A bargain is concluded, whereby the sheep owner advances some money to the unfortunate and opens a credit account in his store in the latter's favor. In return the borrower pledges himself to herd sheep for a specified term. Nearly all sheep owners are merchants. They have a little stock of goods, sufficient at least for the men they employ. The lambing season is their busiest season, during which all available hands are hired and the villages are deserted.

It is easy to surmise the degree of influence held in Mexican villages by the sheep owner. He is a living providence for so many that slowly he becomes a patron; many people seek his help and pledge their support to his policy and ambitions. Under such circumstances the Roman *gens* springs forth anew and creates the strong ties of clans. Most of the villages have a self-imposed, but generally accepted leader. He is the rich man, the wealthy sheep owner. When he is just, upright and Christian at heart, his influence for good cannot be over-rated; but, on the contrary, when he proves to be dishonest and vicious, his excesses become unbearable, and his example is fatal to many. Oftentimes two or more rich men will compete for the leadership of the village; then a battle royal ensues, which sometimes lasts for years, to the irreparable detriment of the community.

Formerly the Mexicans were classed as either tillers of the soil or sheep owners and shepherds. Now another class has sprung up: the laborer. He is not, as a rule, a tradesman, but an employee in the divers industries of the country. Under this head we comprise: section men, rip-track men, car repairers, engine men working for the different railroads; the coal miners, the "timber jacks," the freighters, the store clerks. The close contact

of this class of men with the American mechanics and merchants affords them the opportunity of learning English. Many of them adapt themselves to the new surroundings and live entirely after the American fashion. Many do honor to their race after this transformation, in their deportment and their classical refinement as well as their deep-rooted Catholic feeling. To these the transition has been without harm. To many others the process of "Americanization" is fatal. These hold as models the less reputable American element. They borrow from it their vocabulary, with it they make the saloon and the gambling den their abode, and, as infidelity in that element is a boast, they gradually spurn the faith of their fathers and become real *renegados*. It were better for them if they had remained in their villages, far from the nefarious influences which caused their moral and spiritual decay.



This demoralization of many causes some apprehension for the future of the race. The Mexicans will inevitably be amalgamated into the great American mass. The transition is at hand. Under the present conditions, without a previous preparation, such a transition is dangerous. It means shipwreck of souls. However dangerous it may prove to be, this amalgamation is hastened by the aspirations of the race. The Mexican heart throbs now for unknown American ideals and knowledge. The bridge of transition is the English language and education; and it is not in our power to impart that education for lack of means. Others have the resources. In my parish alone there are four Protestant schools, opened solely for Mexicans, and these Mexicans are Catholics. The public schools, outside of cities, are far from being always in the hands of competent teachers; besides, most of them are opened only during three or four months every year. As a consequence, many Mexicans send their children to the Protestant day and boarding-schools, or to Government Indian schools, for the sake of a free education.

What will become of the new generations? The time is coming, and needs no prophet to foretell it, since the signs are plain to us already, when many Mexicans will be won over by those who to-day impart instruction to them; the time is coming when Mexicans will become indifferent, if not hostile, to the religion of their fathers.

Are the Mexicans to be lost to the Church? Shall the blood of forty martyrs shed in New Mexico for the Faith be no longer seed of Christians, and the work of devoted priests for nearly five centuries be unavailing because their brethren in the Faith will not lend assistance in this present momentous evolution of the Mexican race?



Autobiography of a Savage

Edited by the Rev. Joseph Cayzac, C.S.Sp., Missionary at Kikouyou, East Africa

Kikouyou is half way between Mombasa and Uganda on the line of the railroad connecting these points. It is in a high altitude, the climate is temperate, the soil is well watered and fertile, the population is large and the country has a great future before it. Its capital, Nairobi, is even now an important town. Father Cayzac has done well to collect the reminiscences of his savage. In a few years there will be only civilized people in Kikouyou and some of them will probably make us regret the passing of the savage.

MY FIRST BIRTH.

I was born at Kikouyou in a round hut. I was already grown up and a warrior when the whites came into the country. According to their way of counting I was about thirty years of age.

I have only a very confused recollection of my early years, but what I have observed in latter days will enable me to give an exact idea of all that took place then. For four days I had breathed the smoky air of the hut in which I was born, when my mother took me out for the first time. It was not till then, to speak truly, that I saw the light, because we never see it in our own huts.

Since my birth my father had been forbidden to wash himself, which, between ourselves, had not been a very great privation for him. But this day, the ninth day after my birth, he had plunged heroically into the river and, clothed in his most beautiful ornaments (several coats of red earth mixed with mutton fat), he came to fetch me to take part in the *igongona*, or thanksgiving sacrifices.

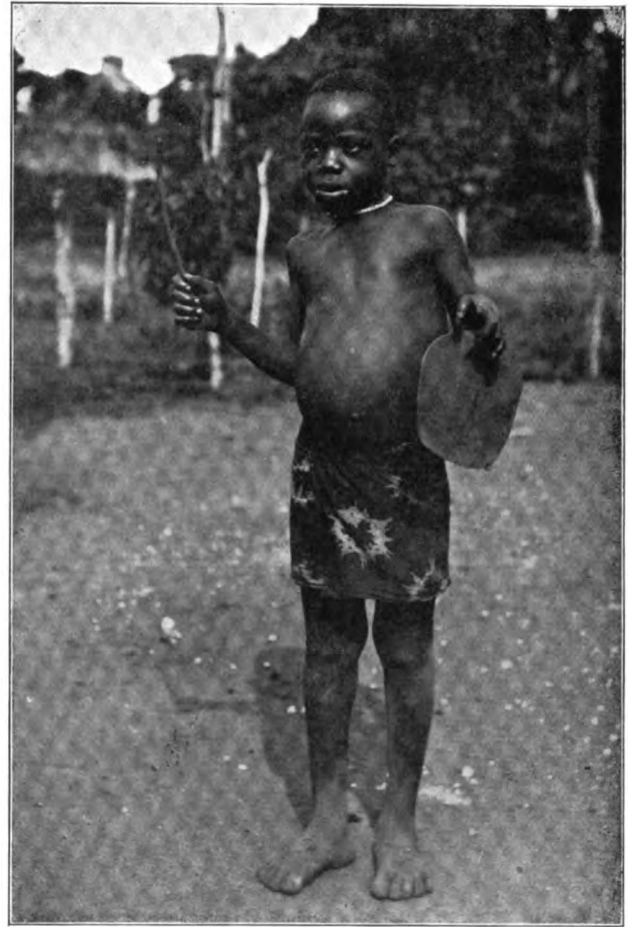
A beautiful ram was strangled. The sorcerer consulted the steaming entrails and most kindly predicted a brilliant future for me: success in war, large flocks and herds, etc.

Then they ate the mutton; and an old fellow with white hair who tried to be funny offered me a bleeding piece, almost as big as myself. That put me in a passion, but made every one else laugh heartily.

The next day serious life began. Comfortably rolled in a goat skin and securely fastened to my mother's back, I went to the field to be imperceptibly initiated into agriculture. I must acknowledge that during the first months I hardly appreciated the happy influence of this healthful occupation. Seeing which, my mother spread a goat skin in the shade of a banana tree and put me on my back on it. There, while she worked in our field, I spent my time contemplating the splendors of the firmament or, for a change, kicking about vigorously. But that made me very thirsty. Toward evening my mother carried me down to the river, and during a full quarter of an hour I was subjected to the torture of a bath.

My enthusiasm for agriculture grew with time. As soon as I could walk, my mother and I were in the field from morning till night. It was not long before I remarked that as I grew bigger she forgot more and more to take me to that odious river, and I was careful not to remind her to do so.

At night-fall we returned to the village. My mother invariably carried on her back a load of firewood or herbs for the animals, so I was transferred to her arms.



A YOUNG SAVAGE

We usually reached home at the same time as the flocks. Then my father would take me on his knees, but I often ran from him to play with the little lambs; and as quickly returned, frightened by the horns and beards of the big goats.

I may state here that at this period I already wore the national costume—a row of blue beads around my neck. Therefore do not be surprised if, later on, there is no chapter entitled: "My first trousers." The traditional and national costume has its good points. It does not tear.

MY SECOND BIRTH.

A little sister had usurped my place on the maternal back, and I began to frequent the more amusing society of men of my own size and to despise that of women of all sizes, like the perfect little savage that I was. In my father's village there were about fifteen of my own age. We amused ourselves rolling in the dust from morning till night! Never, never again would we have to wash ourselves!

Some years later the ceremony of my second birth was celebrated. This ceremony accomplished, I became subject to the laws, customs, and ancient superstitions. I had acquired great value. My life was estimated at the price of one hundred sheep, or goats, payable to my father, if I should be killed by accident or design. A



A KIKOUYOU VILLAGE

girl is considered only half the value of a boy. So our papas love us much better than they love our sisters.

The little boy will become a man and a warrior. He will be the defender and ornament of the home. He will propagate the family and perpetuate the name and the race. From now on I will be more my father's than my mother's child. I will always love my dear mother, so gentle, so industrious, so patient. But she is only a woman.

PASTORAL LIFE.

My passion for agriculture was soon completely appeased, and I gave myself up, body and soul, to the more manly work of cattle-raising. In the village all the animals were gathered in one flock or herd, and the head of each family took care of them for eight days running. My father took me with him to help him, and, armed with a pointed stick like a spear, I followed him over the pasture lands. He never put down his arms, for the Massais prowled over the steppes and on our borders.

The Massais are nomads, and live solely on their flocks and herds and those of their neighbors. One morning early, while the dew was sparkling and the bells of our flocks and herds were tinkling, showing the animals' impatience to be out, a detachment of young men with little war bells at their ankles, and singing, placed themselves as sentinels on the plain, about half a mile ahead of the flocks.

When the Massais appeared in the distance, betrayed by their shining lances and their long ostrich feathers, our men gave the alarm, which was passed from mouth to mouth and echoed by the hills.

The enemy pressed on in great numbers, and our men fell back till reinforcements arrived. When the forces were about equal, we waited for the Massais without stirring, and, while keeping the flocks together, I listened with delight to the blows of cutlasses and hatchets on the echoing shields. The Massais were put to flight. This was my first experience with them, but not the last.

As boys, my companions and I lived just like birds; we did anything that came into our heads. We swam

and caught eels in the river. Sometimes at the risk of being killed by the Massais we descended to the plain, armed with bows and arrows, and shot at the gazelles or made the many zebras gallop about. It was a joy to tease the crocodile, the hippopotamus, and even the rhinoceros, though from a greater distance.

BECOMING A WARRIOR.

When I was fourteen years of age I was so tall and so strong that my father no

longer feared to absent himself and confide the flocks and herds to my care. How proud I was!

When a little later I was admitted among the number of candidates for the next "feast of adolescence," I was more happy than if I had been made a present of ten beautiful cows.

We began a long series of songs and dances preparatory to this great event in life, which was to make men and warriors of us, to hang a sword at one's side, and put a lance in one's hand.

Day and night we went round the villages, dancing and singing before all the huts, careful not to neglect any of them for fear of seriously offending the owner. Everywhere the housewife offered us drink and food in abundance. One night after dancing, while sleeping in the open air on the brushwood, we were awakened suddenly by the most dreadful screams. They came from the direction of my village, which was behind an elevation, at about half an hour's distance. Arriving at the top of the hill, quite out of breath, I saw an appalling spectacle. All the huts in my village were in flames. On all sides the cries of the women for help and the war shouts of the men were heard. I saw at once what had happened. The Massais had penetrated into the village and accomplished their work of destruction and death and escaped, driving the animals before them.

At about a hundred steps from the village my poor father fell violently on the point of a lance fixed solidly in the ground to prevent pursuit. However, we followed in hot haste and nearly all the animals were brought back to the village. But alas! My poor father was pierced through and through and never spoke again. I can still hear my mother's groans and cries. And young as I was, I took the most sacred oath to make our enemies pay dearly for the murder of the author of my days.

Later we learned that the Massais had gained entrance to our village by treason, and that they had been led by a Kikouyouan who wanted to be revenged. The unfortunate man was seized and condemned to the punishment reserved for traitors. He was suspended to the roof of

his hut, a pile of wood was lit under his feet and the door of the hut was closed.

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The ceremony admitting us to the right of manhood over, we young men were shut up in a cave for a few days of retreat to meditate on the honors we had received. When we left the cave we were warriors by right but not in deed. Our elders still looked upon us as hyenas, and we were forbidden to show ourselves in broad daylight. As soon as we appeared on a road, they threw lumps of earth at us till we hid in the dense thickets. And all this fuss was made just to remind us that we still owed them the *iyaki*.

The *iyaki* was the tribute of a fat sheep that each of us should pay for the signal honor of being received into the august company of the warriors. Before having paid this tribute we were forbidden to wear any ornament or distinctive emblem of this high aristocracy. If in bravado one of us was unfortunate enough even to fasten a hawk's feather in his hair, they set fire to his hut. I paid my *iyaki* without delay, which was easy for me to do, as my father had left me a fine flock of sheep; and by degrees I assumed the outward bearing of a perfect warrior. It took a certain time to acquire the necessary assurance and to conquer the timidity with which the swaggerers inspired me. I was constantly reminded that my hair was very short for a warrior; that not only was I an unfortunate fellow who had never killed a man, but that I had not yet looked a Massai in the eyes.

But with the help of some fat sheep, which I gave to two or three of the most talkative, at last I succeeded in gaining universal esteem. I mixed with the different groups and gave peremptory orders to those younger than myself. And when at last I was bold enough to treat them as *ngoma*, to call them serpents, hyenas, weasels, so that no one dared answer back, then I knew I had arrived—I had attained the supreme object of my aspirations. I was a warrior at last.

THE HEIGHT OF GLORY.

I was a warrior, but still rather young to think of distant expeditions. At home my comrades and I were the guardians of public safety. We never gave up our war paraphernalia, even when employed in the least warlike occupations: we used our swords to dig potatoes, or to cut bunches of bananas.

At night we slept with shields as pillows and weapons close at hand. At any moment that we heard the cry of alarm we were ready to fly to the rescue. We had nothing which resembled a constituted or fixed government. We had neither a monarchy nor autocracy, no oligarchy, not even a republic. We governed ourselves, each himself according to his knowledge. We had no king, no emperor, no president, no general. The only authority we recognized was that of the elders, the old men of the tribe. To them, and to them alone, we owed obedience and respect. Yet, notwithstanding this lack of institutions, we were not too unhappy, for we danced every evening, or nearly every evening, to amuse ourselves.

For us were strictly reserved the dance of joy,

kechoukia, and the dance of glory, or the war dance, *kebata*. Our partners were always the young, unmarried girls.

The dance of joy takes place toward evening, when the sun is not so warm, when the breeze is cool, and the birds sing in the trees. The warriors, holding hands, form a large ring; inside this circle the girls take up a similar position. Two or three of the girls with very good voices stand in the middle and sing a song; while turning slowly and keeping time, we all strike up the chorus. The two circles having made the round and



A KIKOUYOU BELLE

returned to their starting-point, the warriors take the girls' hands and, while singing, they jump and dance together to the rhythmical noise of the men's bells and the girls' chains. When they are tired of jumping, the two circles turn again, and so the dance continues for an hour or two with singing and laughing. It is really a dance of joy because it is innocent.

The war dance is one we liked best. The *kebata* takes place at that hour when the sun is highest in the heavens, when it shines most brilliantly on the hawk's feathers, the points of the spears, and the colors of the painted shields. On a slight eminence above the arena the young women of the village stand together, shining with oiled red earth and holding in their hands bunches of green palms. Opposite, at the other extremity of the arena, the impatient warriors await their turn to enter. Soon a venerable sorcerer appears on the scene. He goes round the enclosure very slowly, throwing a pinch of white powder at every step; this is to drive away the demons of discord and to prevent any struggle, scuffle, duel or fight, or any blood being shed during the dance. This preliminary rite over, look at the young man entering with long strides; he shouts lustily, waves his shield

above his head, and with his lance pierces an imaginary enemy.

But all this flourishing is of no avail. When he arrives before the young women no one moves, there is a dead silence. This warrior is only a *ndero*; he has not yet killed a man. Applause is reserved for some one more worthy of it.

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Now watch this second young man who leaves the ranks. His long hair falls to the middle of his back. He has neither lance nor shield; he proceeds slowly and quietly, with drawn sword, and condescends to make a few graceful passes. As he approaches the women, a storm of applause greets him. He has advanced with the sword only. All know what that means. The girls hasten to meet the happy warrior. Waving the palm branches above his head, they conduct him back to his comrades. This warrior is *mooragani*—he has killed a man. He is privileged to advance with his sword, and has only to show himself to delight and captivate all hearts.

The evenings after the *kebate* I was most unhappy. I felt sad, out of countenance, jealous: I wanted glory. A happiness, as great as it was unexpected, was in store for me one night after I went to sleep in this sad state of mind.

I usually slept in my *singira* (sheepfold). The comrades who had spent the evening with me were gone. I had been asleep some time and in my dreams I was

killing many Massais, when I was awakened by a disturbance among the animals. I listened attentively and heard the muffled sound of a sword digging away the earth outside, but quite near the hut.

Without making the least noise, I arose and looked through a crack in the door. It was a clear night and I saw just what I expected to see: a man holding a lance pointed against the door, ready to pierce me through and through should I venture out. He kept guard while his companions penetrated under the hut to get the sheep out one by one.

I returned to my bed and began to snore as best I could while listening to what was passing outside. The first sheep was taken out; a third Massai took it and passed it over the hedge to a fourth, who was on the other side. I knew there were but four of them, because they set off when they had the fourth sheep.

Seizing my lance, the one that had killed my father, I sent it deep into the back of a Massai, who was already on the top hedge. Two others were entangled in the hedge, and before they could strike a blow I split their skulls with two blows of my sword.

In my delight I forgot my stolen sheep; the fourth robber ought not to complain. All this had not lasted more than a minute, but in that short time I had avenged my father, and at the same time attained the height of glory.

I was no longer *ndero*—I was now *mooragani*.

(To be continued.)

Notes on Porto Rico

By Rev. B. M. Huebschmann, C.S.S.R.

Porto Rico is, indeed, a beautiful island. It is not very large. In length it measures only about one hundred miles, and in width about thirty miles. In natural scenery, however, few lands surpass it. Green fields, green hills, green mountains greet the eye in every direction all the year round. Two mountain ranges run throughout the length of Porto Rico. There is nothing more delightful than a trip around and across the island. The road forms a natural switchback.

Now, you are on top of a mountain, looking forth upon the fertile valleys, or at some ship sailing like a white-winged bird over the blue briny deep. You shoot down the steep incline and speed along the level road, gazing up the while at lofty hillsides covered with coffee-plants, or glancing over level fields green with sugar cane. Again, you drive along the seashore between the regular rows of stately cocoanut palms. Banana trees are never out of sight. They actually grow wild, without care or culture. There are said to be one hundred and forty varieties on the island. I have seen bananas a foot long and as thick as a man's arm. Oranges, likewise, seem to grow without cultivation. In the wildest jungles you can see the

yellow, luscious fruit hanging by the hundred on some forgotten tree. Yet, much more care seems to be given to the orange than to the banana, for you frequently pass by beautiful orchards of this tempting fruit.

A hillside here and there, planted with pineapples, helps to add to the variety of the scene. But, more attractive than all, is a cocoanut grove along the seashore. The tree grows to a height of sixty or seventy feet and often even higher. The trunk looks like an immense flag-pole. There is not a leaf on it. The top is crowned by beautiful palms and clusters of cocoanuts. Many other varieties of trees and fruits grow here, as, for instance, the royal palms, the cactus, the mango, aguacate, etc. At first, no stranger likes the native fruits. Their flavor is very peculiar. Yet, in a short time, one acquires a relish for them. Tobacco, and good tobacco too, is, of course, not lacking.

One would naturally think the excessive heat of the tropical sun would burn up everything. The heat is indeed intense, particularly during the months from May to November. Nevertheless, the soil is very productive. This is, no doubt, due to the frequent rains. Every day,



THE CHURCH AT MAYAGUEZ. IN CARE OF REDEMPTORIST FATHERS

during the wet season, rain falls or, rather, pours down in torrents for several hours. Though the natives divide the year into four seasons, there are really but two: the dry and the wet. Each lasts about six months. Even during the dry season, a traveler is not unfrequently drenched in a tropical shower. The nights, however, are generally cool. In the dry season, or during the winter from November until May, they are so cool that many of the inhabitants actually freeze.

But, no wonder, the poor people feel the cold! Their homes are, for the most part, mere shacks or huts. A few boards are nailed or fastened together and covered by a palm-branch roof. Often the entire hut is made of palm-branches, held together by a few cords and posts. Such huts may be seen perched upon every hill-side or nestling among the cocoanut palms. Many a stable, or even a kennel, in the United States is much better than the places some of the natives call their homes.

Let us step into one of these huts. It measures at most ten feet square. This space is divided, likewise, by cocoanut palms, into two or three compartments. The roof is scarcely high enough to permit a fair-sized man to stand erect. The only ornament that decorates the wall, or rather one side of the hut, is an old kettle or pan. A chair would be considered a luxury. A cot is as near as the

native gets to a bed. This, of course, is destined for the use of the lord of the hut. The rest of the family must make themselves as comfortable as possible on the floor. The children, up to four and five years of age, seldom wear clothing, day or night. Nor are the poor grown-folk overburdened with apparel. Is it surprising that they feel the cold of the damp winter night?

The houses in the cities, however, and the country villas of the more wealthy portion of the community are more comfortable and substantial. There are also many pretty cottages surrounded by beautiful gardens of balmy tropical

flowers. The best houses are built of brick, invariably covered with a layer of cement. Ordinarily, they are one-story buildings. They have no windows, only large openings from floor to ceiling. Everything is simple and appears two or three centuries behind the times.

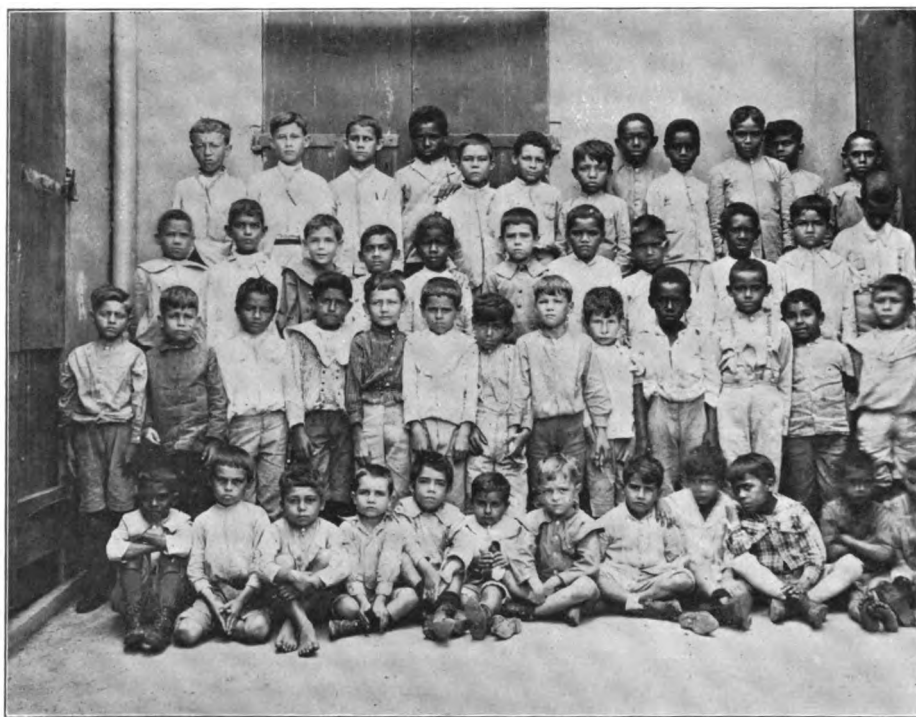
The streets in the cities are as wide as an ordinary modern sidewalk, and a sidewalk is wide enough for two skeletons to march abreast. Oxen do pretty nearly all the heavy draughtwork. The means of transportation



A TYPICAL COMMON CARRIER

are pack-horses and carts, though of late years a miniature railroad is affording much useful service in various parts of the island. The carts consist of a few boards fastened to a wooden axle, supported by two wheels. Ponies serve as coach and saddle horses. They are very small. The majority impress you as walking bags of bones,—the mere shadows of horses. The coaches are good, but the harness is often anything but leather—ropes, rags, etc.

In regard to the people a distinction must be made. There are three classes on the island: Spaniards, who constitute the aristocratic element; the Porto Ricans, or middle class; and the natives of mixed blood, principally negroes and Indians, who form the poor and working class. This distinction is still observed pretty strictly in social intercourse. In the Spanish Casino, in Mayaguez, none but a Spaniard is entitled to membership. The wages



CLASS IN REDEMPTORIST SCHOOL

of an ordinary farm-hand range from ten to fifty cents a day. A clerk earns about two dollars and a half a week. The color of the people varies from cream-white to coal-black.

Practically all call themselves Catholics.

It can not be denied, however, that the moral and religious condition of the people can stand a great deal of improvement. Still, when we thoroughly consider this question, we marvel, not so much at the ignorance and indifference, as at the evidences of faith still manifest among this abandoned people. There is scarcely a person on the island, who can not and does not pray. I have attended men and women writhing in agony, but from the parched lips there broke only pious ejaculations. Some of these people had not seen the inside of a church for twenty or thirty years; yet, during all that time, they had never failed to pray. The dying always declare they are perfectly resigned to the will of God.

At heart the people are still Catholic. The closer one

comes in contact with them, the more apparent is this fact. They all hope that when dying they may receive the sacraments. To procure the consolations of religion for some poor mortal, whose last hour is approaching, a charitable neighbor will go miles and miles, over hills and mountains, through streams, rivulets, and mud knee-deep, to call a priest. Nevertheless, on the other hand, how can one account for the apparent indifference to religion that seems to prevail all over the island?

Doubtless the chief causes are the small number of priests, the scarcity of churches and the need of schools. Under the Spanish régime there were good pious priests in Porto Rico. Nor are such priests lacking under the present American administration. But as then, so now, their number is wholly inadequate.

In Ponce there are six priests. Their flock numbers sixty thousand souls; hence there are ten thousand to one priest. In Mayaguez there are six shepherds with a flock of thirty thousand sheep, five thousand for each shepherd. In fact, there is hardly a priest on the island with less than five thousand souls confided to his care. I know more than one who has the spiritual charge of eighteen and twenty thousand people.

No pastor, however zealous and active, can properly minister to such an immense flock. He is not even able to keep in touch with all of them. Is it, then, strange that many sheep have wandered from the fold, that they stray into forbidden pastures?

Even if the priests were sufficiently numerous, the number of churches is certainly too small. The Spanish government, indeed, erected a church in each pueblo or town. But the pueblos are sometimes five, often fifteen miles apart. If the

roads were good, the people of the country districts could attend Mass at least occasionally. But, alas! there is only one good road of any considerable length in the whole of Porto Rico; namely, the military road from San Juan to Ponce. The other so-called "good roads" are not more than ten or twelve miles long.

Moreover, we must bear in mind, all the people do not live along the highway. The majority live in huts and cabins perched upon the hill and mountain sides. In the parish of Mayaguez, within a circuit of ten miles, there are fifteen thousand people living at least three miles from any highway. To get to a church they must cross mountains, hills, and streams. During the wet season the roads and paths are absolutely impassable. The mud is very deep, and the small streams swell to torrents two to three feet in depth.

Going to or coming from Rosario, a little town about three miles from the city of Mayaguez, the people must actually climb stone-steps hewn out of the mountain-side.



A STREET IN MAYAGUEZ

Add to these difficulties the dire poverty that reigns among this people. It is really a mystery to me, how some eke out their subsistence. The native fruits make up their daily breakfast, dinner and supper. Some seldom see a crust of bread and do not know the taste of meat. Their garments are of the poorest quality and of the scantiest quantity. I have seen grown men and women clothed in the sacking used for coffee bags. Can one expect such people to come to church every Sunday to hear the Word of God? Does it still seem strange that in a Catholic country so much ignorance and neglect prevail? Yet, despite all, scarcely a Sunday passes, on which we do not see about a hundred of these natives in some little chapel, devoutly hearing Mass and receiving the sacraments.

Another cause of the religious apathy is beyond question the utter lack of education. In the cities under the Spanish rule there always were private schools. But these were attended principally by the children of the wealthy class. How much time and attention were devoted to religious instruction, I do not know. At the present day, public schools are being erected in every city and in many country districts.

It is true, they instruct the mind. They may turn out good penmen. They may develop wonderful memories and sharp intellects. But they can never turn out a Christian, for religion is entirely excluded from their curriculum. What the public schools teach is necessary; but it is not all

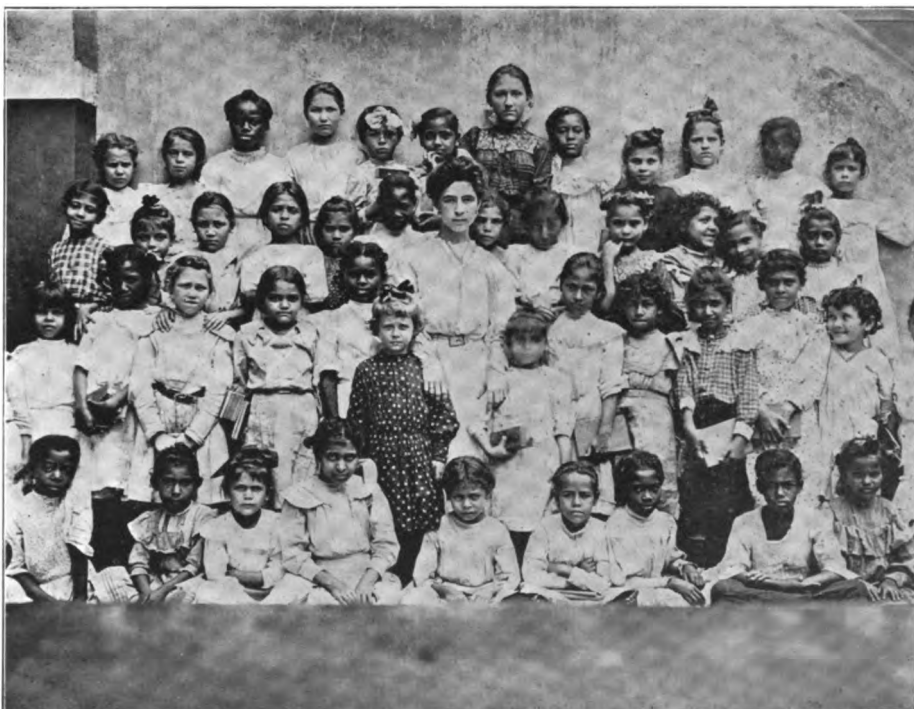
that is necessary. A religious training is absolutely indispensable. The time to impart this training is undeniably during the school age of a child, for then its mind is most impressionable.

What is needed, therefore, are numerous mission stations, with schools attached to them. The children will come, for we have established that fact in Mayaguez. In three schools we have now over one thousand children. Recently, a gentleman from a town near Mayaguez remarked that the children in his neighborhood are growing up "like mere animals." This has been the state of affairs for years in almost all the country districts. Is it, then, any surprise to meet thousands who know little of God and less of the Catholic Church, especially of its practices?

Thank God, steps are being taken in all directions to better this sad state. But, alas, zealous missionaries

are needed in greater numbers—men filled with the spirit of the Lord; men with an unbounded trust in Providence; men who are not afraid of sacrifice.

Under the Spanish rule the clergy received a salary from the government. Hence the people have not been trained to contribute to the support of the Church. They must be taught. Missionaries must have energy and enterprise to undertake the erection of schools, for the main, and perhaps only hope, of arousing this people from their deep lethargy lies in educating the rising generation. Missions and schools will prove the only salvation of Porto Rico.



CHILDREN IN REDEMPTORIST SCHOOL

Pius X and Menelik

By Bishop Jarousseau, O.M.Cap.

The following article by Bishop Jarousseau, vicar apostolic of Gallas, is of especial interest. It describes an event that promises an era of peace for the Catholic faith in Abyssinia.

Our mission, founded in 1846, has had many vicissitudes. Nevertheless it has rarely experienced so implacable a persecution as that from which we have suffered since 1903. In this cruel crisis, my protest being disregarded by those who naturally should have been the first to help us, I resolved to have recourse to the compassion of one who on earth is, above all others, the prince of peace, and to implore his intercession with the King of the Kings of Ethiopia.

I knew this powerful potentate would be moved by an appeal from the Father of all Christians.

Providence soon granted me an occasion to further the design I so earnestly cherished. Certain interests of the mission rendered it necessary for me to send to Rome Father Joachim, of Boceguillas.

To the venerable dean of all my missionaries I unfolded my plan, charging him to beg His Holiness, Pius X, to send a letter to His Majesty, the emperor.

Father Joachim set out in August, 1905. Several months later, when writing me upon other matters, he added:

"I am happy to be able to assure you everything is favorable to your request. But, as it would not be well that an autograph letter of the Holy Father should fail to attain its object, we must wait until Providence—who has already disposed the hearts of those interested to grant what you seek—also brings about the opportunity."

The auspicious time was long in coming. It was not

until the seventh of August, 1906, that the message of His Holiness reached me at Harar, during the first celebration of the feast of our glorious martyr, Agathangus and Cassius, two recently beatified Capuchin missionaries, who suffered for the Faith in Abyssinia in 1638.

The Pope's letter, written in Italian, ran as follows:

"To the Powerful Menelik, King of the Kings of Ethiopia.

"Pius X, Pope.

"Mighty Emperor, King of Kings: Our predecessor, of great and venerated memory, once, under a notable circumstance, had occasion to appeal to the generosity of Your heart. Your Majesty responding with sentiments worthy of the spirit of Christian clemency, let it be seen that words of peace and commiseration were sweet to Your ears.

"To-day, analogous circumstances present themselves. We desire to commend to Your Majesty the Catholics who reside in Your vast empire. There is no doubt that as subjects they owe obedience to the sovereign authority of Your sceptre, but in the domain of religion We consider them as Our sons.

"From this point of view we are truly happy to be under the pleasant necessity of sharing with Your Majesty a solicitude for their welfare.

"Moved by this solicitude, inherent to Our character of Father, We can not, Mighty Emperor, be silent with regard to the sorrow We feel upon learning that, in some parts of the many provinces that compose Your immense empire, Catholics, solely because of their faith, are cast into prison and despoiled of their possessions.

"If these men have displeased God and have rendered themselves guilty of a crime or revolt against the laws, Your Majesty may be assured We will not raise Our Voice in their favor.

"Is it not well known, however, that in times of danger, Ethiopia and the throne of Your ancestors have had no more faithful subjects and no more heroic defenders than, for instance, the Catholics of Harar, to whom a multitude of others may, in turn, be compared?

"In accordance with a very laudable liberality, Your Majesty leaves Your other subjects free to profess whatever religion they believe to be the voice of Heaven. Why should not Your Catholic subjects receive an equal toleration?

"We are persuaded that the Mighty Menelik would not directly order any act of persecution against the Catholics. Of this We are so firmly convinced that We do not hesitate to beseech Your Majesty to put an end to the injustice and odious molestations that certain officials, unacquainted with Your benevolent intentions, indulge in toward Your Catholic subjects, thus detracting from the glory of their magnanimous sovereign. We take pleasure in predicting that the act of justice and clemency, which We ask of Your Majesty, as in keeping with the



MENELIK, KING OF THE KINGS OF ETHIOPIA

greatness of Your character, will but increase Your prestige before all nations. Before the God of Mercy You will also obtain, Mighty Emperor, the recompense We wish for You in the sincerity of Our affection.

"At Rome, the Vatican, July 18, 1906, the third year of Our Pontificate. " Pius X, Pope."

Once in possession of this beautiful letter, I hastened to send it by a trusted and swift courier to Addis-Abbeba, where it was put into the hands of Father Basil, on the eighteenth of August, the seventy-third anniversary of the emperor's birth. Two days later the pontifical message was delivered to His Majesty.

Father Basil, in a letter to me, on August 21, gives the following account of the audience accorded him:

"Yesterday I was summoned to the Guebbi (palace of the potentate), about four o'clock in the afternoon. The audience took place exactly at six o'clock. At it assisted the Ras Gouxa, and Mechach of Worqié, the Nagad Ras, and our Abba Johannes as interpreter.

"The emperor received me with the amiable smile natural to him, and which completes the benevolence of his aspect. Extending his hand to me, he said:

"'Whence comes this letter that you bring me?'

"'From Rome, Your Majesty. It is a letter from our Holy Father, the Pope.'

"'Ah, very good. But a letter from His Holiness probably contains no secrets from you. This attention from the Supreme Pontiff causes me much joy, and I appreciate the great honor he pays me. We all love the Pope: we venerate him and, since he is the Father of all Christians, he is also our Father.'

"In taking the letter, Menelik bowed low, saying: 'Amen, Amen, Amen.'

"I availed myself of the opportune moment and said that the sending of the message direct, without recourse to an intermediary, was a mark of confidence in and esteem for His Majesty. I then went on to show that politics had nothing at all to do with the application of the Holy Father.

"As the emperor listened, he was evidently satisfied of this, and he continued without hesitation:

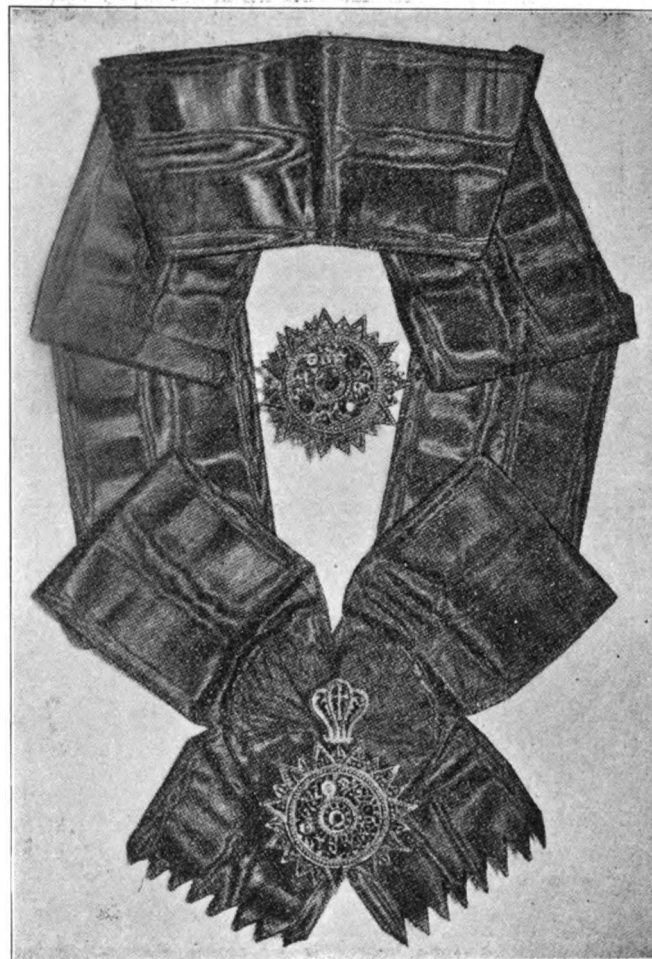
"'I know you are not politicians and are strangers to political questions. This pleases me. I appreciate also the good disposition and the devoted disinterestedness that you profess toward my person and my kingdom. Assuredly, you are my friends.'

"'The mission is our friend,' then added the Dedjazmatche Mechacha; 'we know of many willing services it has rendered us.'

"After the presentation of the Holy Father's letter I delivered yours to His Majesty. The emperor read it before us and presently said:

"'This letter also affords me great pleasure.'

"The Dedjazmatche Mechacha, encouraged by this remark of the sovereign, ventured: '*Abba Andreas melkam sô natcho.*' I congratulate myself upon having the bishop's assistance. He gave me efficient aid in the affairs of Jerusalem.



THE STAR AND RIBBON OF ETHIOPIA

"The audience was prolonged for twenty minutes. When I took leave, His Majesty once more pressed my hand warmly, saying again, in acknowledgment of the Pope's letter:

"'Amen, Amen, Amen.'

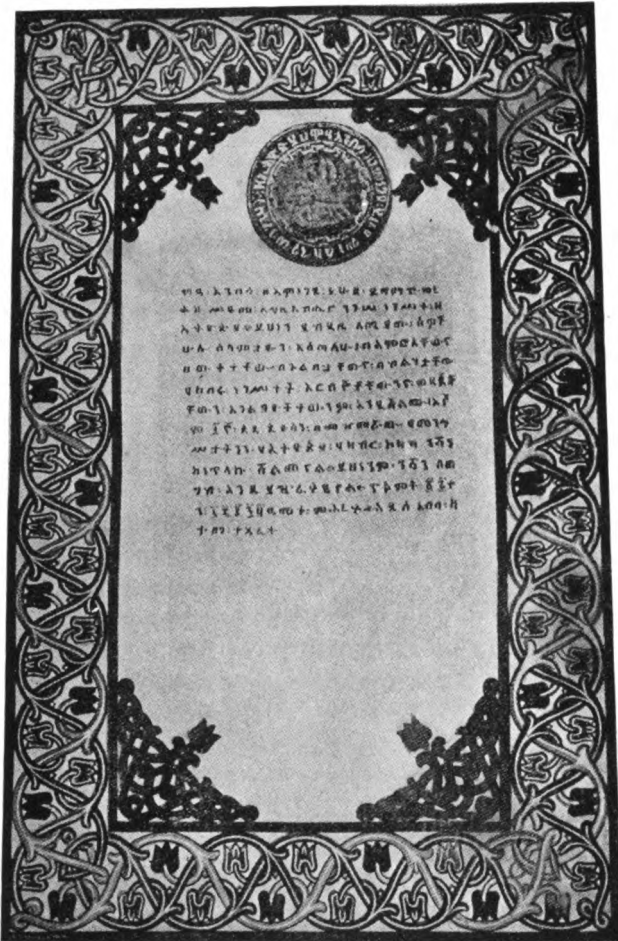
"The missive was then returned to me by the emperor, that I might translate it for him from the original Italian into French and the language of the country."

A few days later, Menelik read, in the Amharic text, the words addressed to him by the Holy Father. The allusion to the persecution impressed him, and the pontiff's appeal to his justice and clemency has resulted in the gradual abatement of the persecution that was so rigorously carried on in many parts of his kingdom.

Thanks to the tact of Father Basil, who was ably seconded by the distinguished and influential personages already mentioned, the emperor, after temporizing for several weeks, dictated his official response to the Pope in these terms:

"The Lion, Conqueror of the Tribe of Juda, Menelik II, King of the Kings of Ethiopia, sends this message to His Holiness, Pope Pius X, Supreme Head of all the Patriarchs and other bishops, with the homage of our greetings inspired by friendship and respect for His Office.

"Most Holy Father: The letter that You wrote to



DIPLOMA ACCOMPANYING DECORATION

Us, under date of July the eighteenth, nineteen hundred and six, came happily to Our hand. While We listened to the reading of it, agreeable recollections of the ties of friendship that formerly united Us with Pius IX and with Leo XIII presented themselves to Our memory. We are greatly rejoiced at the thought that Your Holiness, in writing Us this letter, desired to revive these kindly relations. Accordingly, We are happy to see that Your Holiness, who maintains amicable relations with all the other powers of the world, wishes to honor Us with the same favor.

"We, ourselves, moreover, in obedience to a like sentiment, are as ready as before to surround with Our goodwill and lavish Our favor upon Bishop Massaja and Bishop Taurin. Permit Us now, Holy Father, to explain Ourselves upon the subject of the Catholics of Our empire, in whose behalf You have appealed to Our clemency.

"Those who were accused or convicted of infractions of the laws of Our realm, or of injustice toward

their fellow-citizens, were punished for this reason.

"We understand that Your Holiness is not prodigal of Your benevolence for their sakes. As regards those, better inspired and more worthy of consideration, who are faithful to Us, and respect the usages and customs of the country, We can assure You, Most Holy Father, they shall enjoy for the future entire tranquillity.

"And now, with the wish to give Your Holiness an authentic proof of Our friendship for You, We send You, together with the present letter, the decoration of the Star and Ribbon of Ethiopia, the highest distinction of honor in Our empire.

"We are confident, Most Holy Father, that it will be kindly received by Your Holiness.

"Written in the City of Addis-Abbeba, the third of November, in the year of grace 1899 (old style)—November 12, 1906."

Desiring to testify to His high esteem and sovereign respect for the Holy Father, Menelik wished that the insignia of the decoration should be of the best taste and workmanship of the country and of fine and massive gold from the soil of Ethiopia. The care with which the goldsmiths of the court executed the work delayed the despatch of the letters, but everything was at last ready.

This is the tenor of the diploma that accompanied the decoration:

"The Lion, Conqueror of the Tribe of Juda, established by the Sovereign King of the Kings of Ethiopia.

"To all who shall see the present letters—Greeting.

"Following the example of magnanimous sovereigns who, amenable to the teachings of true wisdom, of right intelligence and of noble equity, desire to honor the valor of their soldiers, the fidelity of their friends, and all of distinguished merit, We have accorded to His Holiness, Pope Pius X, the Star and Ribbon of Ethiopia, insignia that are the highest distinction of honor in Our empire. And, in virtue of these presents, We authorize Him to invest Himself with the same.

"Written in the City of Addis-Abbeba, the twenty-sixth *Teqemt* of the year of grace 1899 (November 5, 1906)."

In order that the emperor's message should, without fail, reach its destination, I charged Father Bernard, director of the leper asylum at Harar, to be the bearer of it to Rome.

May this proof of religious respect, emanating from a non-Catholic prince, be a consolation to the heart of the Holy Father, in an age when we see Him presented with a cup of much bitterness.



Sorcery in Africa

By Father Trilles, C. S. Sp.

In a smiling valley, about four hours' march from the Mission, on the other side of the mountain Motschue Medzim, on the banks of a river and skirted by a splendid forest, is hidden, buried in perpetual verdure, the charming village of Aveng, belonging to the tribe of Yabikou.

The chief is a splendid negro in the prime of life. On feast days and dance days he dons his helmet of polished brass, which his wife, after much work and many scoldings from the chief, has cleaned with sand and water. He decorates it with a tuft of white feathers and puts on a bright red coat, which I gave him in a moment of generosity. I think you would be pleased with his appearance on such occasions.

Ugema is splendid in his holiday clothes. But at night, in his costume of a sorcerer, as I have seen him, wearing a mask of animal skins, his body smeared from head to foot with blood, often human blood, then he is not so pleasing a sight. He is no longer grotesque; he is not only hideous, but a being to inspire terror.

For many years Ugema has been the chief of Aveng and a celebrated sorcerer. His recognized and uncontested power attracts clients from within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles. Some ask him to cure their physical ailments. Others want charms to help them make a fortune. But the greater number want to find out who their enemies are,—a gentle euphemism, the clients really want to know how to get rid of said enemies forever.

One must pay for everything. Ugema answers everyone, but first of all he exacts full remuneration for his sorcery. You can not blame the man; times are hard even for a sorcerer. The larger the present to the sorcerer, the greater the client's chances of being heard; a black hen is the smallest acceptable offering; a goat is better; and two goats are better still. A demijohn of brandy brightens one's chances materially. Without having had any school training, Ugema has penetrated the mysteries of arithmetic.

One day when I reproached him for his extortions, he winked, struck his belt heavily, and said: "Have you seen the bottom of my stomach?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, it is pierced, and it takes much to fill it." He burst out laughing and added: "A client is like a hen—the better it is plucked the better it is."

Ugema is my friend, or, what

is about the same thing in this country, he often needs my help, so he pretends to be my friend. He likes to spend his evenings with me, chatting and smoking for hours at a time. I have known him to forget both the time and his tobacco, but never his pipe.

During our long chats, I have frequently questioned him on the subject of the "Black Art" he practises, and have tried to find out just how much he believes in it. He always seems anxious to enlighten me on the subject, and has invited me more than once to assist at his consultations. I did attend on several occasions; yet, notwithstanding more than one manifestation of sorcery which seemed to others quite convincing, I was incredulous until I had the following adventure:

One fine evening Ugema came to see me. We chatted together for some time, and I invited him to remain with me until the next day, as I was going to have a fishing party by torchlight.

"What a pity," said Ugema, striking his stomach with profound regret, "what a pity. I can not stay."

"Ah! and why not?"

"The Master has called together the members of my fraternity for to-morrow evening."

"What do you mean? What Master?"

"The Master, I tell you. He who can!"

I understood.

"Ah! And what brotherhood?"

"Oh, all those of this region and those from afar. Some come from a distance of more than thirty days' march."



A SORCERER AND SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS

"And where are you to meet?"

Ugema hesitated a moment; but, as he considers me a white sorcerer (he is not the only one who does—even in France people touched iron when they saw me passing), a member of another society and another degree, he answered: "On the plateau of the Yemi, in the old abandoned village."

"What! And you have not started yet? Why, the plateau of Yemi is four days' march from here and the fraternity meet to-morrow evening, you say. You will never get there."

Ugema looked at me with a certain disdain.

"White brother," said he, "do not sorcerers know how to travel in your country?"

"Certainly, but not as you do."

"No, indeed, not as I do."

Ugema drew himself up with pride. Then, taking his head between his hands, he reflected for a long time.

"Come with me to-morrow morning. I will give you food and in the evening you will see what we black sorcerers can do."

Of course I would not miss so rare an occasion to study sorcery at first hand. The next morning we started for his village and journeyed along without any unusual incident. At about six in the evening, when darkness threw its mantle, pierced by a few stars, over the forest, Ugema said to me:

"In a few minutes I shall make the preparations for my departure. Once I begin, do not interrupt me; it would be certain death for both of us."

I solemnly promised him not to say a word, not to trouble his incantations by sound or gesture, but to be as dumb as a dead tree.

"But," I said, "tell me one thing: Is it true you are going to the plateau of Yemi, to the old abandoned village?"

"Yes, I have told you so already."

"Will you render me a service? I wish to send a message to a friend. Will you deliver it?"

"Of course I will."

"On your way, at the foot of the plateau, you go through the village of Ushong?"

"Certainly."

"Do you know the merchant there who buys caoutchouc?"

"Do you mean Esaba?"

"Yes, that is the man."

Now, I must explain that Esaba is one of our Christians, called Vincent since his baptism. He teaches catechism, baptizes the dying, instructs the little children, and is very devoted to us. When we are in his village, he always gives us hospitality and renders us many services.

"As you pass his door, will you tell him I want to see him very much. Tell him to come at once and to bring me the cartridges for my gun that I left in a small iron box at his house. Tell him I do not want anything else, only the cartridges. You understand?"

"Your commission shall receive attention. Esaba will get your message this evening and will start to-morrow. Not another word."

Met by so much assurance, it is easy to understand how my astonishment grew, and how eager I was to see what the result of my experiment would be. How was Ugema to arrive in a few minutes at a meeting which was to be held in a place at least four



A DANCE IN THE JUNGLE

days' march from here? As I have already said, it would be easy for me to prove whether he made the journey or not, through Esaba. From the Mission to Esaba's is three long days' march, and that means no time must be lost on the way.

We had entered the hut of the fetiches. A fire, on which aromatic herbs and wood of strong essences had been thrown, burned in the middle of the hut, and its bright flames lit up the whole interior. I took a seat in a corner. While singing the weird air of a penetrating melody, Ugema took off his ordinary clothes. One by one he put on his charms, each charm calling for a new chant of slow and fantastical rhythm. The sound rose high at times and then as suddenly fell. The chant was sometimes a prayer of adoration, but oftener a call upon the spirits of the woods, the forests, the waters, and the spirits of the dead.

While chanting and putting on the charms, Ugema moved slowly and continually around the fire, with a

studied motion, quickening the rhythm. The charms are on. Ugema still for a long time moves around the fire, till only the embers throw out a dying light, hardly sufficient to dissipate the darkness.

Suddenly Ugema ceases dancing; from the roof is heard a strident, commanding hissing. I raise my head. A supple form has glided into the hut. A black serpent of the most dangerous kind uncoils itself on the ground, raises its head, looks angrily at me and moves its fang rapidly. It rises and droops, appears to hesitate, then throws itself on the sorcerer, presses him, twines around him. . . .

Without the least emotion Ugema takes a phial, pours a reddish liquid, of a strong odor, on his hands and rubs all the parts of his body one after the other, beginning with his feet. I have recognized the serpent, his Elan-gela, the executor of his death warrants. The snake loosens his hold on Ugema's waist, slides up to his neck, and circles it to the rhythm of the dance and the chanting.

Without the least sign or word of disapproval from the sorcerer, I light a torch, so as to follow all the details of the scene.

The fire throws up a feeble flame and then dies out. Ugema has stretched himself upon his bed. A peculiar sharp, sour odor fills the hut. I have the greatest difficulty in resisting the torpor which seems to pervade my whole being. I approach Ugema; the serpent has disappeared, and the sorcerer sleeps profoundly, an unnatural sleep like that of death, a cataleptic sleep. I raise his eyelids—the eyes are white, glassy, and do not move, though I hold the torch close to them. I place myself before him and raise his arm. It falls stiff and lifeless, like that of a corpse. I do the same to his leg, with a like result. I drive a pin into his flesh—there is no contraction of the muscles. There is only the slightest trace of foam on the lips, and the beating of the heart is imperceptible. Ugema sleeps.

♦

I watch beside him all night: not a gesture, not by the least, perceptible stir does he betray a sign of life.

At about eight o'clock in the morning Ugema begins to move a little. I watch him closely. By degrees life returns. He sits up on his wooden bed and looks at me

stupidly in a way that seems to ask: "What are you doing there?"

Consciousness is returning.

"Oh, I am so tired," he says.

"Well, how about that journey of yours? You see you were not able to make it."

"What do you say? I was not able to make it?"

"Were you on the plateau of Yemi during the night?"

"Of course, I was. It would be a bad thing not to answer the Master's call."

"And what did you do there?"

Ugema was silent for a moment; then he replied:

"There were many there; we amused ourselves very much."

I could not get anything more out of him.

"And my message—did you give it to Esaba?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"You spoke to him during the night?"

"Yes, I spoke to him during the night."

"But I have not moved from this hut. You were on that bed. I watched you all the time."

"No, I was not on that bed. My body was there; but what is my body? I was not there. I was on the plateau of Yemi."

Not wishing to insist more for the present, I ended the conversation and, a few minutes later, started on my homeward journey to the Mission, asking myself, as I went along, what was the meaning of it all?

Just three days later Esaba arrived at the Mission.

"Father, here are the cartridges you told Ugema to ask me for the other day," he said. "Do you want me for anything else?"

"At about what time did Ugema notify you to come?"

"Three days ago, about nine o'clock in the evening."

It was the time Ugema had fallen into the cataleptic sleep.

"Did you see him?"

"Oh, no, we blacks do not like to see phantoms at night. Ugema knocked at my door and spoke to me from outside, but I did not see him."

That is all. Without doubt Ugema had assisted at the sorcerers' meeting. In a few minutes his spirit had gone many miles, had acted, spoken, heard. Was this a dream, illusion, phantasmagoria, or a reality?

St. Anthony and the Indians

By Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I.

The incident here recounted may not appear extraordinary to many of St. Anthony's clients, who, perhaps, are able to quote from their own experiences even more remarkable examples of the favor of "the gentle Saint of Padua." The sketch has, however, especial interest as a graphic description of an arduous journey and the trials of a missionary in the wilderness.

"Now, Sahid, let us look for it again. If we fail to find it within five minutes, we will proceed on our journey."

These words I addressed one day to my Indian com-

panion, as, in the course of a painful journey along the summit line of a steep range of snow-clad mountains, in the northern interior of British Columbia, I stood, helpless and vexed at the loss of a valuable instrument, some five thousand feet above the raging torrent that rushed through the thickly timbered valley.

Instead of following the beaten tracks that led, a distance of two hundred miles or more, from Fort Babine, where I had preached a mission to a large crowd of In-

dians, to Bear Lake, where I was to repeat my missionary effort, I resolved, in the interest of geographical science, to take a short cut through the woods, along a wild river that was represented to me as heading not far from my place of destination.

But, two days' experience of the trackless forest, wherein we had to trudge through impenetrable thickets, scaling every now and then heaps of windfalls, or sinking in pits hidden from view by a carpet of treacherous moss, had been too much for me. My load was lighter than the burdens of my three companions; but I was not, like them, inured to such incessant gymnastic exercise, and I broke down far away from all human habitation.

This mishap determined us to ascend the lofty range of treeless mountains, in order to get rid of the vexatious obstructions in our way, and we had for some time followed, in the close vicinity of the clouds, every crag of the rugged mount, when an abyss confronted us. As I was painfully dragging along my weary feet, far behind my companions, Jean-Marie, a young man, slender as a match and naïve as a child, had been told to wait for me, so as to be in a position to guide me safely from the chasm which forced on us a direction that, unaided, I could not have guessed.

It was Saturday, and my Indians had arranged that we should aim for a certain spot in the wilderness, where we would find the brush, fire-wood and water, without which no camp could be made. As we were then far above the timber limit, there were only rocks and snow and a few patches of heather in sight. Therefore, camping on the high mountain slope was out of the question.

On the other hand, two of my companions had gone ahead, in order to try and secure some marmots as our means of subsistence for the next day, when we should remain idle in camp out of regard for the sanctity of the Sunday. I rested with Jean-Marie by the edge of the precipice. But the young Indian presently reminded me that we must move on, if we hoped to reach the proposed haven. Judge of my dismay when I missed my pocket

barometer that had, so far, faithfully indicated, for the benefit of the large map I had in contemplation, the elevation of the chief landmarks passed by my party. I soon remembered having consulted it in the close vicinity of a peak some half a mile behind.

"I must have dropped it there while recording the altitude of the place in my note-book," said I. "Just come with me, Jean-Marie, and, with the aid of your eagle's eyes, we shall soon find it."

Retracing our steps, we eagerly scanned every nook of that part of the mountain. No stone escaped our scrutiny, every depression in the ground was diligently searched, and the vast expanse of snow on the mountain near by was eagerly scanned. But all to no purpose.

At last Jean-Marie, discouraged at our insuccess and impatient at the unwelcome delay, refused to help me any longer.

"What is the use of that little box anyhow?" he said solemnly. "There must be many such in the land of the whites. You will easily get another when you return home."

"Yes," I replied, "but there are surely none in these mountains, and I need one to obtain, for my future map, the height of points that I am fairly certain I shall never visit again."

Moreover, my aneroid was the gift of a friend, and I prized it far and above its intrinsic worth, though this was not insignificant.

Meanwhile, my two guides were wondering at the delay. Fearing lest a catastrophe might have occurred, whereby I had perhaps slipped down an abyss or been hurled to the bottom of a crevice, Sahid, the older of the two men, came back to reconnoitre.

As soon as I perceived him at the base of the precipice, near whose edge I was standing, I cried out to him to look carefully for the lost barometer all over the steep slope of the rent in the mountain. His search proved fruitless. Then I asked him to accompany me in going over the ground near the top of the mountain once more. I had already been over it ten or twelve times.

As to Jean-Marie, he was simply disgusted at the loss of time and what he was pleased to call my obstinacy. Seated on his load, his head between his hands, he sulked like a child, and would not assist us in any way.

Long did Sahid and I continue to seek for my lost treasure. The result was not any more satisfactory than the attempt of his younger companion. Finally, even this faithful Sahid pointed out to me the utter futility of our efforts and added that, if we did not depart immediately, it would be impossible for us to reach the only place in this wilderness where we could pass a whole day. He knew that on no consideration whatever would I travel on a Sunday.

His plea was but too plausible, and his argument quite convincing. Yet I



FATHER MORICE AND HIS COMPANIONS

was loath to leave that fateful spot without attempting a last effort. I had read much of the efficacy of St. Anthony's intercession under similar circumstances, but had never personally experienced it. In my sad plight, I inwardly promised him that, if he would help us to find my little instrument within five minutes, I would say in his honor for the poor souls in purgatory the first Mass I could celebrate in the humble chapel of the village, for which I was bound.

It was then that I addressed to Sahid the opening remark of this little story. For at least the fifteenth time we turned back. By the watch it was now three-quarters of an hour since I had discovered the loss of the aneroid.

Jean-Marie, more sullen than ever, was sitting, his eyebrows contracted in anger, facing the precipice.

"I see it! I see it!" he suddenly cried out. Then pointing to the foot of the precipice, he added:

"There it is. I see it shining in the sunlight."

Yes, there it was indeed. We had twice looked for the aneroid, almost in that very spot! And Jean-Marie was not searching for it.

Thanks, honor and glory to kind St. Anthony!

After such a long halt, my companions did not lose time on the way. Though the mountain side was absolutely without the shadow of a trail, and at times left so little available room for the foot of man that we had to crawl around rocky projections, at the risk of breaking our necks in case of a false step, my Indians, like the true chamois that they were, minded no obstruction. Soon they had again left me behind.

The sun was gilding the mountain tops facing the range, beyond which it was setting, when I suddenly found myself face to face with an obstacle that for a time taxed my wits beyond their powers. Part of an overhanging glacier had crashed down, causing an avalanche that had torn away, in its downward rush, a part of the mountain side. I must cross a deep gulch to catch up with my truant guides. Yet so steep was the ravine that even an Indian could hardly pass it.

Farther down, matters did not improve, and I had to ascend in search of footprints, until I almost reached the remnants of the glacier, still clinging to the summit.

The sun had set, and I felt that darkness would soon overtake me. Therefore, unable to discover any trail made by my guides, I attempted to leap across the gap-



FATHER MORICE'S MISSION AT CAMLOOPS

ing abyss. Alack, I next found myself grasping a projecting rock and suspended between heaven and earth.

Above was the threatening glacier; below gaped an abyss fully five thousand feet deep, the very sight of which made me dizzy. And here I was at the mercy of a bit of rock, the loosening of which would have meant for me an ignominious death in the wilderness, and unknown even to my too hasty companions.

There are moments in a man's life when, despite his possible recklessness and self-sufficiency, he feels in need of a Superior Being and instinctively turns to Him, when he is forced to implicitly acknowledge his own littleness.

If such moments remind even the would-be infidel of his Creator and Saviour, how much more do they intensify the faith of the believer! Such a climax had befallen me. Calling upon God, whose protection I had always acknowledged, begging the assistance of our heavenly Mother whose Oblate I was proud to be, and beseeching good St. Anthony to find me a safe path, I remembered that it was in order to save souls I had undertaken this perilous journey; therefore, taking my life in my hands, I boldly swung myself toward the other side of the gap.

Clouds of sand and gravel flew under my feet. But I managed to land safely on solid ground, where I cowered breathless and trembling. Copious drops of cold perspiration covered my face and, for a moment, I seemed more dead than alive. Yet I was saved.

Soon afterwards I rejoined my companions, who were busy preparing the camp for the night and the next day. Once more, glory be to God and thanks to His Immaculate Mother and to St. Anthony!



The Cleveland Apostolate

By Rev. W. S. Kress

A mission band to carry the Gospel to those outside the fold was organized in the diocese of Cleveland in the fall of 1894. The initiative came from Rt. Rev. Ign. F. Horstmann, the inspiration from Rev. Walter Elliott. The formation and training of the band was intrusted to Father Elliott.

Having been with the band throughout the fourteen years of its existence, I notice a marked change in the feeling of non-Catholics toward our faith. They were always ready to grant us a hearing; but in the early days it was often like the hearing granted to notorious criminals in the court-room; our auditors were persuaded of our guilt, no matter what we might offer in our defense.

Catholics were looked upon in those days as consciously abetting a false religion, of having hostile designs upon the Government and the public schools, of putting the Pope in God's place, of worshipping idols, of shutting out the light by throttling the Scriptures, by frowning upon education, of tyrannizing over souls through the confessional and of many absurdities.

The Question Box, through its unsigned communications, exposed the suspicions and secret thoughts of our hearers. But the Question Box has been reformed, through years of patient labor, from a reckless, pugnacious, conceited, ill-mannered fault-finder to a sober and sincere inquirer. The spicy freshness of its younger days is a thing of the past in Northern Ohio.

Ours was a hard field for gaining souls to Christ. Bishop Horstmann said:

"Knowing Ohio as I do, I will not look for any considerable number of conversions under ten years."

Converts are coming into the Church now in numbers. We estimate that the missions of the Cleveland band have brought sixteen hundred souls into the fold up to the present. We have distributed two hundred and thirty thousand four and eight-page leaflets, six thousand two hundred brochures and one hundred and two thousand books.

The effect of the doctrinal missions upon our own people is immeasurably greater, in my opinion, than upon those for whom they are directly intended. This opinion is shared by pastors and many lay hearers themselves. In addition to our work among non-Catholics, we have heard nearly sixty-one thousand confessions. We have given in all one hundred and sixty-seven Catholic, and two hundred and fifty-seven non-Catholic missions, many of these in places where the paucity or poverty of the Catholics had not permitted of a mission before. In these very localities we found them to be most needed.

The beneficial effect of doctrinal missions upon the non-Catholics who remain outside the Church should not be overlooked. The drift toward infidelity is arrested in many an individual, belief in the Saviour's divinity and in the inerrancy of the Scriptures is strengthened generally, and all are encouraged to hold on to what is true in their crumbling faith.

For years the Cleveland Apostolate has made a strong fight against divorce in almost every town of importance in Ohio. From July 1, 1904, to July 1, 1906, the number of divorces granted was reduced to less than one-half; and only five thousand two hundred and sixty-five cases (bad enough still) were pending on the latter date, compared with eleven thousand on the former. I think we can justly claim some part of the credit for this improvement.

Our Apostolate has also made a fight against Socialism and plutocracy's exploitation of the laborer part of its campaign against the destructive forces in American society. The mission program has included, moreover, a special series of instructions against infidelity; another on the Holy Eucharist; another on the Bible.

We have never been without work, and only once in the fourteen years of the mission's existence have we failed to secure an audience. That "killing frost" occurred at New Bedford, a little town in Pennsylvania just beyond the Ohio line.

The Native Clergy of Che-Kiang

By Bishop Reynaud, C.M.

A critic, evidently misinformed, reproaches missionary bishops with neglecting to form native clergy in their respective dioceses. Not only at Che-Kiang, but wherever it can be done; wherever there are resources that can be applied to this purpose, European bishops and priests make it their duty to select the most promising among the young neophytes, in order to prepare them for the priesthood.

China is no barren soil, uselessly absorbing the missionary's toil and the alms of its benefactors. Every year it yields a rich harvest of souls and many fruits of salvation that might be increased ten and even a hundred-fold, if it were well cultivated.

This is the great anxiety, the great need of the moment. We require many more co-workers, in order to reach the millions of souls that escape us. The missionaries who come from Europe are not numerous enough, and we try to recruit auxiliaries among the children of the country. This is called the work of native vocations.

First of all, we have a school established to furnish subjects for the preparatory seminary by sending there each year new, well-chosen recruits.

The missionaries, during their apostolic journeys,

often meet young Christians who desire to consecrate themselves to the service of God and the salvation of others.

When signs of vocations are observed, the children are sent to the missionary school at Ning-po. Preferably the selection is made among the children of families that have been long Christian, and in whose descendants Faith and Christian habits have taken root.

Two or three years of training are necessary before we can know the lads well. If they prove satisfactory, their education is continued, great attention being given to Chinese literature, that they may in no way be inferior to the scholars of the country. They are also taught the elements of Latin, geography, arithmetic, and, above all, are formed in the duties and practice of religion.

The missionaries, in their turn, closely study the characters and dispositions of their charges and are thus usually enabled to send to the preparatory seminary only those who show genuine evidences of vocations. The parents think they have done enough in giving up their children. Indeed, for many of them it is a great sacrifice, and they can do no more. Destined to work on the mission, these boys are educated at its expense. The cost of maintaining each young student is about twenty dollars a year.



STUDENTS OF THE SEMINARY OF NING-PO

Since 1854 the preparatory seminary of Saint Vincent de Paul has been situated on a large island of the Ichou-san archipelago, at the mouth of the Blue River. A lovelier spot could scarce be imagined; the walks, in all directions, are beautiful, and the people of the vicinity are friendly.

To this oasis, at the foot of the mountains, are sent groups of young candidates from the preparatory school. No care is wanting to make of them good pious seminary students. They have the usual studies: Latin, the sciences



BISHOP REYNAUD'S CATHEDRAL AND SEMINARY

and religion. The course may be completed in five years. During the recreations the games are very animated. One is quite surprised to see these same youths so quiet at their studies or before the Blessed Sacrament.

Many French naval officers, when cruising in the archipelago, visit the Seminary of Saint Vincent of the Isles. They become boys again with the pupils, talk a sort of dog Latin with them and take part in the games. Nor, in these, do they always win the honors of victory. I

soldier's real courage. The seminarians generally come back with good notes that promise well for the future.

When I see them in their surplices praying at the foot of the altar, or hear them singing the praises of God, I half forget that I am in China. Is it not a spectacle to gladden the heart of any bishop?

The dear youths! They make me reflect. I discount their services and their conquests in advance. I place them where good is to be accomplished, where souls are



BISHOP REYNAUD AND A GROUP OF HIS MISSIONARIES

have seen an admiral weep for joy when the band played old French airs for him.

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Never, from the beginning of the mission, has our seminary been so crowded as at present. There are twenty-one pupils in the three departments. Even more gratifying than the number of these candidates is their sincerity. They all work with ardor to become good, pious, educated priests and save many souls.

Besides their own studies, which comprise all the branches of ecclesiastical science, they teach the catechism to little orphans and school children, to the catechumens and to the old men in the asylum.

The students in the highest department will soon be made sub-deacons. Before taking this decisive step, they spend a year at some mission and labor with a missionary to learn all about the work, to try their strength and show what they can do. The test of the battle field shows the

to be saved. But, in presence of the real demand, all at once their number diminishes, and seems far too small for the work to be done.

I would need seventy-two disciples, as our Lord had, to place even one in each sub-prefecture. This would give one for about two hundred and seventy thousand pagans. It would be easier to find these candidates than to feed them. I have to beg, even now, for those in the seminary.

The greatest apostolic joy of my twenty-two years' experience as a missionary bishop has been the ordination of nineteen native priests. The illustration shows them in their Chinese costume. In the picture the number is incomplete, however, for two were away at the time the photograph was taken and five are dead; one was a martyr.

The native priests are always valuable auxiliaries. They work well and render great services to religion. They are almost indispensable, because they understand far

better than Europeans the language and customs of the country and the mentality, prejudices, aspirations and defects of their compatriots. All this knowledge is very necessary for the progress of religion and in regulating any difficulties that may arise in the direction of the vicariate.

To try to get on without the help of native priests would be to render ourselves unable to do good. They

are like bridges between us and the people. The natives talk with them before they come to us. I might almost say they acclimatize the Faith in a country suspicious of all that come from the outside world. This is, therefore, the work of works, the most urgent, the most efficacious, the most deserving. It is also the most expensive, as the maintenance of each seminarian costs about one hundred dollars a year.

Hindu Neophytes

By Rev. F. Gaymard, P.F.M.

Here at our Mission, near Coimbatore, Hindustan, we have two young neophytes whose father has gone to Natal to find employment.

It is sad to see these poor natives emigrating to the British colony on the southeast coast of Africa and to the island of Mauritius. One man deserts his wife and children; another forsakes his aged parents; a woman sometimes leaves her husband to go to a country of which she has only an exceedingly vague knowledge.

Agents, authorized by the British government, make these people many promises and advance them money. In this latter practice lies the snare. Every month, shiploads of coolies are thus sent off.

Yonder, in the land toward which they are borne, hard and stubborn toil awaits them. They soon fall ill, and the majority die miserably. Among the few who return, there is seldom to be found one who has saved even a small sum of money.

But this fact fails to open the eyes of the natives. They are like children and continue, by thousands, to exile themselves from their country.

Why does the government favor this emigration? Because India with her three hundred million inhabitants is over-peopled and, notwithstanding the terrible floods and the continual ravages of famine, pestilence, and the cholera, the population is constantly increasing.

This departure of many of the people might not be so bad for them, if the whole family emigrated, or if only those free from conjugal ties were enrolled by the officials. Unfortunately, this is not the case.

The agents take a married man, without regard for his wife and the children, whom he leaves in desolation and misery. They enroll the mother of a family, without informing her husband, who seeks for her in vain. Ordinarily, when there is a dispute between husband and wife, the pair, if left to themselves, will make up the quarrel. The woman will show a disposition to be reconciled; the man will prom-

ise not to beat her again for a while. But the enrollment agencies are on the watch.

"You are not happy here. Your family make you miserable; come with us, then," they say; "we will give you money and clothes. We will find you easy work; you will be well paid; we will advance you the passage money to go to Mauritius and soon you will return rich."

The agent does advance a few rupees and induces the emigrant to sign a paper. After that it is too late for him to draw back. He is bound and must go.



HINDU WOMEN OF HIGH CASTE



AN APPEAL TO THE MISSION

Recently a Christian of good caste came to me.

"Oh, *Sami*, help me."

"Why, what is the matter?" I inquired; "you seem in despair."

"My wife has disappeared. I can not find her. We had a little dispute and —"

"It was not merely a dispute, you beat her and without cause. Am I not right?"

"Well, yes; I beat her, but does she not belong to me? She went to her mother's house. The next day I sought her there, bringing with me dainties for a little feast to make friends with her again. I learned that she has gone to Coimbatore, and I am come, *Sami*, to ask your help to find her."

"But in Coimbatore there are fifty thousand people. How will you find her? Have you not received some address?"

"They say in the village that she is going away to a far distant country."

"Ah, I see how it is."

I immediately wrote a few words to the chief magistrate of Coimbatore, begging him to have a search made and to restore to her distracted husband a young Christian woman, who would be found, I was sure, in one of the emigration agencies.

The same evening the fugitive was brought back by the police. The husband's joy at the success of my application was only surpassed by the happiness of the wife.

"And why, foolish woman, did you leave your husband

and children to go away to a strange land," I asked.

"Oh, I am so very glad you set me free, *Sami*," she replied.

"Were you, then, a prisoner?"

"Yes, I was locked in a house with others, and was told I could not go out until taken to the ship that was to carry me away."

"But why did you go to this place?"

"In the village a man told me that if I would go to this house in Coimbatore, I would get work, the people there would pay me well for it, and I would soon have much money. When I arrived they gave me three rupees (about a dollar and a half) and a new gown, and told me we would set out next week for Mauritius. I did not know what I was doing, and I forget every-

thing. I was told they put a drug in our food, and because of its effect in making me dull, I did not see the enormity of my fault."

If the husband had come a few days later, the wife would have been lost.

This state of things is, indeed, sad, especially as the evil appears to be without remedy. It can not be called transportation, since the individuals consent to leave the country, but it certainly is very like transportation."

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Generally, the people who come to seek my precious spoil of religious teaching, are not of high caste. As in the time of our Lord, it is among the pariahs, or outcasts, the humble and the poor, that the seed of the gospel germinates most readily.

I dare not predict that they will always persevere. Nevertheless, if they are not of exemplary piety, and if they easily neglect to hear Mass, some excuse may be found for them. Their ideas of the supernatural are not sufficiently clear.

I hope God will show great mercy to our poor pariahs. He has given them but one talent. He will demand of them an account for but one talent.

In the city of Coimbatore there are still fifty thousand pagans to be converted. I have visited two large pagan villages in the environs, Kourichi and Tudiyalour, where there is not a single Christian. The visit was friendly, but so far nothing has come of it. I would like very much to establish a little school in the vicinity, for it is with the school our work must begin.



MISSION LIFE AND NEEDS

The letters from the mission field published in this section were lately received at the Central Direction or some of the diocesan offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They will serve to show the needs of the missions and the results already obtained or hoped for, and also to express the gratitude of the missionaries to their benefactors. Appeals for help from missionaries will be entered here, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will gladly forward whatever answers readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may wish to give to them.

FROM THE RIGHT REV. THOMAS A. HENDRICK, BISHOP OF CEBU, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

"In my recent visitation of Northern and Eastern Mindanao, I found the conditions very much improved. Still, the Catholics and the priests have much to suffer, from the poverty induced by the wars, through the withdrawal of the support formerly given by Spain, but, more than all, because of the opposition of the municipal and provincial governments. I need not tell you that any help that can be given is most urgently needed. The mere sight of the miseries of the faithful Catholics, and of their priests, must necessarily fill one with grief. There is a good old Jesuit missionary in Tagalo-an, Father Juan Baptist Heras, who has, I am told, baptized more than fifty thousand persons with his own hands. The descriptions given me by this holy priest of his experiences, reminded me strongly of what we read in the lives of the saints, of the struggles and sacrifices made for religion. Although seventy-two years old, he is active as a boy, and pleasant and good-natured over his work, as a child with a favorite game. His church was nearly and his monastery completely destroyed three years ago. The monastery is also a school for about two hundred boys. There is, too, a school for girls, conducted by native Sisters, in their own convent. Father Heras has no money to finish the roof on the church, and it stands exposed to the fury of tropical deluges of rain, and to the force of the cyclones. It was a large and beautiful new building, and if he can have some assistance it may be saved.

"Such aid would be a godsend and encouragement to the poor Catholics all along that coast, and a reminder that they have the sympathy of Catholics in the United States. It would be, moreover, a recognition of the heroic, apostolic life of this old saint, and a reward, as much as he can be rewarded, before he is called to his own."

FROM REV. J. VOGEL, CHEYENNE AGENCY, SOUTH DAKOTA.

"Your remittance was received yesterday. I thank both you and the donor. A little church will be built this summer on my mission. I first intended to have it twenty by thirty feet, the cost for material to be five hundred and for labor two hundred dollars. As a larger church will be soon needed, however, I decided to have the building twenty-four feet wide and thirty-four feet in length. Cost of material, six hundred; of labor, two hundred and forty dollars. Toward erecting the church we now have three hundred and twenty-eight dollars, with one hundred and fifty more promised. The Indians themselves have raised half the sum on hand, which also includes your remittance. Please let me know the name of the donor. I wish to send him a picture of the church when it is finished."

FROM REV. T. HENRY, S.J., HOLY ROSARY MISSION, PINE RIDGE, S. D.

"Many thanks for your generous donation toward our mission work. It will help to build a new meeting and prayer house if the Indians furnish the logs. Our people

are more active than ever before. In six different places they are trying to get a little church, or at least a good house or meeting place where Mass can be said. In one place the Indians gave me more than forty dollars during the Eastertide for a new chapel; in another they have collected one hundred and eighty-one dollars, so far, for a chapel. I mention these facts to show you that our Indians deserve the support and sympathy of the generous Catholics of the United States."

FROM AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR CHINA.

The Rev. Angelus Bleser, O.F.M., writes as follows from Memphis, Tenn.:

"I am going to leave this country in July, in the capacity of apostolic missionary for the vicariate of North Shen-si, China, and I ask of you this favor. Please send me the numbers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS thus far published. I will request some friend to subscribe for the magazine, which can then be sent to me when I am laboring in yonder land of "the Son of Heaven." I shall find it of great interest. At present, I am humbly begging and buying my necessary missionary equipment. I have chosen St. Joseph for my procurator. Surely he will see to my speedy fitting out."

FROM THE NATIVE SISTERS OF CANTON.

"We are happy to think that your Honor is enjoying excellent health and advancing in great virtue. As you are exceedingly far from us, it is impossible for us to see you personally, but we hope to see you through our Lord.

"We think it right to state something concerning the old customs in our country and the scene of them. Superstition prevails almost everywhere. There are immense temples in the villages, with many idols in them. People go often to these temples and spread offerings before the idols. Moreover, idol processions take place every year. Those who join in them hope the wooden idols may bless them. Sometimes a votary writes his name on a sheet of paper and places it under the idol. This has a special significance. Crowds of women gather about women-sorcerers, thinking that through them they may interrogate their ancestors. More pitiable still is the fact that many women either forsake their infants or give them away, and thus many children die from lack of care. Missionaries have gone to many parts of the country to preach the Gospel, but there are few nuns to assist them. We entered the convent to love and serve God and the Blessed Virgin, and to have St. Francis Xavier as a protector. We are prepared to teach the heathen to know the true God, that they may be saved."

FROM FATHER BERTRAND, MISSIONARY APOSTOLIC TO THE LEPERS OF GOTEMBA, JAPAN.

"Japan, I hope, is not importunate in taking the liberty of calling your attention to the lepers of whom I have charge. The Gotemba Asylum is little known in America, and I shall

be much obliged if you will help me to collect alms in order that I may continue to alleviate the misery of the seventy-five lepers now in my care. If our resources were not so small, we could extend relief to more of these unfortunates. The disease is frequently found here in Japan, yet no one takes thought of the sufferers except to drive them away. Since France has been in a turmoil because of iniquitous laws, the aid sent me from that country has greatly diminished. If I do not obtain assistance from other sources, I shall be unable to provide even for all the poor lepers whom I have at present. But Divine Providence has never deserted us, and we are confident that new friends will be raised up for the missions."

FROM FATHER FERRAND, MISSIONARY IN TOKIO.

"I am about to found a Catholic Reading Room in the capital city of Japan. I ask of all interested, contributions of Catholic literature, and from the people of the United States in particular, Catholic books and current magazines in English, or means to procure these works. To aid in the carrying out of this project is another and most practical method of helping in the propagation of the Faith."

FROM FATHER SYLVESTER ESPELAGE, WUCHANG, CHINA.

"Right after Easter I took ill with a bad sickness, small-pox, and have just been dismissed from the hospital. Though perfectly cured I am still weak, and therefore beg you to excuse my long delay in answering your kind favor of March 5th, which I received in the hospital. I am sorry I can not immediately send you a contribution for CATHOLIC MISSIONS, but hope to be able to send something, with photographs, soon."

(Father Espelage is the young priest of the Franciscan Order who contributed to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith and CATHOLIC MISSIONS the interesting "Letters of an American Missionary in China," which attracted so much attention. We publish this note, because it goes to show how much the missionaries have to contend against and something of the greatness of their sacrifice).

FROM REV. J. AELEN, E.F.M., GUNTER, BRITISH INDIA.

"The Tebugus, among whom I am working, are a people of British South Africa, numbering fifteen millions of souls. Unlike other missionaries I am not among the wild barbarous tribes, for the Tebugus, and in general, all the East Indians are a rather civilized people, living peacefully in their little villages, tilling the ground or working in their little industries.

"In days gone by, they may have been fond of war and conquest, but at present they have nothing to do with fighting or weapons.

"The East Indians and the Europeans are generally admitted to be of the same origin. The photographs I send represent the women in their feast dress. Without all the jewelry represented in the picture, they show a degree of civilization in the neatness of their attire. The Tebugus are a little too quiet as regards religion. They are addicted to the old customs, and it is difficult to interest them in anything new.

"Our forefathers did thus and so. Why should we do otherwise?" they say.

"The caste system is, without doubt, the greatest obstacle the missionary encounters in his effort to convert these people. In another letter I will describe this system. May God bestow his choicest blessings upon the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS, who help us in any way whatever."

FROM REV. A. LIGHTHEART, ROTOVUA, NEW ZEALAND.

"By this mail I send you some photographs of Maori chiefs of the old type. I have been very busy since my return, and my long journeys of missionary work have again begun. The change is very great after my recent trip to the old country and to America. I worked among the negroes down south for some years, and I shall never forget the happy days I spent in the United States. Will you try to do something for my mission here?"

FROM REV. F. S. SONZA, ULLAL, MANGALORE, BRITISH INDIA.

"I will give you a little account of our missions. The field that is entrusted to my care extends over a district of about twenty-eight miles in length, and the place is very inaccessible for want of anything like proper roads. We have to travel to and fro on foot. Even where there are some roads they hardly serve our purpose.

"The people are widely dispersed. When we have to go from one village to another therefore, we have to engage coolies to carry our vestments for Mass, our luggage and other necessities, and at times, also, ourselves, when we come to a deep stream or river, which is often the case. For we travel through thick jungles and remote valleys, and often we have to run the risk of falling a prey to a tiger or other wild animal.

"We have always to keep in search of members of our flock, and to protect them from pagans and our adversaries, the Protestants.

"Our people are better than the pagans around us, yet they hardly know the fundamental truths of our religion. Often, even those of mature years are so inert as not to be able to make the Sign of the Cross in the proper manner. And this, notwithstanding our incessant toil and exertions. The field is too extensive and the laborers are too few. The difficulties, moreover, are innumerable.

"Our new Christians are lamentably superstitious, and we find it hard to break them of their pagan customs. For instance, they will never give out anything on certain days of the week. At special seasons the living members of a family will join together to make a dinner for the deceased father, mother, brother or sister. When the feast is prepared, the family sit around in a circle, out of doors, and the meal is served on large leaves, one leaf and portion of the food being set aside for the dead.

"This leaf is presently placed where the birds may feast on its contents. Then the family begin the repast. It is the conviction of these people that the dead are born anew, in one form or another. That is, they believe in the Transmigration of Souls.

"These superstitions have taken such root in the hearts of the people that it is almost impossible to irradicate them. When anyone is ill, his relatives run to the fortune-teller, or soothsayer, to investigate the cause of his illness. They have peculiar drugs of their own, and these are taken with some superstitious ceremonial. When all their remedies fail them, at last, they have recourse to us, both for medicines and the rites of the Church.

"All the people here hope especially to have an imposing burial after death. I wish they thought as much about the eternity of the soul.

"Sometimes they delay to send for the priest so long that when, after a weary journey, we reach the hut of the sick man we find he has passed away.

"You see how much is still to be done to save these poor people. We hope you will help us a little."

MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA.

BOSTON

The Most Rev.
J. J. Williams,
Archbishop of

Boston, the dean of the Catholic hierarchy in America, recently attained the patriarchal age of eighty-five years. Throughout the great province, which has had such a wonderful growth under his wise supervision for forty years, the clergy and laity united in the celebration of the notable anniversary, making the occasion a memorable one in the history of the Church in New England. Archbishop Williams was born in Boston, April 27, 1822. At that time the city had only three thousand Catholics, and the diocese embraced all of New England, with a Catholic population of ten thousand, attended by about half a score of priests. New England to-day has one million and a half, and Boston three hundred and fifty thousand Catholics. Two thousand priests minister to the spiritual needs of the people.

Educated at the Sulpician College, Montreal, and at St. Sulpice, Paris, Archbishop Williams was ordained in 1845. He was vicar-general of the Boston diocese under Bishop Fitzpatrick, whom he succeeded as bishop in 1866. In 1875 Archbishop Williams received the pallium.

ST. PAUL

The cornerstone of the new Cathedral of St. Paul was laid on Sunday, June 2d. Archbishops Quigley, of Chicago; Keane, of Dubuque; Glennon, of St. Louis; Mesmer, of Milwaukee, and Christie, of Oregon City, some twenty bishops, and two hundred priests participated. Around them were gathered three thousand laymen. Archbishop Ireland preached the sermon. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, sent his blessing upon the work. The ceremonies followed a review, by the archbishop and his guests, of a religious parade of many thousand Catholics of the city. The day closed with civic exercises, consisting of addresses by the Mayor of St. Paul and the Governor of Minnesota. A letter of congratulation was received from President Roosevelt.

FALL RIVER

The Most Rev. J. F. Feehan, of Fitchburg, Mass., has been appointed Bishop of Fall River.

OREGON CITY

Archbishop Christie of Oregon City delivered the baccalaureate sermon at the June commencement exercises of Oregon State University.

HARRISBURG

St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Harrisburg, was dedicated on May 14. A large number of bishops and priests were present. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. John W. Shanahan, bishop of the diocese, and the sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. Eugene A. Garvey, of Altoona.

CHEYENNE

The Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, Bishop of Cheyenne, calls attention to the Wyoming missions under his pastoral care. His diocese, comprising an area as large as New England, numbers only fourteen priests, several of whom have neither home nor chapel. They carry with them their little altar, in their missionary journeys to sheep ranges, cattle ranches, mining camps and Indian reservations.

LOS ANGELES

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty, a few weeks ago, dedicated the great Cross, erected by the united zeal of Catholics and non-Catholics, on the summit of Roubidoux Mountain, to the memory of Padre Junipero Serra, pioneer Franciscan missionary of California.

OKLAHOMA

In Oklahoma the Church is making notable progress. This Episcopal See is not yet two years old, and the Rt. Rev. Theophile Meerschaeft is its first Bishop. When, in 1891, he was appointed vicar-apostolic there were in the Oklahoma and Indian territories, twelve priests, twelve churches, and seven schools. Now he

has seventy-five priests, more than a hundred churches, and forty schools, besides hospitals, academies and orphanages. The Catholic population then numbered five thousand. Now it is twenty-eight thousand, including five thousand Indians.

NEW ORLEANS

The ceremonies incident to the conferring of the pallium upon the Most Rev. J. H. Blenk, of New Orleans, took place on Sunday, April 21st, in the old cathedral of San Luis. The pallium was placed on the shoulders of the Archbishop by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, after the Pontifical Mass. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis.

SIOUX CITY

The golden jubilee of the first Mass said in Western Iowa, is soon to be observed in Sioux City, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Garrigan has appointed a committee to make the occasion a notable event in the State. The Mass was celebrated on a day of the last week of June, 1857. Of the pioneer congregation then gathered around a missionary priest, one member still lives in the city. The commemoration will consist of solemn services at the Cathedral, and a meeting of the Catholics of the diocese.

RUTHENIAN BISHOP

The petition of the Ruthenian Catholics, of this country, for a Bishop, has been granted, and the Propaganda has nominated Father Stephen Setere Ertynsky, C.S.B., as Titular Bishop of Daulis, Greece, with the mission to the Ruthenian Catholics throughout the United States.

MISSION FOR INDIANS

A mission for the Passamaquoddy Indians, of Pleasant Point, Maine, was recently conducted by Rev. T. I. Gasson, S.J., President of Boston College. These Indians number nearly four hundred, and almost all made the mission, which was given at their special request.

INDIAN MISSION SCHOOLS

The revenues of five schools of the Catholic Indian Missions have been cut off through a ruling by Judge Gould of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, in regard to the right of application of Indian trust and treaty funds. As a result of this decision, the Catholic Indian Bureau loses five of the eight contracts given to it by President Roosevelt, and no payment will be made by the government to the St. Francis Industrial School, of Rosebud, S. D., for the education of its pupils during the fiscal year, 1905-1906. The loss to the school is, therefore, about twenty-five thousand dollars, and the annual loss to it and the other four schools affected will be fully sixty-two thousand six hundred dollars.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Secretary Taft, speaking before the committee of Congress on insular affairs recently, said: "One of the greatest disasters to the Philippines has been the destruction of the Roman Catholic churches. The Church there is an instrument for the preservation of peace and good order. It is thus of the utmost importance to the government, and should be sustained. The damage inflicted on the church property in the train of war amounted to \$600,000 in round numbers, the damage it suffered at the hands of the insurgents was fully \$800,000 and, in addition the churches were robbed of articles of cult and ornamentation amounting to \$300,000. All these amounts are over and above the \$363,000 which the board considered due from the government for the occupancy of these properties by our troops."

EUROPE.

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

Statistics compiled by Father Krose, S.J., show that the Catholic Church is the most flourishing and widely extended of the religious bodies of the globe. According to this eminent authority, there are in the world five hundred and fifty million Christians, and a milliard of non-Christians. Of the Christians the Greek Church (Schismatic) claims one hundred and ten million, while the Catholic Church possesses 261,503,922 as her adherents. A non-Catholic, Herr Kattenbach, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the University of Göttingen, practically sustains these figures, roughly estimating the Catholics as two hundred and sixty million, and non-Catholics of every sect as one hundred and eighty million. More than forty-seven per cent. of the Christians of the earth profess the Catholic faith.

ASIA.

INDIA

The Most Rev. Archbishop Colgan, of Madras, after sixty-three years in the sacred ministry in India, twenty-five of these years being spent in the episcopate, has retired, and will be succeeded by his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. J. Aelen, D.D. Archbishop Colgan was born in Ireland eighty-three years ago. His services have been given especially to the Church in India. He was at the head of the Seminary, Vicar Apostolic, and in 1886 was named Archbishop. In 1894 he was appointed a prelate of the Papal household by Pope Leo XIII.

HAKODATE, JAPAN

Bishop Berlioz, of Hakodate, Japan, lately spent several weeks in the United States on his way home from a visit to Rome. The Bishop was accompanied on his travels by Father Steichen, author of the noted book, "Christian Daimyos," an account of religion and politics in Japan during the latter part of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries.

TOKYO, JAPAN

The Japanese government has ordered a copy of Goldie's painting of the death of St. Francis Xavier for the public library of Tokyo.

AMBASSADOR FROM CHINA

Si On Ting-Fang will go to the Vatican as Ambassador from the Chinese government, to regulate the standing of Catholic missionaries in the Celestial Empire. He is a court dignitary, and recently occupied the position of Minister of Justice.

EASTERN CHAN-TONG, CHINA

Rev. Father Witter, O.M.C., has been named by the Holy See Bishop and coadjutor of the Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Chan-tong, with the right of succession.

TCHÉ-LI, CHINA

The Vicar Apostolic of Tchéli, Bishop Auguste Cogset, C.M., has been transferred to the Vicariate Apostolic of Southern Kiang-si.

CANTON, CHINA

Bishop Merel, a short time ago, ordained three more native Chinese students to the priesthood. After the triple ordination, the Bishop blessed a beautiful bell, the first bell of the Canton Cathedral.

KIANG-NAN, CHINA

Father Madrey, S.J., missionary at Kiang-Nan, has compiled statistics which show that, out of a population of over four hundred and seven million, there are one million Catholics in China.

AFRICA.

UPPER FRENCH CONGO

The Holy Father has changed the title of the vicariate of the Upper French Congo. Henceforth it will be known as the Vicariate of Loango, the principal settlement of the region and the residence of the Vicar Apostolic.

CONGO FREE STATE

The convention regarding the Catholic Missions in the Congo, drawn up and signed last year by Cav. de Belgium, has been ratified by King Leopold and Pope Pius X.

AFRICAN MISSIONS

In nine missions and Vicariates Apostolic in Africa, the White Fathers, numbering three hundred and ninety-three, aided by one hundred and seventy-seven Sisters, and one thousand four hundred and eighty catechists, ministered last year to 122,630 Catholics, and 210,251 catechumens. They have nine hundred and forty-five schools, with an attendance of nearly thirty-nine thousand children.

SOUTHWEST AFRICA

It was through the efforts of Father Malinowski, O.M.I., that the useless war of the Hottentots against the German forces was brought to a close. As an envoy of the Europeans, and despite great privations and dangers among the Kharees Mountains, he sought out the native chiefs and induced them to accept honorable terms of peace.

OCEANICA.

MOLOKAI

Father Julliotte, one of the heroic missionaries, who succeeded Father Damien in the work of caring for the lepers of Molokai, has instituted a bacteriological laboratory on the island.

The study of leprosy, according to the most approved scientific methods, is his special aim. He is sending to men of high authority in the medical and scientific world specimens of the bacteria, in order to obtain all possible aid in his search for a cure for this loathsome disease.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

In this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS the most important missionary magazines are reviewed, those published in the English language having the preference as being more accessible to the majority of our readers. Attention is directed to articles, pamphlets, and books bearing on the missionary question in order that the friends of the missions may be kept informed of the progress of the Church among infidels, heathens, and all outside the fold.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, for June, contains an account of the work of the Society in 1906, which is of especial interest to Catholics in this country. The United States takes second place this year in the list of countries contributing to work. As usual France leads the world, notwithstanding her struggles and the threatened poverty of the Church. The ten countries that contributed the largest amounts are:

France	\$615,063.07
United States	185,287.71
Germany	136,833.78
Belgium	73,363.21
Italy	52,354.26
Argentine Republic	35,209.24
Spain	32,470.61
Switzerland	22,003.04
Mexico	21,916.81
Ireland	19,417.64

If we consider the diocesan contributions, we find the following dioceses have made the largest offerings:

Lyons	\$78,472.98
New York	56,600.96
Boston	48,517.15
Cambrai	36,432.55
Metz	35,570.83
Strasbourg	31,833.50
Saint Brieuc	31,269.50
Paris	26,892.50
Nantes	25,795.37
Marseilles	22,990.93

Of these ten dioceses two are in the United States, two in Germany, and six in France.

The report for the United States is the most gratifying ever issued. The second and third places in the list are occupied by two American dioceses, and the total shows an increase of nearly \$30,000 over last year's contributions, and of \$100,000 over those of five years ago. In 1902 the contributions of the United States amounted to \$85,408.44; in 1906 they were \$185,287.71.

This is the result of an awakened missionary spirit that manifests itself in many other ways and is reassuring for the future of Catholicity among us.

The Annals' June instalment of the series on "The Societies of Catholic

Missionaries," is an account of the apostolic labors and achievements of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts in Oceania, by Rev. Ildephonse Alazard, S.H.Pic.—In "Pages from the Journal of a Missionary," Father Bonnard, O.M.I., tells of the Indian stations at Cross Lake, and Norway House, British Columbia. — "A Catechist Confession of the Faith" is a beautiful incident of Christian heroism among the poor blacks of Africa, narrated by Rev. Father Zappa, L.A.M., Prefect Apostolic of the Upper Niger.

The Field Afar (May) gives a pleasing sketch of the late Viscountess de St. Jean, foundress of the Work for Departing Missionaries. Under various forms this work existed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it was re-organized, under the above name, by this noble widow, who devoted many years to gathering alms and means for the equipment of missionaries setting out for distant lands. —What promises to be a notable series, "In the Homes of Martyrs," begins with a graphic reminiscence of a visit to the Curé of Assais, brother of Théophane Vénard.—*The Field Afar* also publishes extracts from a publication that may be called "A New Primer of the History of the Christian Religion in the Celestial Empire." The result of a study of the subject by two Chinese professors, it has been placed in the hands of every scholar of the land, and marks the first popular, systemized account of the origin, development and influence of Christianity in China.

The Missionary, for June, in an article entitled, "Be Broad Gauged in Your Sympathies," says: "While parochial needs are urgent, if the needs of the Church Catholic were ignored the vitality of the parish would soon disappear. The progress of the Church in this country must be everywhere simultaneous; one part can not go ahead and leave the other behind. The May number of the *Missionary* gives an exceedingly impressive summary of the remarkable results of the non-Catholic mission movement.

Extension, for June, shows in a practical manner "What a Layman Can Do"

toward planting the Church in isolated districts and among non-Catholics. Dr. Frederick J. Lloyd writes on "The Truth About the Philippines as Told by Bishop Harty." *Extension* (May) offers a practical solution of the immigrant problem, in an article by Father Roche, describing the polyglot parochial school of Torrington, Conn. Immigrants to the United States, who settle in non-Catholic or backwoods communities are frequently lost to the Faith, because of their environment. After the building of a church among them a Catholic school should be established. The school at Torrington has one thousand and thirty-three pupils, children of every race and nation of Europe, with a few Syrians and Armenians.

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London, for June, contains the report for 1906, of the 'Mill Hill Fathers' Foreign Missions, a splendid record of nearly nine thousand baptisms. There are also statistics from Uganda giving a Catholic population of more than eighteen thousand, and twenty-nine thousand Christian and pagan medical patients (many doubtless victims of the Sleeping Sickness), cared for by the missionaries and Sisters. An interesting account of the Trappist Mission at Natal, is furnished by the editor. Father Henry writes of a new school at Kumamoto, Japan. The reader is then transported across the Pacific to Oceania and the Marists' Mission at the Fiji Islands. There is also a description of the Maori Missions of New Zealand. The May number of *Illustrated Catholic Missions* has a most readable article on the late Paul Splingaert, Brigadier-General of the Chinese army and the friend of all the Catholic missionaries and of his co-religionists in China. The story of the Abyssinian Church, by Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., is continued in the May and June issues of the magazine.

Donahoe's Magazine (May) publishes an article on "Evangelizing a Chinese District in the Twentieth Century," which deals with the winter journey of a catechist among secluded mountain villages of China. This native Christian, Dr. Van Sien-San, found all doors open to him, because he was by profession a physician, but when he attempted to do more

than cure the physical ills of the mountaineers his efforts to spread the Faith were often received with abuse, especially among a heathen sect called Fasters. By spring, when the people returned to their work in the fields, he had, however, gained a measure of success. All trace of this zealous and self-sacrificing catechist was lost during the persecution of 1900. It is believed that in those terrible days he was martyred by the pagans of some isolated locality.

The Colored Harvest (June) gives an account of the negro missions of Mon. Louis, Chastang, Birmingham and Montgomery, Alabama, with excellent illustrations. "The Foundation of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, in Baltimore," tells the edifying story of this community of colored nuns, who have done so much to elevate the women of their race.

Les Annales des Sacrés Coeurs—Paris (June) is devoted mainly to an interesting biography of the late Rev. Romain Démaris, S.S.C., twice provincial of the Society of Picpus in South America. He was, also, for a time, superior of the Mother House at Paris, and founded the first establishment of the congregation in Spain. "Father Démaris was," says his biographer, Rev. I. Alazard, "a man of distinguished ability and a great missionary."

The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, N. Y., (June—"A Wedding Ceremony in New Guinea" is an account by a missionary Sister at Port Leo, E. Indian Archipeligo, of the marriage of two young charges of the convent with two exemplary Manilese catechists. The letter unconsciously reveals the tender interest taken by the Sisters in the native girls under their care.

The Annals of the Holy Childhood (May) in its news from the Missions states that, in the last fifteen years, in the missions of Northern China, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Korea, more than one million children owe the light of Faith and probably their eternal salvation to the Society of the Holy Childhood, that is, indirectly, to the Catholic children of Christian lands. For this is the beautiful As-

sociation which aims to inculcate the spirit of missionary zeal and charity in the hearts of the young, and make them co-workers with Christ in drawing to Him the children of pagan countries. The same magazine gives a charming sketch, from Coimbatore, of an East Indian family converted through their frequent meetings with the Sisters by working in the convent garden. Incidentally, also, there is a description of the barbarous East Indian custom of breaking the bones of the dying.

The Indian Advocate (June) describes the once hostile and terrible Apaches, who now, on their reservation at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, have made progress toward civilization. The May number relates the history of the Flathead Indians and their beautiful reservation.

St. Joseph's Advocate, London—A missionary of Madras relates the details of an extraordinary conversion; and Rev. Father Klerk describes the Dyaks of Borneo.—A sad, yet edifying page is devoted to the memory of two young missionaries, Fathers Lehane and Timon, recently drowned in the Belgian Congo.

The Salesian Bulletin devotes several pages to the simple but beautiful life of Dominic Savio, one of Dom Bosco's most promising pupils, and a model for students, as Louis Comollo was of seminarists and the Venerable Sulpizio was an example for artisans.—The laying of the cornerstone of the first Salesian School at Tanjore, India, is noted—and in "Dom Bosco as an Educator," the care with which the young under his charge were trained in good principles is emphasized as being the educational cornerstone of the Founder of the Salesian Congregation.

Les Petites Annales de Marie Immaculée, gives an interesting account of a missionary's journey of five hundred miles on snow shoes, from Ft. Albany, James Bay, to Montreal, Canada. Having occasion to go to this city in the interests of his work, Father Fafard, O.M.I., set out from his mission among the Cree Indians, January 31, 1906, with two guides and two postal couriers. The thermometer was way below zero.

The first stop was Moose Factory, at the end of James Bay. The journey was made in the native manner, of short stages and frequent rests. It usually began at five o'clock in the morning, and the day's trip ended at half past four. The excursion had many hardships, sometimes the travellers had no water to drink but the melted snow. But, notwithstanding the intense cold, the missionary contracted no illness from being, day after day, in this low temperature, and he remarks upon the splendor of the starry Heavens, which he observed during the long evenings. The Oblate mission at Fort Albany has been in existence about twelve years. The Anglicans also have a chapel there.

The Grey Nuns, of Montreal, some time ago, established a hospital at this post of the Hudson's Bay Company and Reveillon. The good Sisters minister to and care for the aged Indians in this asylum. The Crees never abandon their old parents, but they gladly deliver them to the care of these religious. The Grey Nuns have a school at Fort Albany for the Indian children. The "Petites Annales" also has a description of the Oblate Missions of Basuto Land, South Africa.

RECENT BOOKS ON THE MISSIONS.

A Life of Pierre Chanel (Blessed), by Father Nicolet, has recently been issued in the French text, by the Catholic Foreign Missions Bureau of Boston. This illustrated memorial of the first martyr of Oceania is a book of three hundred and seventy-five pages, has sixteen half-tone reproductions, and is tastefully bound in blue cloth, stamped with gold.

A New Geography of the Chinese Empire has been published in French, by Father Richard, S.J., missionary at Kiang-nan, China. Intended primarily for the native students at the Jesuit College of Zi-ka-wei, the work is, however, of such notable merit that Father Richard was named a laureate of the Society of Commercial Geography of Paris, at its last meeting. The material for this important publication was gathered at the Jesuit mission stations in China.





Three Newly-Ordained Chinese Priests

Catholic Missions

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Editorial Notes

Apostolic Work of the Missionaries

DURING the last hundred years Catholic missionaries have spread the faith among three hundred million pagans in Asia—from Afghanistan to China. The Catholic natives of that part of the world now number two million two hundred and fifty thousand, as against five hundred thousand in A. D. 1800. In Indo-China alone the Catholic population has risen from three hundred thousand to a million souls.

A hundred years ago Australia and New Zealand had no missionaries and few Christians; now they are the home of one million Catholics, and the islands of Oceanica can boast of one hundred thousand members of the faith. Japan since 1879 has added fifty thousand to the four thousand Catholics she then numbered.

Africa, which was almost wholly Moslem in 1880—except where it came under European influences, and in these cases the Catholics were persecuted—has now two million adherents of the Church, with six vicars apostolic and a zealous hierarchy. In the United States in 1800 the Catholics numbered forty thousand, with one bishop and forty priests. To-day there are in this country ninety-four bishops, eleven thousand eight hundred and seventeen priests, and fourteen million Catholics.

Thus, throughout the world in the last century the harvest has not been meagre.

Why this increase over the missionary achievements of other centuries? The zeal of our missionaries of to-day is indeed unflagging, but their efforts are not more tireless

than the devotedness of the noble apostles who in other times went forth to teach the heathen.

The results quoted are, under Providence, due in part to the far larger number of missionaries laboring in the apostolate. Another cause may be found in the progress of the world in discovery and invention, which has rendered it possible to penetrate into the heart of countries formerly unknown, the missionaries leading the way among the explorers. A third reason may be ascribed to the widening influence of the spirit of true liberty that emanates from Christianity and is disseminated among the pagan nations by contact with Western civilization, to which, through commerce or European conquest, they have opened their doors.

Apostolic zeal and modern progress are then the instruments that have accomplished so much.

It is for us, to-day, to keep up the great work, as far as is given us, to sustain the courage and labors of the missionaries, as the Israelites sustained the uplifted arms of Moses while he prayed for the victory of truth over error, and aided him to set up the altar of God in the wilderness.

If the work of the missionaries continues during the next hundred years to yield as encouraging a return as it has in the last century, the dawn of the year A. D. 2000 may see Asia and Africa Christian lands, and in the remote isles of Oceanica the realization of the canticle of the prophet: "Let many islands be glad."

Scientific Work of the Missionaries

WHEN the work of Catholic missionaries is mentioned, we naturally think of apostolic labors and conquests. The pioneers of the Gospel have, however, also assiduously cultivated another field to which they have rendered many important services, namely, the scientific and literary field. Yet how few Catholics know that numberless discoveries in science and literature are due to priests and brothers.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith is publishing a series of articles showing how much we owe to the profound researches of the missionaries in ethnography, languages, comparative grammar, history, geography, archaeology, astronomy, and every department of learning. Reason tells us that virtue and the apostolic spirit are certainly not incompatible with the study of the sciences, and the centuries have magnificently proved the fact.

"To raise in the midst of a pagan people this beacon of light and moral salubrity, called the Catholic Church," says the eminent missionary, Bishop Le Roy, C.S.Sp., "it is necessary that the missionaries shall set before themselves as a plan of campaign the study and knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, the native customs, the laws, religion and language of the people. And if, in order to become better missionaries, they devote some time to various studies, why should they not share the information acquired by their discoveries with the world at large?"

To help the cause of the missionaries, therefore, is to extend the scientific and literary domain of mankind.

Work for the Missions in Philadelphia

THE Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan has always taken the deepest interest in missionary effort. His well-known devotion to the cause of the Indians prompted President Roosevelt to appoint him Indian Commissioner. The Archbishop is also keenly interested in the apostolate of the Church in pagan lands and, consequently, in the work carried on by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which is now being organized in Philadelphia according to the plan that has resulted so successfully in New York and Boston.

We have no doubt that the great archdiocese of Philadelphia, long favorably known for its generosity, will respond to the appeal of its beloved pastor and extend a generous help to the greatest of all charities.

The Negro Missions of Philadelphia

By the Rev. J. H. Cronenberger, C.S.Sp.

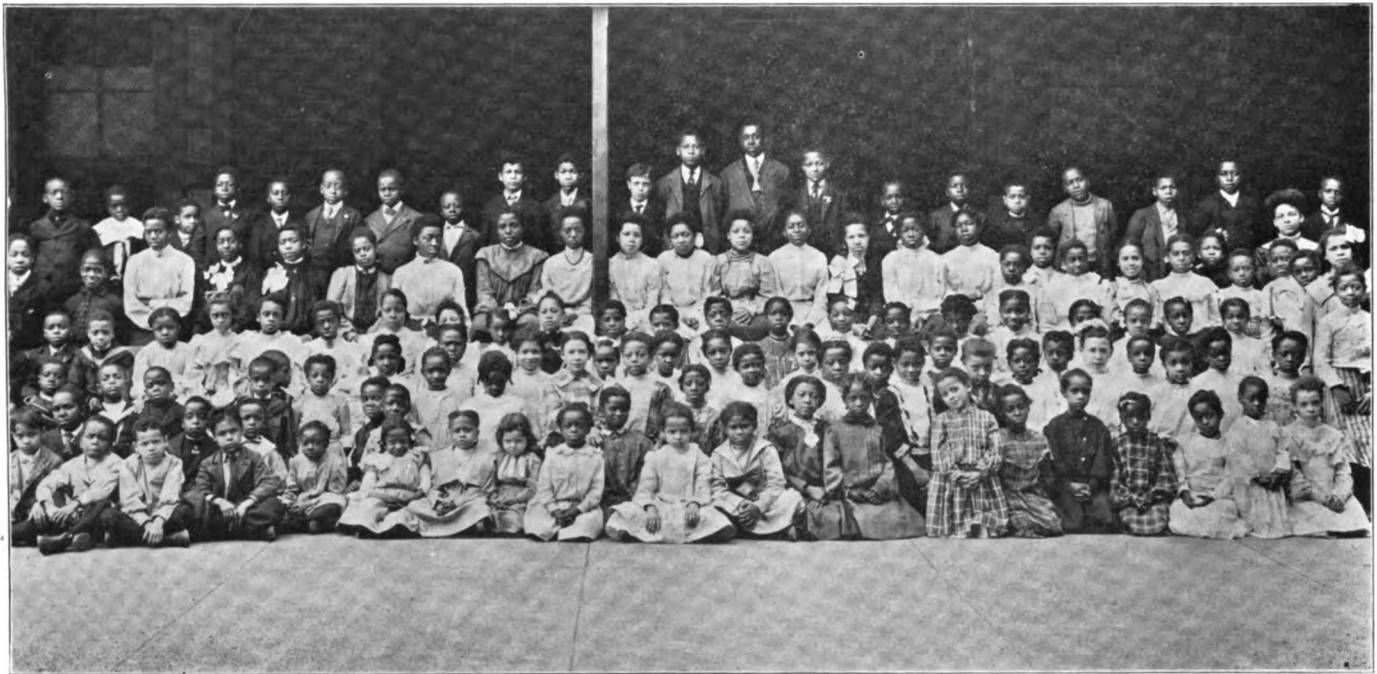
We are often told that our efforts in behalf of the colored race are certainly praiseworthy, but our friends and well-wishers add that we might spend our time and energy in a more promising field.

Such critics have never reflected upon the ever binding obligation put by our Divine Lord upon His Church—to preach the gospel to all nations, without difference of race or color, an obligation beautifully and forcibly set forth in the recent appeal in behalf of the Negro and Indian missions. Nor have these individuals, indeed, ever considered the remarkable results obtained by the missionary priests who work among the colored people.

A glance at the report issued by the bureau for the colored missions proves how God has blessed the efforts of the mission workers. The analysis of this report shows that out of the ten millions of colored people in the

All this is the work of the Catholic Church for the colored race, and the colored people have responded to these efforts. One thousand converts added in one year to the true Church! Is not this a magnificent reward for the missionary priests and their sympathizers? Is not this a rich harvest in the face of many adverse circumstances and manifold difficulties, financial and otherwise? At the same time, is not this a striking proof of the willingness of the colored people to accept the sweet yoke of the Catholic Church when they become sufficiently acquainted with it?

These are not speculative considerations but logical conclusions from the facts gathered by the bureau for colored missions. They are borne out more forcibly, if possible, by a short historic account of the mission for the colored people of Philadelphia.

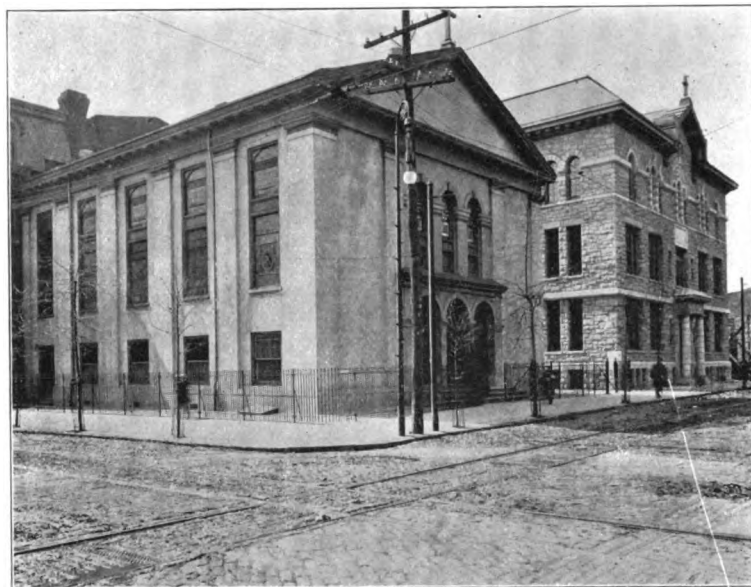


PUPILS OF ST. PETER CLAVER'S SCHOOL

States, 138,503 belong to the Catholic faith, and if we make due allowance for the dioceses not mentioned in the report, we may safely assume that the total of the colored Catholic population is about one hundred and seventy-five thousand. About forty-five priests minister exclusively to this portion of Christ's flock; seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-three children were baptized during the past year, and eight hundred and nine converts were received into the fold of the true Church. In one hundred and fourteen schools, nuns of various Religious Orders impart to six thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine pupils a thorough Catholic education. Besides these day schools, there are educational and industrial establishments supported by private or public charity, as well as homes to shelter the aged, and asylums for the orphans.

Even before the war of American Independence, Philadelphia was not without colored Catholics, mainly refugees from the revolution in San Domingo and their descendants. They attended religious services at St. Joseph's and St. Augustine's. A school exclusively for their children preceded the erection of the church for themselves. The colored Sisters of Providence from Baltimore had charge of it, but were soon after succeeded by Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur.

The colored mission of Philadelphia was established in 1889 through the zeal of Archbishop Ryan—whose efforts in behalf of the colored race are well known—and the financial help of generous benefactors. It was entrusted to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost Society, which has over six hundred of its members laboring for the colored people in the dark continent of Africa.



ST. PETER CLAVER'S CHURCH AND SCHOOL

The beginnings of the new mission were extremely modest. A private residence was fitted up to shelter school, chapel and priest. But God blessed the work—the tiny mustard seed grew—and, three years later, the congregation was able to buy the Fourth Presbyterian meeting-house, whose members had moved to other quarters. The necessary alterations in the building were promptly made, and the little enthusiastic congregation took possession of its new church, dedicated to St. Peter Claver, the great apostle of the colored race.

A school for the boys was established in the basement, while the girls were accommodated in a private house kindly put at our disposal by Rev. Mother Katharine Drexel. Four years later the pastoral residence was built on a lot adjoining the church, which was, at the same time, enlarged. With the erection of a new school, a beautiful stone building with eight class-rooms, an entertainment hall and accommodations for the young men's club, the mission has completed its outfit for efficient work.

About two hundred and fifty children attend our school. That in intellectual achievements they compare favorably with the pupils of any parochial school, we are assured by the Reverend School Superintendent. Several boys gained admission to the Catholic High School, and a number successfully passed the civil service examination. Seven young men, former pupils of the Catholic school, are at present employed as clerks at Uncle Sam's post-office.

The school is a centre of mission activity. A few of the children are not Catholics; some of these beg to be received into the Church. All obtain the moralizing influence of a school education conducted according to true Christian principles, and this training has an effect on them in later life. Often we are called to the sick-bed of some person who has been taught the truths of the Catholic Church while attending the school. This teaching may have been for a time forgotten, but at the hour of death the man or woman asks for the ministrations of the Catholic priest.

Our Catholics are generally very faithful to their religious duties. On Sundays, morning and evening services are well attended; the first Sunday of the month brings a large number to the confessional and the communion rail. The serious religious spirit of the people was attested during a mission preached to them two years ago.

It was in the depth of a very severe winter; ice and snow rendered the streets almost impassable, yet early in the morning—before five o'clock—the people came through the deep snow, many from quite a distance, to attend the mission exercises before going to their daily work. The mission preachers were deeply touched, and they assured us they had never preached a mission to a more edifying congregation.

Our young men set the good example. To encourage one another in the strict performance of their religious duties, to procure for themselves the necessary bodily relaxation in healthy surround-

ings, to offer to all access to instructive and moral literature, they have organized a club, the "Claver Catholic Club." Orchestra and brass band give them opportunity to display their musical talents, while their rich compass of voice is shown to great advantage in rendering the Gregorian melodies at church service.

The young ladies meet to receive special instructions adapted to their needs, to plan entertainments, to rehearse the performers, etc. As the new school hall affords greater facilities for entertainments, there is a movement afoot to organize a dramatic society.

Our aim is not only to impart to our faithful the principles of the true religion, we are also deeply interested in all that may promote their material welfare. To foster habits of thrift, a mutual aid society is established which, in return for a small monthly contribution, assures its members substantial benefits in case of sickness. The poor are not forgotten. The zealous members of St. Vincent de Paul Society give them, together with material assistance, the comforting words of sympathetic friendship.

Such is the work carried on by St. Peter Claver's mission. Within a decade of its existence, eight hundred and sixty-nine baptisms were administered, one hundred and seventy-four marriages blessed, and two hundred and ninety-four converts received into the fold of the true Church. Statistics have an eloquence of their own. Do these results not justify our devotion to the spiritual interests of the colored people?

Sometimes objections are raised against the establishment of separate churches for colored people, especially in the North. These churches are not so much needed for the colored Catholic population as for the non-Catholic element. Our Catholics know they are welcome in any white church. It is not so with non-Catholics. They would scarcely ever venture to approach the priest of a white congregation to ask explanations about the faith of the Catholic Church, or to receive the necessary instruction. They have not this same feeling of shyness when they know that certain priests have been appointed

to minister especially to them, when they can join a congregation composed of the people of their race whom they can meet on a footing of perfect equality. To do efficient missionary work among the non-Catholic population, the separate church is needed, to offer them the facility of hearing the teachings of Catholicity. Thus, by extending to all the bonds of Christian charity, the Catholic Church will eventually solve the burning question of the race problem.

For us, the nature of the education to be given to the rising generation is a question of vital and paramount importance. We face practical conditions, the outcome of many years of social, economic and intellectual differences, which no amount of theoretical discussion will wipe out, or bridge over. Our aim should be to better the conditions of

the rising generations, to brace their character to accept bravely the many disadvantages they have to contend with. Their education should be adapted to the real conditions they will have to face in after life, otherwise we may expose them to bitter disappointment. This applies perhaps more especially to the education of girls.

Some may be tempted to throw open indiscriminately to any fairly endowed intelligence, the doors of higher education, that, even in the case of white girls, is within the reach of only a limited number. Not long ago a

lady complained to us that her colored cook, educated in some institution, reads Shakespeare instead of attending to her culinary duties. Nor is this an isolated example. We could quote a number of them. Such girls are averse to menial work, while the higher positions, for which they have been educated, are, through no fault of theirs or ours, closed to them. Hence they grow dissatisfied and discouraged and sometimes fall away.

Boys and girls should receive a solid primary education and then be taught the means of earning a competent living, in those walks of life now open to them. The higher education should be given only to those who show a remarkable aptitude or those to whom we can assure a position. The greater number will be compelled to support themselves by manual labor. All should be taught the ele-



THE CLAVIER CATHOLIC BAND

vating influence of manual work when performed in pursuance of God's decree, that man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. Thus, by holding out to the colored people the grand Christian ideals, and pointing to that great home where all inequalities of this life shall be compensated for, the race problem will cease to be a problem. For they will readily adapt themselves to the existing conditions of their surroundings, and it may be hoped that later on they will become harmonious units of the social organism.

Childhood in China

By a Missionary Sister

I can think of no better way to interest the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS than to gather for them a few details regarding the customs that pertain to childhood among the Chinese.

The Apostolate to Children is a beautiful mission, for childhood never failed to touch the Heart of the Divine Master on His journeys in Galilee.

Among all the children of the world those of China

hold the first place in the thoughts of the missionary because of their great number. It is estimated that there are more than ten million infants in the Celestial Empire.

CHILDHOOD AMONG THE POOR

When a child is born and presented to its father, the latter receives it with a special formality. The newcomer is not given a cradle, but rests beside the mother,

and in this way is, often, accidentally smothered. The mother is, for a while, treated with much consideration, particularly if the baby is a boy. She is given wine of ginger to drink, and many delicacies are served to her. Hence there is a Chinese proverb, "A man is happy when he travels; a woman, when she has a young child."

When the child is a month old, the occasion is marked by a family feast to which are bidden all the friends and relatives. These guests ceremoniously offer their congratulations to the happy parents.

The infant is now bathed for the first time. Now, too, he is given the name he is to bear during his infancy.

After this festival the life of the family returns to its ordinary routine. The mother resumes her work at home, in the fields, or in the shop, but always she carries her baby fastened upon her back; and the little one appears to like his elevated position, for sometimes he may be seen sleeping peacefully, his tiny face turned aside, and the sun shining full upon him.

While the child is still quite young, his head is shaved, either to guard against diseases of the scalp or because of what is considered an elegance of fashion. A few little tufts of hair are left, however, and these are arranged in various fantastic ways.

It is hardly necessary to mention the preference of parents for boys and their contempt for girl babies, particularly when their first-born son has died. If a second little daughter is born to them, the child is usually done away with, when the first girl-child is strong and likely to grow up.

Thus families are at times decimated in default of male heirs, and the mother is regarded as of little account

because she has no son. A Chinese who dies leaving no heir is despised, and his memory is accursed because he has not honored his ancestors by continuing the family descent.

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The childhood name given to the infant varies according to circumstances. If the first child has died, the second is often called after a tree or an animal, in order to cheat the evil geni, supposed to be always lying in wait to destroy children. Often a baby is named after the barnyard fowl or after an idol. The evil geni does not see through the deception, and spares the child.

Frequently the names chosen are imaginative and poetic. The following are examples of those bestowed on little boys: "Glittering Dawn," "Pure Pearl," "Budding Flower," "Gleaming Star," "Retired Garden," "Sweet Doctrine," "Eyes like the Moon," "Light without Eclipse," etc. Girl babies are named: "The Father's Jewel," "The Leaf," "Immaculate Rose," "Perfumed Petal," "Velvet Corolla," "Virginal Stem," "Chosen Carnation," "Morning Peace," "Happiness without End."

When the children reach a marriageable age, or are old enough to begin to study, they are given new names. That is, at a very early age, children are betrothed to others of as tender years, who live in neighboring villages or perhaps at a great distance. It is not customary to arrange these marriages between families of the same surname or between cousins.

The young people thus affianced never see each other, however, until the day of their real marriage, a strange custom which, though, to a certain extent, it safeguards the dignity of the marriage state, is not favorable to a good understanding between the contracting parties.

When a young affianced husband dies, his betrothed is expected to remain as a widow for the rest of her life. Sometimes she goes to live with his family, where, as time goes by, she adopts one or more children to console her loneliness. This continued widowhood is considered among the Chinese to be a proof of heroic constancy. At the death of the inconsolable widow the community erects to her memory a stone monument with some such inscription as,

"To a fidelity and virtue boundless as the ocean."

In other cases the bereaved bride is taken back by her family, who soon choose for her another husband.

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What training do Chinese children receive? Independent of particular situations, where a child is born on a ship and does not leave it during his early years, or among the little mendicants and street peddlers, there is, properly speaking, no training of children in China.

From his first steps the child is left to his own caprices and receives, occasionally, only advice with regard to hygiene and morals.

He runs barefoot and seeks ever his own amusement. Without clothing in summer, he plays in the dirt, learns to swim, keeps guard of the buffalo herd, and return home in the evening ready to attack his bowl of rice with avidity. In his early childhood he is refused nothing, and he abuses the indulgence accorded him.



SOME OF OUR WAIFS AND THEIR NURSES

Credit must always be given him, however, for his filial piety. Between his parents and himself there is the warmest love and sympathy.

Usually, when the child has reached the age of seven or eight years, especially if the parents have the means to give him any advantages, he obtains some elementary instruction, chiefly upon the maxims and certain writings of Confucius. Some children succeed in learning to read, but the majority know nothing of books.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH

All that has been related in this article concerning Chinese children has reference to the ordinary classes in China.

What I have now to say of the children of the rich or well-to-do does not conflict with the general characteristics of poor or working children.

The dress of the children of rich and poor is, relatively, the same, and all are constrained by the same necessities. Nevertheless the child of wealthy parents is welcomed into the world by greater demonstrations of joy, is surrounded by more assiduous care and a more refined delicacy. He is clothed in fine garments, and jewels are placed around his neck and upon his wrists.

Like the child of the poor, he is dedicated to a genie, and a silver chain is, in effect, the symbol of the slavish fetters of idolatry by which he is bound. This chain is either around his neck or his feet, or else it is twined about the little arms.

In the cities, childhood is condemned to a greater seclusion than in the country, and this is especially the case with the children of the rich. A nurse, who is liberally paid, teaches the baby to speak, by saying over and over various sentences that the child will be able to repeat when his consciousness awakens.

When he is a little older, a tutor will instruct him in politeness and Chinese literature, and in later life he will

cherish the recollection of this master with much veneration.

The preceptor has entire surveillance and authority over his pupil. He may flog him if he sees fit, without interference from the parents.

After the respect due to his parents, the young Chinese of the higher class considers nothing more sacred than the veneration he owes his masters.

As for the little girls, from their earliest infancy their feet are cruelly compressed until these members take on an unnatural, useless, but diminutive form.

Many children are sold in China, sometimes to a cruel fate, to establish them for the future, or to those who have no children. The little child-wives are often also bought and sold.

I knew a young orphan girl who refused to be adopted



ORPHAN CHILDREN AT PRAYER

by certain worthy and well-to-do Christians because, she said, she was unwilling to break her ancestral traditions. If adopted she must needs give to the parents of another the honor that belonged to her own.

Instances like this prove that the worship of ancestors is still strongly in force in China, especially among young people.

The appalling number of little lives lost, either by illness or infanticide, leads us to speak at last of the Society of the Holy Childhood, to say again how much good it has done and how grateful we are for its prayers and its alms.

CHRISTIAN CHILDHOOD

Of every ten children rescued by the Society of the

Holy Childhood, eight are little girls. A visit to the nursery will make the inquirer well acquainted with our dear little lodgers.

A large, airy hall contains more than forty cribs. Sometimes all are occupied, but the occupants, unfortunately, do not remain long. Notwithstanding that all possible care is given to them, they hasten to yield up their places to others and take flight to paradise.

But the recruiting of their ranks goes on without cessation. The mothers themselves bring their babies, often in a dying state, to this nursery. Often again, even when the little lives are not at such a low ebb, they are yet so far gone that it is impossible to save them.

It is sometimes from a superstitious fear of seeing their children die at home, sometimes because, on account of extreme poverty, the mothers can not procure for their babies proper relief, or finally for various other reasons that the poor creatures direct their faltering steps toward our asylum.

One day a pagan woman brought us her little daughter, who was a few months old and in good health. But the mother had been to consult the idol upon the future in store for her child, and the oracle had made answer that she must bring the baby to us.

"If the gods had not directed me to bring her to you, I would not have brought her," she said.

Other children have been left at the door of a pagoda or heathen temple, and the doorkeeper himself has sent them to us, although there is a pagan home for children near the pagoda.

The greater number of these abandoned children are, as I have already said, little girls. If by chance a boy baby is brought to us, it is because the parents can not save him, and he is almost at the last breath. The next day they return for the little body before it is buried.

To facilitate the discovery of abandoned infants, we engage a number of Christian women who go to the gates of the towns, to isolated houses, the ramparts and other places where children are generally left, and rescue them. Sometimes they even receive them from the arms of the mothers in exchange for a few small coins.

Every day these women, who are called seekers, return to the orphanage with their precious burden of three, four, or sometimes five infants. On the back of one woman a baby is strapped, perhaps, and she holds two others in her arms.

They are always joyfully received. Immediately a bell announces to the Sisters the fruit of the day's search, and the tiny beings are revealed in their neglected condition and misery. Often the babe thus brought in has not even a shirt, but around the neck of the child hangs a red cord, to which is attached some pagan charm, a monkey's foot, a little bag of tallow, a diminutive bronze image of Buddha, or some other idol.

Another foundling has the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands covered with a coat of blue paint or dye, the result of a superstition that supposes the child thus equipped may travel to meet the spirits of its ancestors. By no means must the paint be washed off.

All the diseases to which children are subject are found

among the waifs brought to the orphanage, but rickets in its worst form is the most common malady. Many of the babies are so emaciated and weak that neither good milk nor medicines can cure them. On their cold and wizened faces one sees the indications of approaching death, and the infant sufferers can not be revived. What of those who are covered with sores? That is another misery, and indeed a pitiable spectacle!

The little patient is cared for and soothed for the nonce at least. Sometimes, if the constitution is good, the child recovers.

One baby three months old, when brought in, was in agony, with all the lower part of its body badly burned.

How did this happen?

The child had been plunged in a caldron of boiling water. Was this an accident? Not at all. The real explanation of the circumstance is that there were too many little girls in the home into which this poor baby was born. It was the fifth girl.

The child mutely pleaded only to be permitted to live. She was strong, as is proved by the fact that she continues to eagerly drink the concentrated milk that constitutes her chief food; the dressings applied by the Sister Infirmarian to the large burns have healed them, and the rescued baby has attained her twentieth month without any further ill effects from her terrible bath.

Later, two other infants were brought to the orphanage in a similar condition. They, too, have been saved by skilful treatment and care.

Thanks to the ease with which trips in boats are made here, sometimes women from the neighboring districts come to knock at our door. Usually, every woman of this class in China is laden with two great baskets, balanced on each side of the shoulders and suspended from a long bamboo rod that rests like a yoke upon the back of the neck. In these baskets it is the custom to carry vegetables, fruits or other market wares.

Our woman visitor sets down her burden. Suddenly, from under the leafy branches of trees, or bunches of bananas, or perhaps from beneath a pile of rags and paper, arises a great wailing and crying.

The articles on the top of one of the baskets are cast aside by the traveler, and presently two or three young infants are revealed, crowded down in its depths. Sometimes they are bound together with a band of straw, just like a bundle of vegetables. Fortunate merchandise that has passed through the streets without encountering the agents of vice-royalty.

Yesterday one of our young girls, over twenty years old, who has been at the orphanage since her infancy (she had been abandoned by her parents because of their poverty), received a visit from her mother who is still a pagan. The woman came to ask us to take the newborn infant of her sister who could not keep it, for two reasons: first, because she already had too many daughters, this was the fourth; secondly, because this child was born on the first day of the Chinese year.

Poverty and superstition—among the pagans these are sufficient reasons for doing away with their offspring. More frequently, the sickness of the little ones causes

the mothers to cast them out of their homes or bring them to the orphanage. Happy are those thus rescued by their guardian angels, for thus they escape the fate of many infants whose little bodies are swept away on the breast of the river-waters to the sea.

Often a mother brings her child for a medical consultation that she hopes may save its life. In prescribing remedies for the body, the Sister Infirmarian gives also the remedy most necessary for the soul, and the mother takes her baby home, assured, and with reason, that the child has received the best possible medicine that could be prescribed for it.

Sometimes it happens, also, that a mother brings her baby to us, saying: "The child will be better taken care of by you than it would be at home."

Last year a poor, blind woman, who long ago, as a child, had been rescued by us, baptized and in the course of time married from the orphanage, brought to us a blind girl twelve years of age, whom she had found with cruel masters who brutally ill-treated her.

It had been difficult to lead this young girl along the way, and the road was bad, but the worthy woman was so happy because of the success of her undertaking that, upon reaching the orphanage, she cried out:

"Sister, I want to save this poor child's soul. That is why I helped her and brought her here."

Nor would the good creature accept the meagre remuneration we give to those who rescue abandoned children.

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In the vicinity of Canton we find nurses who are very glad to take charge of the babies saved from death by the various means I have narrated. These nurses bring the babies back every month to the orphanage to show us the progress they have made.

Sometimes, alas, in their second summer, because of the maladies to which children are subject at this age, the delicacy of their constitutions, induced by former neglect, or the epidemics of smallpox, the plague, etc., that are such a scourge in China, we lose many of these little ones.

There is always joy among our band of children when a ward of the orphanage is old enough to be brought back by her nurse to remain permanently with us until she is grown. Nothing is spared to give her an affectionate welcome. Caresses, toys, or, better still, bits of fat, a great delicacy, are lavished upon her.

Divine Providence watches over all, and the little waif will find a maternal love in the heart of some one of the older children of this home, an affectionate protection



AT DINNER

under its roof, and, above all, surroundings favorable to the development of the soul and of the faith received in baptism.

Here, more fortunate than millions of her compatriots, she will learn to know the true God.

Our dear children of the orphanage are, generally speaking, well endowed with intelligence. They readily learn their prayers, and, however long these may be, they are always recited with attention and piety.

Naturally gay in disposition, these children readily amuse themselves at recreation. They are particularly interested when a missionary or other friend from Europe visits the institution. Their curiosity is at its height when they are admitted to salute the venerable visitors. It sometimes happens that the Bishop himself honors the orphanage with a visit. Then the little creatures show their affection for our worthy and devoted shepherd by their respectful bearing and happy faces.

These dear children have a particular talent for deciphering at an early age the characters of the Chinese language, which are so difficult for foreigners. They are fond also of reading aloud, one might better say singing, during the long hours, from their books bristling with hieroglyphics.

It is not unusual to find among our children fairy fingers that already excel in artistic needle-work. Their embroidery is regarded as very choice by the ladies of the European colony, who buy it to take home with them to their native country.

Unfortunately, this colony is very small and thus can not furnish enough work for our dear children. It would also be a great advantage if they could find among their benefactors of the western continent customers for their work, their lace and embroidery being suited to almost all articles of feminine attire and for the wardrobes of little children. To send the product of their skill would be very easy if we had the orders.

The Leper Asylum of Gotemba

By Father Ligneul, P.F.M.

Travellers in Japan, and sometimes the Japanese themselves, make an extraordinary charge, especially in this age, against the Catholic missionaries who toil in that country.

"The Catholics in general," they say, "do not speak enough of their works; they hide what they do, as if afraid to let it be known."

Whether this reproach has any foundation or not, we will not now discuss. It is true, however, that when a man is absolutely devoted to any special work he forgets to speak of himself and does not like to have others speak of him. Fame makes him fearful. What he has done seems so little in comparison with what he wishes to do that he can not understand why he is praised. He fears, also, that renown will deprive him of the better part of whatever merit he may have acquired. For good works are like perfumes: if they are given to the air, much of their sweetness is quickly lost.



A WOMAN LEPER

In regard to one of the most beautiful Catholic institutions of Japan, the leper asylum of Gotemba, it is certain that the man of remarkable devotedness who has been in charge of this work for fourteen years would have an insupportable repugnance against speaking of himself. It is necessary, then, that in the interests of the work, one of his co-laborers and friends should speak for him.

Notwithstanding the celebrity of Japan, those who come to visit the empire from other countries are not numerous, and fewer still visit the leper asylum. For those who are simply curious, it has certainly no attraction. The very names of "leprosy" and of "leper" arouse sentiments of repulsion and horror.

These sentiments are natural, for there is no physical misfortune so terrible as this disease. But, nevertheless, there is a beauty in the work of aiding the wretched sufferers from this loathsome affliction, and by so doing, in a simple way, a sublime ideal is realized.

Here are a band of unhappy mortals whom society has cast off, from whom their families have been forced to turn away. Abandoned, scorned, condemned to suffer during their entire life, they must flee from their fellow-beings, hide themselves, and, finally, die in the extreme horror of their malady.

On the other hand, by the power of industry and charity, another society is formed for these poor people. They are received into another family, are surrounded by friendship and care, often for a longer period than other men, and are rendered happier than many individuals in other respects more fortunate.

For the attainment of this end, the leper asylum has been established upon a magnificent site, one of the most healthful and renowned of Japan, namely, a high table-land at the foot of the celebrated mountain of Fuji.

No position could be better chosen to delight the eyes, elevate the mind, and strengthen the body. On all sides, as far as the horizon, extend mountains that seem to have been cast up by some titanic force. The landscape is so beautiful, the air so pure, the sky so blue, that one seems to breathe in joy as well as a new life.

The buildings of the asylum occupy several little hills, near a swift stream. Surrounded by trees they present the appearance of a little village or a great farm. The houses for the men are on one side, those for the women on the other. In the center is the church. There are also other structures for various uses.

Amid the silence and solitude of these mountains one experiences an indescribable pleasure in hearing the divisions of the day marked by the bell of the leper community. The only thing to be regretted in this respect is that the bell is not more powerful, and the tower higher, in order that the sound might be carried still farther by the echoes of the hills.

When one sees the lepers in this asylum of Gotemba the first thing one notices is the air of ease about them, the sense of being at home. The landed proprietor, seated in his baronial hall, is not more content. Here perfect politeness and an exquisite propriety reign. Nothing is repugnant, even the odor of the disease is hardly perceptible, for all possible hygienic precautions are constantly taken.

Though their faces are swollen, scarred, changed in every way, the lepers are so accustomed to see one another thus that they do not think of these things. Their dominating consciousness is that they are still men, and they cherish the illusion that they are sufficient for themselves.

The missionary in charge of the establishment has an assistant. These two men are the only outsiders. The ordinary care of the establishment, the kitchen, the laun-

dry, the making and mending of the garments, the care of the sick, the keeping up of the garden, and cultivation of the vegetables for all the community, all these matters are looked after by the lepers, or "the people," as they are considerably designated.

Moreover, there are, among the latter, artisans of almost every trade. For any work to be done in the colony it is rare that workmen from the outer world have to be called in. The lepers take pride in this fact.

Nevertheless, some things must be bought, for instance, rice, which cannot be cultivated in the valley; cloth for the clothing, medicines, hardware, tools, machines, lumber for building, tiles for the roofs, and many other articles.

The lepers are unable to pay for these necessities, nor have they the responsibility of providing them. Their part is to put to good use the materials placed at their disposal, and, to do them justice, everything given to them is carefully utilized.

There is, indeed, no luxury in the lepers' home, but to insure salubrity, convenience, to lighten the work and facilitate neatness, all practicable devices are employed. A messenger attends to the commissions in the city.

For these trips and for hauling the goods purchased, horses are kept; also cows to provide milk for the sick. The mountains furnish the horses and cattle with pasture and water. A small stream, skilfully diverted from a neighboring torrent and, through primitive conduits under the ground, at a distance of about three hundred yards, turns the great water-wheel that sets in motion a very curious mill for hulling and grinding the rice.

This double mechanism, constructed entirely of wood, is a model of simplicity and ingenuity. It is managed by a woman leper. The square edifice in which the machinery is placed and the rice stored, was built entirely by the lepers, of granite taken from the bed of the torrent. Under the mill-wheel a hydraulic ram carries water to the kitchen and the baths. Formerly it was a day's work to pump the water by hand for household purposes.

Since the Russo-Japanese war the price of kerosene has so greatly increased that a new method of lighting is decided upon, namely electricity. Besides, nothing can be more natural; the river, which already serves the establishment in many ways, will furnish the power. Within two years the expenses of the plant will be covered, and after that light will be free.

Another necessity, not less urgent, is the need of providing good water for drinking and cooking. The river water is very clear, but not healthful, because it flows through the rice swamps. There is only one way to obtain pure drinking water, to bore an artesian well in the valley. This work has been going on for many long months, but has not as yet been completely successful. Springs have been reached, but the water will not rise in the well.

In applying themselves to their various labors, the brave lepers rarely complain of fatigue. They understand that the work causes them to forget their affliction, and keeps them in good spirits. They continually laugh and jest. If in the past they had cares, they left them all outside when they crossed the threshold of the home. At least, to judge from their appearance, they no longer worry about anything.

A task, still more important than the physical care of these unfortunates, and more difficult to discharge, is that of treating their minds, leading their imaginations to the right channels, satisfying their intelligences. The Japanese, even when a leper, has an innate desire to learn, to see, to hear; he would like to know everything. He also requires diversion. Without change and recreation he can not live. What he dislikes most of all is monotony.

This is why, near the office where the doctor examines and prescribes for the patients, there is a spacious room for the reunions of the community. Here they hold their assemblies, recitations, conferences. Here they have lectures, stereopticon exhibitions, pantomimes, various forms of instructive entertainments or amusements.

If there is an able story-teller in the house, or an interesting speaker, all the rest of the people profit by his talent. If there is none, good will, at least, is not wanting, and some one is always to be found ready and able to enliven the others.



LEPER ACTORS

Moreover, from time to time, the community have recourse to a grand means of enjoyment—the theatre. In connection with lepers, this very word seems extraordinary. And yet must not the emotions of these poor people often be most impressive? Things that stir them deeply, or the miseries of hospital life, are not these experiences fruitful of tragic incidents? This is why they have recourse to the stage.

The presentation of a drama is the principal event of the year. The lepers begin to talk about it a long time in advance. When a suitable play has been found, it is, first of all, read. Next they deliberate upon the choice of the actors. The principal rôles are accorded by vote, since, to insure the success of the enterprise, it is not enough to select the most worthy and those best fitted for the parts. Care must also be taken not to wound or hurt the feelings of anyone.

Finally, all the preliminaries being arranged, each actor prepares for the performance with as much earnestness as if he were to appear before the Emperor. With him this is a point of honor.

This year the subject of the drama was the "Judgment and Death of the Twenty-Six Martyrs of Nagasaki." The piece was played on the first and second evenings of the celebration of their feast, the fourth and fifth of February.

It was composed by a literary man who, without being a professional playwright, has considerable dramatic skill, and it represents the manners and customs of the time, and the chief personages of the tragedy, which unfolds before the listeners.

To a stranger who has never been in Japan it is not easy to give an idea of the Japanese character. Though human reason and the passions are the same all over the world, the manner of feeling and of reasoning among these people may be said to be unique. To thoroughly enjoy their drama and comprehend their enthusiasm, one would have either to be Japanese or long accustomed to their modes of thought, and in sympathy with their emotions.

The staging of a piece, even here at Gotemba, is remarkable. The decorations are in good taste and varied. The costumes, at least to the eye, are rich and imposing. And everything is prepared by the lepers themselves, only the cloth and the gilt and silver papers are obtained elsewhere.

As for the actors, all are lepers; but for the occasion they have become unrecognizable. By means of art and skill, the furrows—"the valleys of their visages," as they say, are filled up, their eye-brows, long vanished, have again become black; all the faces are of an irreproachable whiteness. If one did not know that these were the most unfortunate of sufferers, one would take them for handsome young men.

Their stage business, words and gestures are surprisingly natural. In spite of their terrible malady, they move, fall to the ground, or raise themselves with the promptness and agility of automatons. They are particularly easy in pose and tone, and very versatile, making superb heroes in the drama, and excellent comedians in the farces.

On the stage, more than anywhere else, the Japanese shows himself to be what he really is, an artist, orator, comedian; but above all, a soldier. He has an instinct for war and for summary justice. Even in an audience of lepers, when a Samurai draws his great sword and is about to strike, all thrill with excitement, the women as well as the men. These women are not like the timid creatures who tremble at the sight of a bared sabre.

The sensibilities of the spectators are poignantly harrowed. A Japanese at a drama is not content to hear the account of an eye witness who comes on the scene to tell what has happened. The spectator wishes to see it also, for this he has come to assist at the unravelling of the plot. He does not understand what he can not see.

Thus, in the drama of the martyrs in the last act, there are shown on the stage two raised crosses; to them are bound two white-robed men who chant, proclaim, and preach the courage of the faith to the last. A soldier approaches, and, with his lance, pierces the breast of each; the blood flows upon the white robe, the head of the martyr falls forward, he grows pale and dies before the eyes of all.

This is horribly realistic. But it is as desired, and the impression it produces is certainly ineffaceable. From remote antiquity down to the present, the stage has been for the Japanese the school where they have been taught the virtues that have always distinguished them, loyalty to their sovereign, filial piety, love of their country, and bravery in its defence.

A Christian drama is a still better lesson in faith and religious heroism. The truths heard by an inattentive ear in the catechism classes, or elsewhere, do not make a profound impression on the memory, and are soon forgotten. Those that have been riveted in the mind by this dramatic force always remain there.

The Japanese, so fierce in certain traits of character, are, nevertheless, capable of a charming thoughtfulness for a friend or neighbor. A case in point occurred during this representation of the death of the martyrs.

Among the women lepers there was a young girl of twenty years who was much too weak to remain standing or seated on a mat for so long a time as the performance would occupy, yet she ardently wished to assist at the drama. How was this to be accomplished? A way was soon found. At the opposite end of the hall from the stage, and facing it, was a large Japanese clothes press with sliding doors, the interior being divided by a large shelf.

The two doors were taken off, the sick girl, with her pillows and coverlet, was comfortably installed on the shelf of the press, as on a couch in an alcove, or niche, and thus she was able to see and hear the play. From time to time various members of the audience drew near and spoke to her. Between the two pictures, the scene in this little niche, and the tragedy upon the stage, the contrast was startling. The Japanese are a strange people in whom such extremes are often to be seen almost at the same time.

Among the attentive spectators, who, seated on their mats, thronged the hall, was another young girl, little more than a child, distinguished amid the other women by

a large ribbon that almost covered her dark tresses. This ribbon was an indication that she was a new arrival at the home. It is not customary for the women who have been here long thus to adorn their hair.

Strong, alert, full of life and intelligence, and the daughter of a good family, she had been suddenly stricken with leprosy at the age of fourteen years. What a terrible fate! A brother, a little older than herself, brought her to the hospital a few weeks ago. The two children wept together for more than an hour, without being able to bid each other good-bye. At last, however, the brother took leave. When he returned, a fortnight later, the missionary said to the poor girl:

"Well, my child, during this visit how many handkerchiefs will you need to dry your tears?"

"None, Father," she replied cheerfully, "I told my brother I would not weep any more, and I have not shed a tear since he left me here. I must show him that I have courage."

In fact, this serenity and gayety did not, for even a moment, desert her. Naturally she is of a bright and amiable disposition. She knows, indeed, that she is ill; but how can one so young realize that she is incurable?

In seeing the lepers, humanly speaking the most unhappy of men, light-heartedly amusing themselves and apparently forgetting their misfortunes, one can hardly fail to ask:

"How is it that they are so singularly brave and resigned to their fate?"

In the first place, these people are by nature contented and unconcerned. Then, too, they

are surrounded by the friendship and esteem of their fellow lepers in the community. Above all, their fortitude is founded on Christian hope and patience.

To know the hearts of the lepers it is not enough to see them at a performance of the drama; one must hear them sing in the chapel. It is a great pleasure to them to sing, a notable exercise of their piety. All of these poor people can not avail themselves of this opportunity for self-expression. With a number of the patients the muscles of the throat, having been attacked by the microbes of leprosy, no longer vibrate.

These silent individuals of the congregation find a happiness in listening to the voices of the others. Generally it is the young who are able to gladden and edify the community by their hymns.

The Reverend Director, called by all "the Father of our home," presides at the reed organ. In a rich, full, impressive voice, which carries the conviction that he firmly believes the words he utters, he begins to sing. The lepers, ranged around him, join in the hymn, or make the responses, as confidently as children, and with all their strength.

Who then would wish to deprive these people, abandoned by the world, of one of their greatest consolations? At this lepers' home, however, no one is constrained to become a Christian. Liberty of conscience is insured to everyone, and charity of word and deed is manifested toward all without exception. On this very account, those who are not absolutely vicious, soon become believers. The others do not remain at the asylum. They find themselves out of their element in its environment.

For every result there is a cause. Faith, peace, and joy reign in this great family of seventy-five individuals.



MISSIONARIES AND LEPERS OF GOTEMBA

because this home is governed by a man who is really, in devotedness, its father and ruler.

To praise his efforts would be to wound his most delicate sensibilities. He is hidden in his work as the soul is hidden in the body. Caring for every part of the community, he animates everything, and neglects nothing.

Though, as has been shown in this sketch, the people are industrious, their occupations are more or less interfered with by their dreadful disease. The maintenance of the home upon a firm basis must therefore depend on the sympathy of their more fortunate fellow-beings.

In Ijebou

By Father Hermann, L. Af.M.

It is now three years since the first Catholic missionary penetrated into the Province of Ijebou, Northwest Africa. To his surprise, he was not treated as an enemy. He found there a ripened harvest awaiting only the harvesters. Though in the neighborhood of Lagos, this part of the country had never before come under our influence. But God has blessed our feeble efforts in this land, and the future holds, we feel sure, many consolations for us. Heretofore, in the infrequent letters that have mentioned Ijebou, reference has been made to only a few places. To form an idea of the country, it is necessary to traverse it from north to south, to become acquainted with the people, their habits and customs. This we have done.

Ijebou is virtually unknown in Europe. But on the shore of the Gulf of Guinea, in the Atlantic Ocean, it is known, respected and even feared, particularly by the merchants, who often are not clever enough to keep from being tricked in their transactions with the Jebousians. Ijebou is one of the seven provinces of Yoruba, and extends along the coast for a distance of about five days' journey from Lagos toward the east. On the north it reaches nearly to Ibadan. Its southern portion is cut by a beautiful lagoon that connects with the sea and receives the currents of the five rivers of the country. It is the natural highway for commerce, the sea being inaccessible on account of a sand bar. How many thousands of boats

and canoes have crossed or followed the course of this beautiful lagoon! It begins at Lagos and flows into one of the mouths of the Niger.

To the north of this body of water stretches a wild virgin forest full of precious essences and ferocious animals. But this wooded belt does not extend far. We soon find ourselves in places that have been violently shaken by a former cataclysm. The country here looks like a raging sea, with its hills and valleys for the waves. The elevations are not high, but the ups and downs are so numerous that to cross them is as fatiguing as to climb a high mountain. The land is beautifully green and, compared with the brilliant tropical light that here abounds, the sunshine of Europe is pale and wan. In the valleys nestle farms and villages, surrounded by plantations. These may be easily recognized at a distance by the groves consecrated to idols. In these groves the trees live on for ages, for it is regarded as a sacrilege to cut them down.

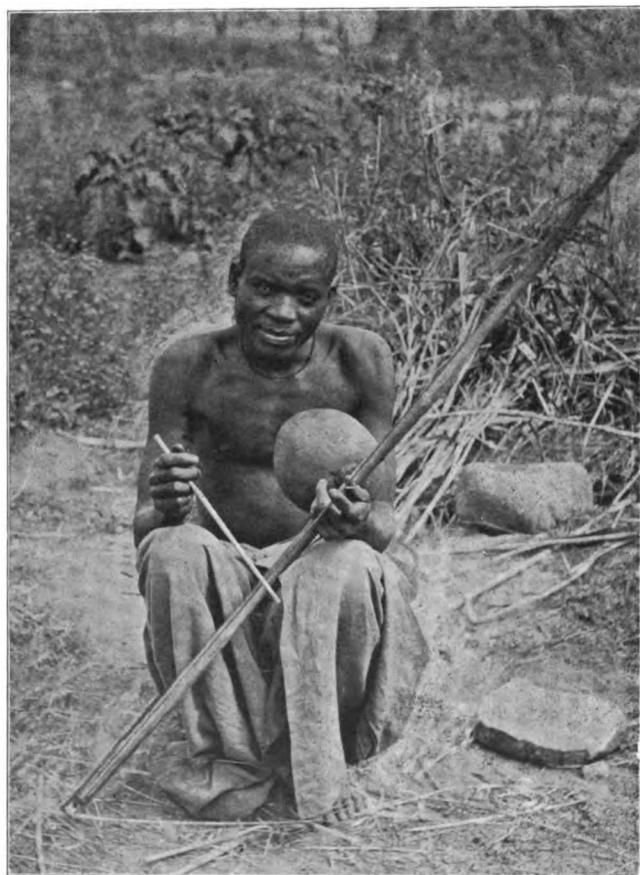
Seven kings reign in this little province; they are all subject to one supreme chief, who resides almost in the centre at Jebou-Ode. Ijebou differs from other parts of Yoruba in having no large towns. It is essentially a rural country. More than four hundred villages are grouped around a dozen or more market places. These serve as outlets for farm products and as trading posts for European merchandise. The heads of the markets and the chiefs of the villages form the king's council, and scrupulously preserve all the ancient customs. At present they are the only ones to observe them. The province has recently made great progress.

Up to 1888, Ijebou was a closed and independent kingdom. The inhabitants considered themselves the most important people of the earth. A young Christian was quite angry when shown on a map how small this country is, compared with the rest of the world. But they were a strong people because they were so united. They regarded themselves as a privileged race, whose members were all brothers. They are very jealous of their rights, and cling steadfastly to their traditions. This very pride kept them from Christianity. No one was allowed to penetrate into the province. Some of our missionaries ventured a little too far, only to find trees cut down and thrown across their path. This meant that thenceforward the road was closed, and if they went beyond that point they would certainly be put to death.

The demon reigned as master over these thousands of pagans. There was no house without its idols, no farm without its sacred stone. Every man wore amulets. Such were the chains that bound these poor people. Nevertheless, several of the elders among them, thanks to some Brazilian merchants, had a few vague ideas of truth—natural and divine.

One day I was seated beside one of these patriarchs, who, after the usual compliment, looked me up and down, and said:

"Well, white man, let me see if you really know any-



A SORCERER

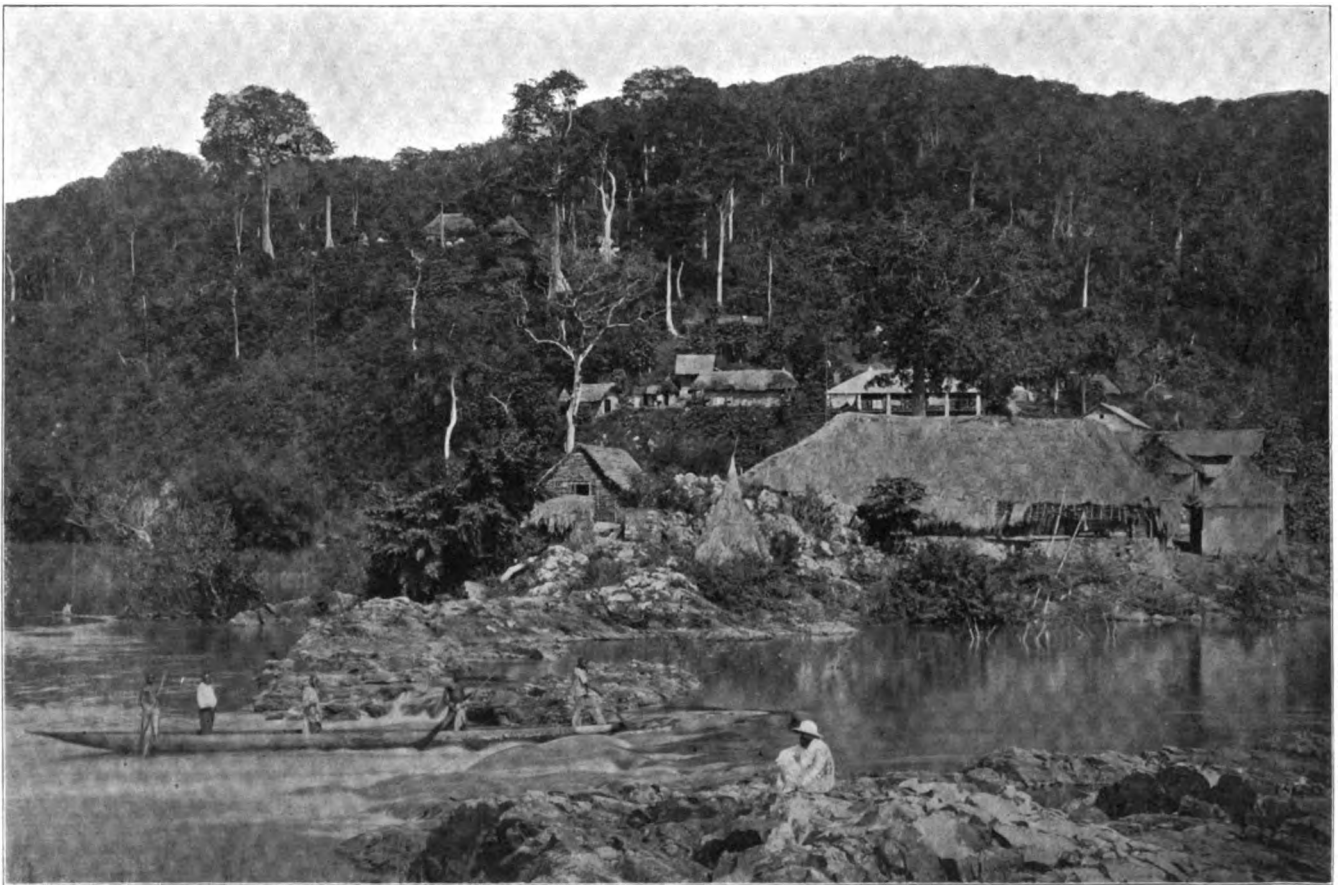
thing. Do you know of the One Above, who has three heads? Do you know a medicine that can stop the flow of blood? Do you know who made this earth?"

The old man was pleased with himself to be able to ask such profound questions. When, after answering him, I tried to give him further instruction, he drew himself up and bade me good-bye. I really believe all the secrets of the African sorcerers are nothing more than fragments of the Revelations. What confirms this opinion is the great severity of their morals. Polygamy is practised among these people, but it is regulated by strict laws. There is also a kind of civil government. For stealing a few potatoes a man may be condemned to be shot. With the exception of slavery, now disappearing, the country has a most peaceful and happy aspect. A people naturally so well disposed were surely destined to assimilate truth.

We have said that the pride of the Jebusians was the

surrounds the richest, most fertile part of the province was fortified. There the army from Lagos was met by the Jebusians. Unfortunately for the latter, their rusty flint guns, though bewitched by the fetich men of the war god, could not fire so fast as the Maxim guns of the enemy. One of their warriors having been killed from a great distance, they thought it beneath their dignity to try to resist the witchcraft of the Europeans. They retired and left the place deserted. When the English filled up the immense trenches and crossed over, they found only abandoned villages before them.

All the Ijebou warriors, who heretofore had been invincible against the Yorubas, were in the near-by woods awaiting the result of a conference with their conquerors, which was to take place the following day. It was short, energetic and to the point. The conditions imposed by the English were: Liberty of religion, free commerce, annexation of the country, abolition of slavery, establish-



A EUROPEAN TRADING POST

cause of their tardy knowledge of evangelical civilization. It really seems incredible that between Lagos, Abeokuta, Ibadan and the Niger there could be found an entirely pagan country, when these other centers have for some time been inhabited by Christian natives.

The pride of this little kingdom was broken only about the year 1890—at that time England took over this country and united it to the Protectorate of Lagos. For the first time the whites were to attack Ijebou. All the natives rose. The fourteen military divisions were called out. Every one served, from old men down to children of six, who carried the provisions. The deep trench that

ment of roads, and the installation of a white Resident near the king to control the sentences of the tribunals. Thus the war was ended in three days. The sight of white men interested the youths. The weekly steamers took many of them to Lagos. They soon understood the value of instruction; and this brought them to religion.

Commerce rapidly increased; merchants had been eager for this opening for their goods. They swarmed into the new land for trade, but they were not alone. Black ministers and Anglican teachers came by dozens to the field, and were closely followed by many zealous Mohammedans. There was a rush, a wild run toward this poor



A MISSION CHAPEL

astonished country, hurried forward, as it were, in a current of new ideas. Only the old people held out and remained faithful to the idols; the young were carried along in the vortex.

In a short time there were no more entirely pagan villages. Protestants were everywhere, and Mohammedans were in many centres. Sunday was scrupulously observed. Bibles were sold by the thousand; hundreds of dollars left the farmers' pockets every quarter to pay ministers and school teachers. Baptisms were numerous. The Protestants, liking the old Hebrew names, had conferred them so freely that one might have thought oneself in ancient Palestine.

At last the old men grew angry at being left alone to beat the tam-tam at night, for the idols, and to sing to the moon. They turned persecutors and burned a large church. The neophytes were forced to hide themselves. The English Government protected the fugitives, however, and soon Protestantism numbered about ten thousand converts. But where were the Catholic missionaries all this time? Praise be to Divine Providence, the missionaries were soon to profit in a spiritual sense through this new state of things. The greater number of recruits who had been drawn by the Anglicans from idolatry came, of their own free will, to the true Faith.

These converts had upright hearts. With a confidence quite Jebusian, they asked Bishop Lang to accept them as his children. One of the Fathers went to see if trust could be placed in all their fine promises. He could hardly believe his eyes when, after a day's journey on a small steamboat, he found himself among two hundred catechumens who were prayng, singing psalms, or reciting the catechism. Some time later the bishop went in person to establish the stations upon which fifty villages with more than four hundred catechumens depend. Thus were founded the Mission of Our Lady of Fourvière, at

the market of Majoda, and the Mission of the Heart of Mary, at the market of Mushin.

These were miserable places for the Fathers. They had only native huts to live in. As a result, two of our co-workers returned to Europe in a dying condition. Later, we built two houses more worthy of our missionaries. From these residences we journey far and wide, teaching. In the morning we have a class of about fifty children, in the evening one hundred adults, and on Saturday evenings, all the people from the distant farms. On Sundays we preach to hundreds of natives. During the first two years, one hundred adults at the point of death, fifty infants and forty neophytes received the sacrament of baptism.

A great and promising field of endeavor lies before us. After observing us at work, and being visited by us, the

pagans would often decide to join our catechumens. Thus the country was gained. The tree growing from such a small seed is spreading more and more. Not long ago we were called to settle in the capital, but we could not accept the invitation for lack of means. Since then about two hundred and fifty recruits from a non-Catholic station to the northwest of the Majoda Mission have joined us. They have left their pastor and a church ten times too large for the thirty followers who have remained. The demon fought hard against us. He stirred up enemies to prevent us from building on ground that had been duly given to us. But, after many lawsuits, we gained our cause. This was a great triumph for us before the public.

But our progress did not stop here. While building the house at Mushin, we noticed unfamiliar faces in the church on Sundays. The newcomers examined everything curiously, and many bought catechisms. At Christmas time more than two hundred joined our faithful flock of four hundred souls. The ice was broken. We afterwards learned that these strangers came from the northern sections of the country. They were tired of the Anglicans, and thirsted for the religious progress heresy can not give.

We could not imagine what these centres were like, where we were known so well, and where we had never been. It was, therefore, decided that one of us should travel about, see the country, and obtain all possible information concerning it. Without giving any warning of the projected visit, one fine morning, I started off toward the north with two of our pupils. Before midday I had seen about fifteen villages, each with its parson. Everywhere I was offered palm wine.

At noon I found myself in a large market place where about a hundred women were crouched behind their baskets of provisions. Five minutes later I was at Atan, the first of our future centres. As soon as I arrived in

the village I was recognized, surrounded, promised help and protection. There were no Mohammedans here; Christians dwelt in every house. Five villages depend on this station. When leaving I was followed by half the population. Nevertheless, I was sad when I reflected that years must pass before this harvest could be gathered; and, in the meantime, Islamism was here entrenched, ready to avail itself of every chance of conquest.

At two o'clock I arrived in a large market town, but it was a Protestant settlement, and the people fled at my approach. By five I reached Okagbo, a small town of four thousand inhabitants. Okagbo has shops, markets, about a thousand Christians, and as many Mussulmans. If we only had a catechist to give them we might easily gain two hundred catechumens. They have left the fine church built for them by the non-Catholic preachers, and pray together in a miserable hut. I am glad to see the neophytes side with us. The people are stalwart farmers and possess comfortable homes. Their children are ready for us. What a fine school we could have. The little black boys and girls look wonderingly at us out of their large, sincere eyes. What a pleasure it would be to teach them and develop their souls!

In the evening I was at Atikori and Ojowo, two centres that, with five large villages, form the canton of Igbo. This canton has ten thousand inhabitants, of whom six thousand are Christians. On all sides I beheld large churches.

"Is it possible," I said to myself, "that in this fortress of heresy I will ever find catechumens?"

To my great surprise, I was greeted by about fifty young men. They conducted me to a large room that belonged to the son of the first king of the capital. This man had, for political reasons, retired from the town. He is the chief of the Christians and of the three hundred catechumens who await our missionary labors.

A woman brought me part of an antelope's haunch, cooked in yellow palm oil. This food helped to restore my exhausted strength. When the young people left me alone, I enjoyed the calm of the evening. Toward the west the red sky lit up and transfigured the virgin forest in the distance. A soft breeze came from the south. Amid this majestic scene I was possessed by an indescribable calm. The crickets alone were still to be heard. I passed a sleepless night on my mat, as is often the case with a traveller after a day of fatigue.

The next morning I made a number of visits, exhorted the people to be patient, and assured them that we would do what we could to help them. A little more good advice, and then, laden with simple presents, the offerings of kind and affectionate hearts, I started off again.

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For four hours I trudged onward. Darkness fell; the night grew older and the woods resounded dolefully to the slow measures of the oriental drum that calls to pagan worship. This weird music well sums up the soliloquy of the missionary on such expeditions:

"How much longer will these idolaters beat the tam-tam instead of offering up the prayers that the Church gives to her children?"

Customs of Viti-Levu, Oceanica

By Father Rougier, S.M.

One of the early missionaries to the Fiji Islands, Rev. P. Rougier, in the following sketch gives an account of a journey with Bishop Vidal, Vicar Apostolic, across Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fijian Archipelago, which has a population of sixty thousand souls. The details of curious customs among many of these people, recently cannibals, but lately Christianized, can not fail to be of interest.

Until the last few years it was difficult for anyone to penetrate into the interior of Viti-Levu. Father Marzan, S.M., was the first missionary to found a mission there, upon the banks of the Waidina.

Two thousand mountaineers have already been brought to the faith at this station of Our Lady of Hope. At this mission, Bishop Vidal sojourned from the twelfth to the twenty-eighth of May. The visit was his first to this portion of his flock. Notwithstanding his sixty years, during this journey he travelled by difficult ways and among fierce tribes, whose proximity might well be a test to the courage of younger men.

Our departure was from Rewa, in Viti-Levu the centre of all the highways of the land and sea. Rewa is named from the river that irrigates it. This river is the marvel of Oceanica. About seventy miles in length, it is divided by a delta into six large branches and more than a hundred small streams. Opposite to the Catholic



A NATIVE CHIEF



OUR ROWERS OF THE REWA

Mission it is a beautiful expanse of water. On this current the bishop and I prepared to embark. When all was ready we boarded a row-boat and the bishop gave the signal for the start by making the Sign of the Cross.

Guided by six stalwart rowers, the boat sped forward with prodigious rapidity. At Rewa, the banks of the river are lined by a long row of houses of thatch, sheet iron, zinc and wood—habitations of the natives, Indians and Europeans. The Indian builds his lodge of iron; the European lives in a great, box-like residence covered with zinc, the latest thing in architecture here.

In two hours we had travelled about eight miles. The spectacle before us piqued our curiosity. Nearly a hundred red barges were anchored near the shore. On the first of July they would traverse all the windings and larger tributaries of the river, and upon their decks the Europeans, Indians and Fijians of the plantations would cast thirty or forty tons of sugar canes. These were the barges, and before us were the docks of the refinery at Mansori. Twenty years ago it was said to be the largest in the world. Now there are many larger, but its unique position guarantees it a substantial future.

We stopped at the great stores of the company to buy water-proof cloth for our baggage, and high boots for crossing the mountain torrents. Various necessities were spread out upon the counters, and the missionaries were soon equipped for their arduous journey, thanks to the generous aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Leaving Mansori, we continued our voyage for six hours. Fifteen years ago the banks of this river were bordered by giant ferns and brakes that apparently defied the levelling hatchet of civilization. To-day these beautiful ferns have almost disappeared. As far as the eye can reach there are sugar plantations, fields of rice and maize, and swarms of coolies from the East Indies.

There are twenty thousand of these laborers in this island, and ten thousand on the river. The Fijian government transports them from Calcutta, Madras and Bombay at the rate of three or four thousand a year.

Few return to their own country, and their families number from five to nineteen children.

✦

A blast from a conch shell trumpet awakened the echoes. Our rowers redoubled their efforts to hasten on, the oars strained almost to the point of breaking. Below, at the bend of the shore, many bits of color waved in the breeze. Soon we saw them more distinctly, rude pennons of red, white, green and blue. All the colors to be found in the world seemed to be here reproduced.

The flags indicated that a procession was coming down to the wharf. Oh, a Fijian landing-place! One must needs have practiced gymnastics at college to get ashore here passably

under ordinary circumstances. But on this occasion all was arranged. Two hand rails assisted the bishop to alight upon the quay of Veidowa, for this is the name of the town where we landed. The festive procession was in honor of the bishop. At its head I saw the catechist, the old chiefs, farther away the old women squatting on their heels and, in addition, more than a hundred spectators of all ages and shades of black, one may say.

Black? Yes and no. I would not wish to picture our Fijians as jet black or the color of the saucepans. They are "fair," such is the expression among them, fair as the scarecrow, which, to be sure, is fair compared to the real crow. We will say then that the Fijians are fair.

The fairest among the party at the wharf presently stepped forward; a warrior dressed in a breech-cloth that reached to the knees, the upper part of the body being nude except the shoulders, which were covered by the long, grizzled locks of his hair.

He devoured me with his eyes, the old-time cannibal. He was one of my first converts in 1889, and I knew him well enough to surmise the meaning of his glance. I made a sign of assent and he threw toward us his great treasure, *the tooth of a whale*. A hundred voices broke into exclamations of delight:

"Ah, *Woi—Woi!*"

The boat was stopped; above the oscillating wharf my old Bigibuto, who was as black as night, held the whale's tooth suspended by a fishing line.

The tooth of a whale is as large as a turkey's egg, and shaped like a half-moon. The Fijians bore a hole in it that it may be hung up by a cord, as we often saw it. Yes, we were in the presence of this great curiosity; it swung to and fro, almost in our faces. This Fijian ceremony, in which we involuntarily had part, was not new to us. But the gravity depicted upon the faces of the natives, the silence, as of death, that reigned amid the crowd, proved to us that here the observance was by no means an ordinary occurrence. Bogibuto ceased to regard me and fixed upon the bishop his eyes, bright as

lances. Gently swinging the whale's tooth as it remained hanging above us, he said:

"Chief of Religion, this whale's tooth is the key to the interior of the island. Take it, bear your religion among our people. But resign yourself to perish among us if so it shall come to pass."

At this moment I arose from my place in the boat, clapped my hands together three times, and solemnly took possession of the offering. Having kissed it, I answered, gazing steadily at Bogibuto and the throng of natives:

"Friend, the Chief of Religion highly values your token; may it be, indeed, the key of your country. If he perishes in this land he will yet be happy to have come. Your whale's tooth is magnificent."

So saying, I passed it to one of the Fijians of our party.

"How fine—it is immense!" he declared, turning it from side to side and feasting his eyes upon it.

The crowd responded with exclamations of joy. During this time the tooth disappeared in our travelling bags. It was the first of twenty that were presented to us, all with similar ceremonial and formalities.

This village was, indeed, the gate of the interior of the island. From here onward we were in the midst of the tropical vegetation that the railroad and fire have not yet invaded. Few Indians have crossed this barrier, and only two or three Europeans have established themselves beyond it.

The native tribe is called *Na Duguca*, but is more generally known under the name of the *Nagole*, a word that signifies "the partisans," because, having no king, in time of war they espouse the cause now of one ruler, again of another. The *Nagole* are the Swiss of Fiji.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we were offered the nectar of the chiefs. This is the *kava*, a beverage made from the root of a long pepper indigenous in the islands. The bowl, held high, was presented to the bishop amid the respectful silence of the assembly. A murmur of general satisfaction announced that the distinguished guest had emptied the cup, and it was my turn to be regaled.

At five o'clock we were already on the Waidina at the village of Savu, where a second lunch awaited us. It consisted of pieces of bamboo filled with shrimps or prawns cooked soft and garnished with flowers. It was very fine and testified to the kindly disposition of the inhabitants toward us. Indeed, we were to them objects of much curiosity.

At six o'clock the *Na-Gali* tribe welcomed us. Fourteen bowls of *kava* had been prepared for our coming.

It was like a holiday among the people. In the dusk we could see them beyond the hut, passing among the shadows and weaving garlands. But there was nothing very attractive to the eyes or ears here and, after the formal tender and reception of "the tooth" and acceptance of *kava*, as expected, according to traditionary custom, we set off beneath the bright stars and under the great plantain trees in the direction of Father Marzan's mission at Vanuakula.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the forest was brightened as if with a shower of falling stars; a thousand fires also started up before us, mingled together, crossed one another. We seemed to be in a dream of the marvellous happenings of the Thousand and One Nights. A triumphal song awoke the echoes. The apparitions were dwarfs, who brandished giant torches, bamboo rods four and five yards long. It was these little people also who had startled the solitudes by their loud singing. As we



A WARRIOR OF THE MOUNTAINS.

drew nearer to them the mystery was solved—the dwarfs were the small black boys of the neighborhood, more than a hundred all told, whom Father Marzan had sent with their Fijian lanterns to conduct us on our way.

(To be continued.)

Ordinations in Canton

By the Rev. Regis Gervais, P.F.M.

A double ceremony took place recently in the cathedral of Canton. First the ordination of three native Chinese priests; then the blessing of a beautiful bell to which was given the name "Theodora"—gift of God.

As usual upon the occasion of special religious ceremonies, an immense congregation gathered in the church. Many missionaries were also present, they having come from their missions to testify their joy at the augmentation of their ranks by the three new priests.

Soon, announced by the strains of the organ, the pontifical procession appeared, the bishop being followed by a long line of priests, acolytes and many laymen. It is always an imposing spectacle to see a prelate thus advancing toward the altar for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice.

In the sanctuary the newly-elect took their places. Presently they advanced toward the bishop, offered him their innocent hands and bent before him their brows whereon shone the crown of youth. Hands and brows were anointed with the holy oils, and the ceremony proceeded until the young Levites were made forever priests of the Most High.

A wave of emotion passed over the congregation, touched by so unusual and moving a ceremony, and the

yellow Malay faces of the throng assumed an appearance of a more softened melancholy. Then the emotion of the people, at first hidden in their hearts, suddenly escaped in an earnest and pious exclamation that mingled sonorously with the chant.

It was the spontaneous expression of a religious custom that originated centuries ago and at this moment was revived in the worship of the true God. Was it not also a fulfilment, as far as this race was concerned, of the prophetic words of Holy Writ: "And all the nations shall praise Thee!"

Honor to the nation that does not cast away the divine laws but receives them with respect. This land will be blessed, and it shall see its sons serving the tabernacle, ministering to their compatriots, and leading holy lives of self-abnegation.

China as a nation is not indeed yet willing to abjure her false gods, and for long still, there is, alas, little doubt, her pagan priests will make capital out of the folly and superstition of their adherents. Nevertheless, this land has reason to rejoice that numbers among her children have listened to the message of redemption.

"Praise the Lord all ye nations." As I listened to the low murmur of the voices of the new priests while they read the Mass in unison, as I glanced over the kneeling throng that filled the church, and compared the present missionary and religious conditions in China with the state of the apostolate five years ago, I could not but be impressed with the vastness of the spiritual benefits this country has received. Verily "the Lord has visited His people."

Go forth, my three fellow missionaries, young anointed of Christ, go forth, according as you are sent; teach "all those who are seated in the shadow of death, baptizing them in the name of the Lord." Be among your compatriots as the salt that renders palatable the food of revealed truth; be the light that enlightens all souls of good-will; be the fire that consumes the tares, that is, the fire which destroys what is evil in the hearts of men. Go forth, and may God be with you!

At the close of these ceremonies the bishop proceeded to bless the bell. After the prayers and benediction this beautiful bell was raised in the tower, and presently the voice of "Theodora," like the voice of an angel sent by God, announced to the city, the genii and all the echoes of the land the blessings of Christianity and its triumph over paganism.

From that day, on occasions of special solemnity, the voice of "Theodora" has always risen above all other sounds of the city, proclaiming to all, pagans and Christians, the beauties of the celestial harmonies.

The following are letters from the three newly ordained priests. I have preserved their oriental context.

LETTER OF FATHER LUKE TSAN

Dear Benefactors of the Propagation of the Faith:

There was a time when among my native hills as a



THE CATHEDRAL OF CANTON

boy I played with my pagan companions. In those hours of childhood, when God's beautiful sunshine caused the humble germ of my intelligence to awaken and expand, how many times I felt the call of the Most High!

It was like a distant echo that drew me on. Sometimes I went to the temple to pray, within the shadow of the altar, for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit who makes known His Will wherever He wishes. It seemed to me that the breeze which murmured at the angle of my father's cottage was the breath of the celestial spouse of my soul, and I listened to this voice of nature as if it were the voice of God.

All the beauty of this world, all the rustling of the foliage, all music, all verdure and color, appeared to me

To all the members of the Propagation of the Faith, on this day of joy, I send my grateful acknowledgments, a message of sincere thanks, with the hope that God will reward them for their generosity.

TSAN-A-TSUN, Priest.

LETTER OF FATHER PAUL LEONG.

To My Generous Friends:

This morning I received the divine unction of the sacerdotal office. God has accepted the humble offering of myself, in order that I may serve Him as an advance guard. He has appointed me a sentinel of souls on the mystic borders of their empire. Henceforth I shall have



FIRST MASS OF NEWLY ORDAINED PRIESTS

but an abridgment of the infinite poetry, to which the priest had the key. And I understood that only a priest with a pure heart could cause the chords of the lyre called the human heart to vibrate. I resolved to be a priest.

And now I am one, indeed, a Christian priest, since this morning. The bishop has ordained me and, notwithstanding my nothingness and my misery, I can raise to Heaven the chalice of salvation; I can invoke the thrice holy God and bid Him descend sacramentally to this dear country of China that is, alas, still so pagan.

For so great an honor, for the many benefits I have received, what can I do but thank this Divine Master and pray for those who have helped me to become a priest.

no other country but the country of souls, no other ties, no other love but the ties that bind me to the service of souls and the love of souls.

I must seek them as the hunter seeks the wandering stags in the depths of the forest. Like a shepherd, I must bring the sheep to the fold with care and tenderness. God will help me in my task.

And you, my unknown friends the world over, who have assisted me materially and by your prayers, I can never thank you enough, and my prayers will pay my debt if the Giver of all good things does not permit me to discharge it otherwise. I pray for you every day and for all those whom you love.

LEONG-A-TCHU, Priest.

LETTER OF FATHER JOSEPH TSOI.

Dear Benefactors:

On this happy day when God has raised me up, me, a poor child, from the depths of obscurity to place me among the princes of His people, my first word of gratitude is addressed to you.

Without you the Christians of China could not maintain the missionaries and could not hope to count among them priests of the Chinese nation.

It is through your generosity that I myself am permitted to enter the Holy of Holies and officiate at the altar of peace and expiation. Henceforth every day, until the

end of my mortal pilgrimage, I shall offer the Divine Victim to His Eternal Father for the people of my race, that their sins may be forgiven. Every day I shall be a mediator between the Creator and His creatures.

What a signal honor I have received, an incomparable honor that makes man higher than an angel, almost a god. I beg my benefactors to still remember me in their prayers, in order that, my strength being renewed like the youth of the eagle, I may zealously exercise my ministry among my compatriots.

Again, dear benefactors, I thank you.

TSOI A-SUN, Priest.

Among the Eskimos

By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I.

LAKE CARIBOU, November 1st, 1906.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO EVANGELIZE THE ESKIMOS.

I have just returned from a six-months' journey among the Eskimos of the Northeast. This visit had a triple object. I was sent to study the languages, to ascertain the disposition of the pagans, what prospect there might be of founding a mission among them, and also what difficulties or obstacles might oppose the realization of this project.

I set out last April (1906), being convinced that I was following the Will of God. This conviction was my strength and my reliance. Nor did I trust in vain. Providence has never for an instant deserted me. On the contrary, God has watched with infinite goodness over His missionary, as will be seen in this narrative. Moreover, the sense of His divine assistance dissipated all my fear that, because of the extreme difficulty of the undertaking, it might prove impossible. He gave me courage and has decided the question of the foundation of the mission among the Eskimos.

In 1876 Rev. Father Gasté penetrated farther into the vast wastes of the Northwest than any missionary had ever been.

The young apostle followed the pagan mountainers. He returned, or rather, was brought back from the journey, more dead than alive. A trip of eight hundred miles amid the dangerous seas—for it was in the spring at the time of the breaking up of the ice—hunger, cold, fatigue, living for seven months in a tent, often without fire, all this had almost wrecked the constitution of the poor Father, and not until two years later was his health fully restored.

During his stay at Round Lake (Eoubau-toue) Father Gasté acquired a great influence over the Eskimos of the vicinity. Their most famous sorcerer obtained from him the favor of sleeping in his tent. The next day the magician proclaimed the missionary to be the greatest among the white people and acknowledged his own inferiority in power.

Moreover, this writer (so the Eskimos called the Father) wore a long black robe, had a crucifix, and was not married. He was not like the minister who lived at Peter's Fort (Churchill). This was something new. A curiosity concerning him spread abroad.

Every year the Eskimos come in small numbers to Lake Caribou to exchange their furs for gunpowder and tobacco at the post of the Hudson Bay Company. From St. Peter's Mission, on the lake, it was found impossible for a while to follow up the first effort (1876) and press farther into the heart of this desolate region.

In October, 1900, I came here to join Fathers Gasté and Ansel. I was young, happy, pleased with the Eskimos. The project was taken up again.

At Christmas, 1901, I went to the most northern camp of the mountaineers to familiarize myself with their language and become acquainted with the Eskimos. I had a fleeting glimpse of a few of them, indeed, but their camp was a three days' journey from this point. I resolved to go there, but soon learned by experience that it is impossible to travel across the wilderness of snows in winter. Two other attempts, in the spring of 1903 and again in 1904, were as futile.

In 1905 the chief or leader of these Eskimos proposed to me the following plan:

"Set out in the spring before the great thaw," he said. "Travel and live like a mountaineer; that is, hunt and fish along the way. Above all, proceed slowly. Here we are locked in by ice and snow until long after it is summer at Lake Caribou."

Everything urged me to go to them, since these poor people wish for greater advantages. Long ago they asked that a trading-post might be established at some place nearer to them. The matter is still in abeyance. They hoped that the foundation of a mission would be the surest means of obtaining the desired centre for exchange and barter.

The chief's plan was excellent, but his time was at his own disposal. With us the case was different. Father Ansel, then superior, was in such wretched health that it

would have been unwise to leave him alone during many hard months. Before long, however, he was named superior at Cross Island, and Father Egenolf was sent to me as "socius." I might now confide the care of the mission to my new companion, and face the exigencies of the projected journey.

The spring of 1906 was the date set for my departure, though a famine had threatened since the previous autumn and the caribous had disappeared. The natives saw their dogs die of hunger and they themselves could not long survive a continuation of their privations and misery. Thus the winter passed without a chance of success to cheer us with regard to the new mission to be founded.

In April the Eskimos arrived as usual, but they were emaciated and dying of hunger. Nor were they equipped to return. They had lost their dogs and had been forced to haul their sledge through the deep snow. I had counted on them to carry my baggage, hoping to follow them, for good or ill. This hope now vanished, and my apprehensions were redoubled. The poor men set off again in haste, for caribous were reported southwest of Churchill. Soon the animals would once more make their way to the North.

The only chance for these people to escape starvation was to go back without delay, before the great thaw. I saw them depart with regret and uneasiness on their account. For my part, I abandoned all hope of making the trip to which I had looked forward. But God, who doubtless wished to teach us to rely only on His providence, came to my aid.

Several mountaineers were about to go North in search of the caribous.

"We can not fit you out for the trip, but while we have food, you will not die of hunger among us," they said to me. "From the camp, for which we are bound, you will have to travel four days longer before you can reach the Eskimos. If we find the caribous all will be well. If there are not any, you can stay with us until the summer."

This clearing

up of the difficulties was to me an indication of the Will of Heaven. Three days later we set out.

THE START—FIRST HALTING-PLACE

It was the twenty-fifth of April, 1906. The natives had departed the evening before. Only a young man and his little family were to accompany me. He brought the tents that were to be our home until summer, all his little belongings and a few necessities for me.

I had five good dogs to my sledge. I accordingly loaded upon it tents, beds, mosquito netting, clothing for winter and summer, altar vessels and vestments, writing materials, medicines, fishing-rods, guns, powder and cartridges, provisions for eight days and fish for the dogs.

Having tied the load firmly together, we started. If the thaw should overtake us, into what misery we would be plunged! But, through the mercy of God, we escaped. We made only fifteen miles during the day. The lake was rough and deep.

26th—*Benedicite, glacies et nives, Domino.* A dry and intense cold had transformed into ice all the melting snow, through which we splashed the day before. The sledge, on its runners of steel, glided rapidly over this strong ice. It was necessary to hold in the dogs, as they dashed forward, threatening, in their mad flight, to hurl the sledge against the trees along the trail. The surface of the lake was a clear highway where we breathed freely, having no fear of obstructions in our path.

The weather continued cold for three days. I was happy and filled with gratitude to God. We had passed



ESKIMO FAMILY AND CANADIAN TRADER



FATHER TURQUETIL, O.M.I.

Loche Lake and abandoned the winter trail to follow the lakes. The indications were that the temperature would soon be higher, but thanks be to God, the worst part of our journey was already past.

29th—The weather was warm. We were, however, able to go on without difficulty. We were now in the open country. The crust of the ice

remained unbroken until evening.

30th—The night was not cold. At three o'clock in the afternoon we camped.

May 1st—The weather continued mild. We went on until noon. We were now only a two hours' journey from the Great Lake. We lightened our load and set off again. By means of snowshoes we made for ourselves a path like a deep cut between high walls. We reached the lake. A cup of tea revived us. We turned back, recovered our abandoned baggage and, arriving at the shore again, made our camp and passed a part of the night in drying our garments by the fire. By morning the rain was falling in torrents. We remained in our tents and also on the following day.

May 3d—The lake was now free of ice. We were soon in the water up to our waists. Again, on this day, we pressed forward, being anxious to gain the mountaineers' camp at the end of the lake, for our supply of provisions was exhausted, and our dogs had had nothing to eat for two days. In setting out again, we were forced to abandon the remainder of our load. We suffered much that day. At evening it grew very cold again, and a wind came down from the North. We were drenched by the sleet and greatly fatigued. We camped.

May 4th—On awaking we found ourselves in the heart of winter. Twenty weary miles separated us from the settlement of the mountaineers, and we would have to "make our fire" (camp) twice, before we could reach it. The wind shrieked on all sides. The cold penetrated to our very bones. Finally, we arrived at the end of the first stage of our journey. We had traveled three hundred and sixty miles.

AT THE MOUNTAINEERS' CAMP

During the Famine—As we approached the mountaineers' camp, we were greeted by the nauseous odor that pervades the place. Here all the inhabitants, sixty na-

tives, live on the flesh of the caribous they have killed with their spears in the autumn. Both shores of the lake for many miles were strewn with the carcasses of the animals, and the vicinity was now a vast charnel house. O God, starvation is a terrible thing! The natives feed on this livid flesh until their stomachs revolt. I attempted to fish. We cut a hole in the ice. The latter must have been nine feet thick (3 metres). Not a fish. I tried again, waiting out in the keen air, now turning my eyes to Heaven and now peering into the depth of the lake through the cut in the ice. Not a fish. But the water, clear as a mirror, showed me the face of a fisher, weary, impatient, and almost angry. Thus, with a bad grace, did I contemplate this discouraging state of affairs. But alack, my supper presented a still more woeful appearance. Tea was all there was to satisfy my hunger. I learned, however, that at the distance of a three hours' tramp from here a narrow current among the straits was open. I took my rods, went to the place and caught—six white carp. Ah, what joy! At that time they were worth more to me than all the gold in the world.

In Abundance—Even our dogs had a feast. I sent to recover the remainder of our baggage abandoned on our approach to the lake. By my entreaties I persuaded two natives to push on a little farther north with me, in search of caribous.

The season was advancing with great strides, and I embraced the last chance of reaching the Eskimos. Our hunters found game toward evening. They killed twelve caribous, spent the night in feasting and returned filled with a new energy and strength. We immediately set off for the Promised Land.

The next day, at ten o'clock in the morning, we saw our first herd of reindeer (caribous). By evening, eighty had been killed, and the next evening the number of slaughtered animals reached two hundred. An extraordinary activity took possession of the natives. The men brought in the game; the youths cut up the meat and distributed it; the women cooked the feast, working during the night, as though it were day.

Everything awakened to a new life. The natives recovered their gayety, their indifference as to what tomorrow might bring. I was eager to go on. But a new difficulty arose. My guide refused to accompany me. I tried in vain to engage another. All made some excuse. They were afraid of the Eskimos, though they dared not acknowledge this fear. I asked a youth to go with me. He was scarcely more than a boy, but he might help me to fish. Alack, his relatives thought if they let him go, he would surely die.

"I will go by myself," I said.

Two men set out with me, but presently they turned back. I must, then, go on alone.

"Very well; I was sent; I will go."

Thus I answered them.

The women began to lament. The men cried out that I would surely encounter many dangers.

"I will go, all the same."

Seeing me resolved, one among them, a great haranguer of the people, assigned me two guides, and we started.

SECOND STAGE

May 28th—The trip soon presented new features. The vegetation was scant. There were only a few scrubby, stunted pine trees, with roots like ropes. These wretched specimens can hardly be compared with the varieties of the pine to be found elsewhere. We were now, indeed, in the wilderness. The lakes were deep. It seemed as if we would almost need to be web-footed, in order to reach our destination. The snow had, for the most part, disappeared, leaving barren land and rocks exposed to view.

We could hardly move our train. The dogs were exhausted; the reins strained and broke. But the natives did not lose their good humor, for many caribous were to be seen in all directions. We killed a number. I chose the tongue and the marrow; my guides disputed for the head and antlers as the best parts. The cooking and dining was soon accomplished, and we continued our difficult but nevertheless not dispiriting journey.

The marsh grew rougher, more rugged, being half water and half ice. The tracts of sand and the rocks extended away into the distance, apparently without end. Immense tongues of red or clay-colored, spongy, uncultivated land extended into the swamps. Between the hills we discovered deep narrow valleys, through which

rushed raging torrents. We essayed to cross one of these foaming rivers. The dogs hesitated; the whip urged them forward. They plunged in, swimming valiantly and dragging the sledge after them.

The current, seizing upon train and dogs, swept them down the stream. The brave animals struggled in vain against the force of the surging waters that threatened to dash sledge and dogs against the rocks at the foot of the ravine.

Suddenly I felt the sledge slipping from under me. It swayed from side to side and almost overturned. A little more and I would have been cast into the river, which was very deep. My plight, however, only called forth the laughter of my guides.

Marsh, rocks, sand and mud, hills and swift, swollen streams succeeded one another for five days. When we camped, having no longer any fuel, we could not make a fire to dry our clothes. But weariness is the best pillow, even as hunger is the best sauce. On the sixth day we reached Lake Ennadage. The hour was too late to admit of our pressing on to the Eskimo settlement. We camped therefore.

Feast of Pentecost. *Veni Sancte Spiritus!* Come, O Holy Ghost, enlighten our souls and strengthen our hearts!
(*To be continued.*)

Autobiography of a Savage

By the Rev. Joseph Cayzac, C.S.Sp.

II

In Kikouyou we looked upon a *ndero* with contempt, because a man who has not killed a fellow man is not considered worthy of his sex. Even our old men, whose white hair appears inconsistent with thoughts of war or feats of valor, make great distinctions among themselves on this point. An old *ndero* is not permitted to accept even a pinch of snuff from a brother *mooragani* without spitting on the latter's hand, the noble hand, that has killed a man!

I was a *mooragani* at twenty and had hung three shields and three lances on the walls of my hut!

Before receiving the congratulations due me, I was expected, however, to purify myself from the stain of my triple murder. It seems contradictory, but the valor that brought such glory was believed to leave a *sakou*, or sin, from which one must be cleansed. I slept in the open air among the brushwood for seven consecutive nights. Then, after I had offered a sheep as penance or expiation, the sorcerer absolved me from all my sins, and especially declared me *mooragani*, worthy of all honor and all glory.

I went from village to village to show myself off. The women came to meet me and sang the *kari*, or the praises of the conqueror. Wherever I journeyed, I was followed by many dancing girls, whose number increased as I proceeded on my way. They never tired of following me, and continually proclaimed my bravery to the surrounding echoes.



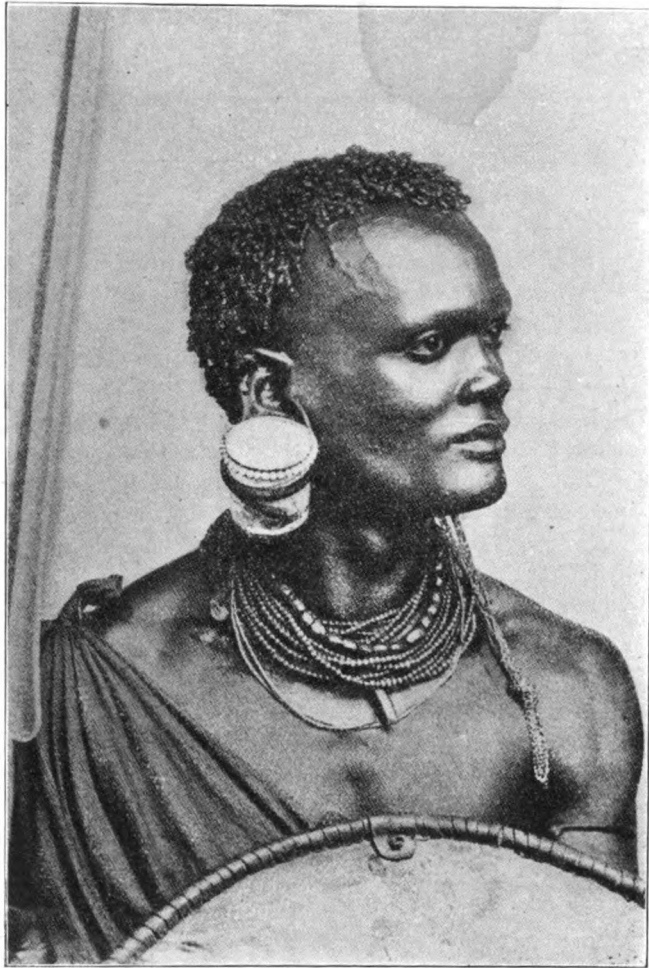
THE LITTLE BETROTHED

This was the opportunity for me to choose a wife.

✱

In Kikouyou a young man marries when he can. In other words, when he has the number of cows and sheep demanded of him by the father of his betrothed. This question presented no difficulty to me, for I had inherited a fine flock and herd. Other *mooragani* had to fight for these. Many warring expeditions were undertaken to capture the required number of animals, and many an ardent lover left his body on the plain to be devoured by birds of prey.

I was rich, so, without presumption, I might select my betrothed whenever I chose. The young girls of Kikouyou, the dancers, the candidates for marriage, the *airtos*, are very difficult to please, very proud and very



A KIKOUYOU WARRIOR

independent. The two or three years that precede their marriage are really the golden age for them. The fathers spare nothing to make these girls more beautiful and thus augment their value. Every day, after they have occupied themselves with some light work in the fields, for two or three hours, they have nothing else to do but to arrange their dress and be ready to dance with the warriors.

A Kikouyou father would never dare force his daughter to marry a man she did not love. These young ladies would rather drown or hang themselves than be married against their will. Therefore, it is not enough to be rich. A young man must win the heart of the girl who

happens to please his fancy. There were many hearts that did not beat for me, nor did mine for them. Two girls attracted me, but I could not decide whether I really wanted the tall maiden or the little one.

✱

In Kikouyou we have a way of answering so embarrassing a doubt. By marrying both of them? Not at all.

One fine morning I took a handful of millet and scattered it evenly and secretly on both sides of the road. The millet on the right side represented the tall girl, that on the left side the little girl. During the day the wily field rat would pass this way. Later, I would be able to discover what choice he had made for me.

With an eager heart, I returned in the evening and found that the field rat had eaten the millet on the left side, the side of the little maiden, thus indicating that I would better lose no time in making my declarations to her. One fine sunny day, having spent some restless hours in suitably attiring myself, I went to the field where I knew I should find my little sweetheart. She was resting in the shade and kindly invited me to sit beside her, at the same time offering me some roasted corn. Availing myself of the customary polite fib that is not meant to deceive anyone, I said:

"I have just taken a first sheep to your father." She began to laugh. Her mirth meant that she understood. It also signified that she accepted me and I might begin to pay her father the number of sheep and cattle he would require for giving her to me for my wife. That is, in this country the dowry is paid not to the husband, but to the father of the bride. But, as I have said, these young ladies are hard to please; so she too imposed her conditions upon me.

"I will become your wife," she promised, "when you have added to the dowry two fine cows taken from the Massais in broad daylight."

THE IRON AGE

Thus are we young men held and led by the Kikouyou belles. We have to face a thousand dangers, to suffer privations and fatigues, and all in order to please the vanity of these girls, that they may say to their companions:

"My betrothed added to my dowry two beautiful cows taken in war."

More than half our number never return alive from these dangerous expeditions. While these coquettes enjoy the "golden age," they impose the "iron age" on us. And if the poor warrior falls in the combat pierced by many arrows, or with his skull cleft by a Massai battle-axe, his betrothed suppresses all manifestation of sorrow:

"Because," she says, "the *Ngai* (God) willed it."

She continued to bestow much time on her attire and to dance as gaily as ever, tranquilly awaiting another sunny day when the astute field rat will send another foolish young warrior to woo her.

In Kikouyou the number of *mooragani* given to such folly is infinite. My wisdom was not my strong point in my youth. On this occasion, when my charmer dic-

tated her terms, I did not for a moment think of flinching or drawing back. Instead, I speedily joined one of the many expeditions that set out every month against either the Massais or any other neighboring tribe that possesses cows and sheep.

During eight days and nights we glutted ourselves with meat. We opened the veins in the necks of bulls to suck the red and strength-giving liquor, the only kind that warriors are allowed to take. We

offered sacrifices to the shades of our ancestors, asking them to accompany and sustain us in the fight. A reputable sorcerer, with sharp, piercing eyes, predicted a general success, and to each one of us in particular the happy accomplishment of all his wishes.

He even penetrated the veil of the future and predicted the color of the animals that each of us was to bring back from the raid. The sorcerer has a calabash or large gourd filled with *bogas*, small, round, polished stones of different colors. Recently, however, he has come to use glass stoppers and buttons of all shapes instead of the *bogas*.

The sorcerer shakes the calabash vigorously and throws from it, at hazard, one or two handfuls of these different objects. He places them in rows on a goat's skin and counts them. He is then able to foresee, he says, better even than if the future were written before him, secrets that have been carefully hidden, and the most extraordinary events. It is interesting to know where these magical *bogas* are obtained. From their appearance, one would surmise that these stones came from the bed of some ordinary torrent where a sackful of them could be gathered in a short time. But this is a mistake. One could never guess the origin of the stoppers and buttons either.

Sorcerers are born sorcerers as poets are born poets. This magician comes into the world with the *bogas*, stones, stoppers and buttons encrusted like scales on his tiny body. They are reverently collected and placed in a calabash. Such is the tradition and general belief. When the predestined sorcerer is old and intelligent enough he will predict the future, consult the entrails of animals, and absolve his fellow citizens from sin. He will also accept their sheep in payment for his predictions.

A sorcerer is not necessarily an aged monster, with a face hardly human and ugly enough to frighten all the



A WAR PARTY

crows of the country. Of course, there are some very ugly ones; but there are also some graceful young magicians, who, amiably and smilingly, exercise their arts by a supernatural vocation.

Often, after our adventurous raids, when the time comes for dividing the spoils, disputes are wont to arise as to who is to own this or that beautiful animal. Such disputes are always settled with cutlasses and swords, friend against friend, brother against brother. To avoid these little disagreements, solitary expeditions are frequently undertaken two or three days before the general fray.

Having obtained all the necessary information with regard to the exact position of the Massai encampment to be attacked, I went to the steppes without telling anyone of my intention. About midnight, I found myself near the enclosure where the animals were secured. With the greatest pleasure I listened to their breathing. I also heard the peaceful snoring of the warriors supposed to be on guard in the hut near-by. Cautiously I penetrated into the enclosure, entered the hut where the sentinels were asleep and threw a white powder (given me by the sorcerer in exchange for a sheep) on the dying embers of the fire. This powder was to prevent the guards from awakening. Then I went out of the hut to accomplish my design.

By the light of the stars, I chose the two finest cows in the herd, cut off the ends of their tails with my sword and, leaving the enclosure, retraced my steps to our own camp.

The next day I proudly showed my comrades the tails of the cows I had chosen. No one would have a right to dispute the possession of them with me when the time should come for the division of the spoils.

You may imagine with what joy I put my trophies into the hands of my little Kikouyou maid, who simply said: "I asked for two cows, not for two tails."

MISSION LIFE AND NEEDS

The letters from the mission field published in this section were lately received at the Central Direction or some of the diocesan offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They will serve to show the needs of the missions and the results already obtained or hoped for, and also to express the gratitude of the missionaries to their benefactors. Appeals for help from missionaries will be entered here, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will gladly forward whatever answers readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may wish to give to them.

FROM BISHOP JARLIN, C.M., VICAR APOSTOLIC OF PEKIN AND NORTHERN TCHE-LY, CHINA.

"You are right to make the work of Catholic missions better known. Certainly the Apostolic spirit reigns in the United States, but alas the people there seem to send only Protestants to this country.

"China is full of Protestant ministers, and I believe there are to be found here only two American Catholic missionaries. Almost all the Chinese who live in the United States are also Protestant in spirit. In England the Catholics are surrounded by those of a different faith, yet they have a Society of Foreign Missions. I have asked several of my missionaries to send you articles for your magazine. For myself I will be content to enclose the report of a year's work, sixteen thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two baptisms in twelve months. We have reason to hope that in 1907 the number will not be less than last year. There is still much to be done in our vicariate. We need the aid of alms, of prayers, and, above all, assistance in the Apostolate."

EDITOR'S NOTE—No doubt the example of the Catholic missionary work among the Chinese in Boston will soon be followed elsewhere in the United States.

FROM RT. REV. P. J. HURTH, C.S.C., BISHOP OF DACCA, BENGAL.

"Chilleong, in Eastern Bengal, was recently the scene of a festive celebration, an event rare even in the annals of European countries. It was a gala day, the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the sacred priesthood of the Rev. Father Fourmond, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The golden jubilarian was born seventy-five years ago in Mayence, France. Immediately after his ordination he set out for the Missions of Bengal, where he labored for nineteen years. In 1876 the voice of obedience called him to America, and for twelve years he ministered in Montreal and New Orleans. In 1888 he returned to Bengal, where he has since then spent nearly twenty years in active work.

"Numerous are the experiences, tragic and pathetic, that have fallen to the lot of Father Fourmond in his missionary career, which began soon after the East Indian Mutiny.

"We give one incident from his life as pathetic as any to be found in history or fiction. In those early days travelling was difficult—trains there were none, and steamboats were rare. Walking overland or setting out in a row boat was the ordinary manner of travelling. Father Fourmond was deputed to conduct from Decca to Calcutta, for medical treatment, a fellow priest who was seriously ill. Under the most favorable circumstances the trip would have been a week's journey. After a few days, however, the sick missionary died. Father Fourmond resolved to convey the body to the city and give it suitable burial. He had to pretend to his boatmen that his charge was not dead; otherwise, according to their rules of caste, they would have refused to pull an oar. A cyclone came up, the boat was run ashore for safety and Father Fourmond tied the body of his friend to a tree to prevent his precious freight from being swept away from him by the terrific wind which often up-roots the grass from the soil. Fearful still, he threw himself full length upon the body and fastened himself to the tree. The living and the dead were thus clasped in each other's arms. When the

cyclone abated, a steam tug came in sight, and Father Fourmond and his awful burden were taken to Calcutta."

FROM BISHOP MEREL, P.F.M., CANTON, CHINA.

"The two numbers of your new magazine gave us useful and interesting reading. I thank you for sending them. Several of my missionaries are ready to write the articles you desire.

"I have just returned from a trip into the interior districts. The rain accompanied me the whole way. I had to take a palanquin, and the porters could not keep their feet on the icy road. They fell and in their fall plunged me into a rice swamp covered with water. The fatigue and trials of the expedition were well compensated, however, by the joy of seeing the pious Christians eager to profit by my visit by approaching the sacraments, and listening to the word of the Gospel."

FROM FATHER STEPHEN, O.M.CAP., SOMALILAND.

"Herewith is inclosed a letter of thanks to Mr. William Noonan, of Stockton, California, from the two children he adopted, and for whom the fund he donated, provides. The girl, being able to write in Somali, but not in English, gave the letter to be translated by a Sister.

"I received two copies of your very welcome Review published in the interests of the Propagation of the Faith. Many thanks for it and for the publication of my article on Somaliland. We shall be very grateful to you for everything you do for our poor mission.

LETTER FROM THE SOMALI CHILD.

Praised be Jesus Christ now and forevermore!

SHINBIRALEH, June 3, 1907.

"MY DEAR GODFATHER:

"I do not find words expressive enough to thank you for all your benefits towards my brother William and me. Although you are far, far away from our Somaliland, our affection for you, dear Godfather, is not less. You are to us more than a father and mother, for perhaps, who knows, for the love of us poor helpless orphans you deprive yourself of all earthly enjoyments to come to our aid.

"Is it then not right to show ourselves grateful and thankful to you, dear Godfather, who are all to us, parent, friend and a benefactor?

"On the 3d of May, Feast of the Holy Cross, we were told that this day was considered as a favorite one by you, dear Godfather, so by the hands of Rev. Father Stephen we have had the happiness of receiving Holy Baptism on this day, according to your desire.

"My soul made white as snow, the first thing I thought of doing was to send a prayer toward Heaven in favor of him who chose me for his god-child, and for all those who are dear to him.

"After God you are the provider of our daily bread, and each time we repeat the Lord's Prayer we think of you and pray for you, dear Godfather, that God may in turn grant you all that your heart may desire.

"And now, dear Godfather, receive William's best thanks and mine for your goodness and kindness toward us.

"With gratitude and love, we remain,

"Your affectionate God-children.

"MATILDA NOONAN,

"And my little brother,

WILLIAM NOONAN."

**FROM REV. DOM SCHMIDT, HUNGARIAN MISSION,
SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.**

"Three years have already elapsed since we arrived in this Vicariate and began the evangelization of a people then quite forsaken, and at the same time worthy of missionary interest. The little mustard seed then sown has had its growth retarded, but it has nevertheless germinated and promises to thrive steadily.

"A short time ago, we took up our residence in the heart of the region inhabited by Hungarians, and, where a year ago we celebrated Mass in a tent, to-day rises a chapel that does great credit to the faith of the population. It is built of boards, but the inside is not even proof against the weather. Our enemies can well say, 'They have begun to build, and behold they are incapable of finishing their work.' Nevertheless, we are proud of our church, though in the winter it is too cold, because the wind gets in at every nook and cranny. In the cold season, therefore, we have to go back to the old way of having Mass sometimes at one house, and again at another. That is, if you can call by the name of house a habitation dug out of the ground and covered with earth.

"Last Christmas I celebrated Mass in the little presbytery, which was much too small to accommodate the congregation. The scene reminded me of the poverty that surrounded the Divine Child of Bethlehem. It is very important that we should finish our church as soon as possible, in order that we may unite our poor Hungarians who need to be sustained against the attacks of error. Non-Catholic societies have representatives among them, and these, with money and presents, strive to impose their ministry on our people. The temptation is very great and the resources of the country are extremely limited. I have had to rebaptize, conditionally, children that were taken to the minister for baptism. Two days ago I presided at a funeral. The funeral car was a heavy cart drawn by half-tamed oxen. One mourner followed it, the father of the deceased, who was a young girl. The distance was too great and the roads

were too bad for other relatives to come. So you see how poor and primitive is this locality."

**FROM VERY REV. R. J. CRIMONT, S.J., PREFECT
APOSTOLIC OF ALASKA.**

"For twenty years the Jesuit Fathers and the Sisters of St. Ann and of Providence have labored in Alaska for the salvation of the natives, Indian and Eskimo. With the rush of gold-seekers to the North, more attention had to be paid to the whites. Hospital work is one of the greatest means of doing good in Alaska, and hospitals have been established at Juneau, Douglas, Nome, and Fairbanks. But the recruits in the ranks of our Sisters are not in proportion to the increase of their tasks. As Sisters can not be obtained for the new hospital at Fairbanks the assistance of nurses, with or without a religious vocation, is earnestly asked. The climate of Fairbanks is healthful and the hospital is well equipped with all modern appliances, a heating plant and electricity."

**FROM FATHER ROBIN, P.F.M., COIMBATORE,
HINDUSTAN.**

"Last December, trusting in Divine Providence, I began to build a chapel here under the patronage of St. Anthony. With the resources at my disposal I was able to get the walls nearly erected. Then there were no funds to carry the work further. It was necessary to get the building completed before the rainy season. We went on with it for a while, but were forced to stop, as we did not wish to go deeper in debt. The little edifice still needs to be plastered and white-washed. It still needs an altar. When shall we be able to have Mass in this Chapel? This question my people are continually asking me. 'Soon. Let us be patient,' I answer them.

But I can only count upon the alms of Christians interested in the extension of the Faith."

MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA.

NEW YORK

His Holiness, Pope Pius X, has sent a special letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley, thanking him for the great demonstration of Catholics held in New York City several months ago to denounce the French Separation Law.

With the approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, a new Apostolic College for the training of candidates for the life of missionary priests has been opened at Cornwells, near Philadelphia, by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

The Holy See has solemnly approved the form of organization and statutes of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament,

founded by Mother Katharine Drexel, for mission work among the Indians and Negroes.

ST. LOUIS

The Most Rev. J. J. Glennon, D.D., Archbishop of St. Louis, has been appointed an assistant commissioner of the United States Government for the taking of the religious census of the country.

MILWAUKEE

The Catholic Educational Convention held in Milwaukee under the auspices of the Most Rev. Archbishop Messmer, was an eminent success. The opening of the convention was attended by Archbishops Messmer, of Milwaukee; Farley, of New York; Quigley, of Chicago; Blenk, of

New Orleans; Bishop Eis, of Marquette, and the Rt. Rev. D. J. O'Connell, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University of America.

CHICAGO

In the past two years sixty new churches have been built in Archbishop Quigley's diocese of Chicago, an encouraging proof of the growth of the Church in the western portion of the United States.

Archbishop Quigley recently consecrated a chapel car in which Bishop Hennessy, of Wichita, will travel through Kansas and other parts of the west, ministering to Catholics in places where there are no churches. The chapel car is an outgrowth of missionary efforts of the Catholic Church Extension Society.

INDIANAPOLIS At the Sixth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, held at Indianapolis, July 14th to 17th, the following was one of the resolutions adopted: "We consider it an essential part of a Catholic's religious life that he be associated with some one of the various approved missionary efforts of the Church."

CLEVELAND Bishop Horstmann has issued an appeal to the Catholics of his diocese, in behalf of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith, through the Indian Schools, lately deprived by a decision of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, of some forty thousand dollars annually, which they have been receiving for their support from the government.

OMAHA An event that will mark an epoch in the history of the Church in Nebraska, will take place on the first Sunday in October, when the corner stone of the new cathedral will be laid with solemn ceremonies.

CHEYENNE The corner-stone of the new St. Mary's Cathedral, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, was recently laid. The new cathedral is to replace the only Catholic Church of the city, built thirty years ago.

CUBA Archbishop Giuseppe Aversa, the Papal Delegate to Cuba, arrived in New York from Havana a short time ago.

PORTO RICO Bishop Jones has granted authority to the Spanish colony to transfer the remains of Ponce de Leon, the explorer and first governor of Porto Rico, from the San José Church to the Cathedral.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS An agreement has been reached between Mr. W. H. Taft, U. S. Secretary of War, and representatives of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, regarding a number of important matters that have been in controversy. This agreement provides that the Archbishop of Manila shall possess in absolute title the land and property pertaining to the hospitals, at San José, San Juan de Dios, and Cavite, and the Colleges of San José and Santa Isabella. These proper-

ties are valued at \$2,066,000. The Church relinquishes to the government all claims upon the estate of Santa Potenciana, and the hospital and foundation of San Lazaro, except that the archbishop is to retain possession of the block in which the present Santa Cruz cemetery is situated, and of fifty hectares (about one hundred and twenty-five acres) north of the hospital.

The Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, at Scheut, near Brussels, already in charge of large missions in China and the Congo, has accepted a new mission field in the interior of Luzon, and has sent ten missionary priests to the Islands. The ranks of the Irish Redemptorists sent out last year to the diocese of Cebu by their Vicar General, now Bishop Boylan of Kilmore, are to be augmented by several new missionaries of the Order, who are on their way to the Philippines.

Rev. Gelasio Ramirez, the first Filipino elevated to the priesthood in the United States, will, by instruction of his bishop, Rt. Rev. T. A. Hendrick, D.D., learn the deaf-mute sign language, in order that on his return to the Islands, he may instruct those of his countrymen who are deprived of speech and hearing.

CATHOLIC ARMY CHAPLAINS There being eleven vacancies among the chaplains in the United States Army, President Roosevelt has given four of these appointments to the Bishops of the Catholic Church. Father Doyle, of the Apostolic Mission House, at Washington, has been entrusted with the duty of securing priests who are best fitted for the responsible position of army chaplains.

CANADA Oblate Missionaries in Upper Canada are having much success in bringing back to the Church Protestants who are of Catholic parentage.

The Catholic Mission in behalf of the fishermen of Iceland and Newfoundland is an encouraging success. Early in the spring the Saint Francis d'Assisi, the hospital ship of the mission, which cruises along the Icelandic coast, sailed for Newfoundland. During the first two months of the season she was in communication with two hundred and eighty-six fishing vessels. On Sundays the cabin of the St. Francis is too small to hold the sailors who come to attend Mass.

EUROPE.

ROME The Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius X, the commemoration of his fifty years in the priest-

hood, will occur September 18, 1908. The great occasion is, however, to be celebrated November 16, 1908, the anniversary of the Holy Father's consecration as Bishop of Mantua, in 1884.

BELGIUM

The American College at Louvain, Belgium, founded by Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, in 1857, for the education of priests for the American Missions, celebrated its golden jubilee a few weeks ago. During the fifty years of its existence, Louvain has sent forth a noble band of priests. Former students of the college are to be found in every State of the Union. It has also given many prelates to the Church in America. The oldest living alumnus of Louvain is the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria.

THE HAGUE

Pope Pius X, the earthly representative of the Prince of Peace, was excluded from sending a delegate to the World's Peace Conference recently held at The Hague. The idea of The Hague Conference was anticipated, in 1713, by the Abbé de St. Pierre, a French priest, who proposed the formation of a European Senate for the settlement of international disputes.

The Jesuits in Holland have opened a house in which to give retreats to workingmen. Seven such foundations exist in Belgium, and in them, annually, retreats are made by thousands.

IRELAND

The Very Rev. Father McHugh, P.P., of Strabane, has been nominated Bishop of Derry, the See having been rendered vacant by the death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Doherty.

ASIA.

CHINA

The Fathers of the Foreign Missions, Paris, have opened thirteen ecclesiastical seminaries in China, five in Cochin China, four in Manchuria, three in Japan, six in Tonquin, four in the Indies, and one in each of the following countries: Siam, Cambodia, Korea, Thibet and Laos. There are two thousand, two hundred and forty-six native students in these seminaries.

KOUANG-SI CHINA

The Congregation of St. Paul, (Char- tres), conspicuous among the Sisters devoted to the foreign missions, have two schools and workshops in Kouang-Si. In Longtchone they have a convent and dispensary, and in Nan-Ning, a new foundation. They have already attended two thousand five hundred patients. These hard working Sisters also have indus-

trial schools and orphanages in Kvang-tong, Pakhoir, Laos in Siam, and at Seoul in Korea.

JAPAN

The special Japanese Ambassador to the Vatican, Mr. Onchida, reached Rome about the middle of July bearing an autograph letter from the Emperor of Japan to the Pope. The Mikado extends his thanks to the Holy Father for having sent a special envoy to him in the person of the present Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, Most Rev. Wm. H. O'Connell, D.D.

KUMAMOTO JAPAN

Three American Marist Brothers have begun the foundation of a students' home at Kumamoto, through which, it is hoped, the natives of the district will become acquainted with Catholic doctrine.

TOKYO JAPAN

The Rev. R. Meyer, S. J., formerly assistant to the General of the Society of Jesus, at Rome, is to be superior of the Jesuit Missions

in Japan and rector of the new Catholic University at Tokyo.

INDIA

dead.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Beiderlinden, S.J., of Poona, India, is

PERSIA

A special envoy was, a short time ago, sent from Persia to Pope Pius X, bearing an autograph letter from the Shah, and the announcement of his accession to the throne. The Holy Father received the Shah's messenger in a formal audience.

AFRICA.

The Jesuit Missionaries of Mashonaland have for several years been preparing books in the Chiswina language. When published, these works will be a valuable addition to philology.

SIERRA LEONE

Bishop O'Gorman's Vicariate of Sierra Leone covers forty thousand square miles, and has a

population of three million souls. He is assisted by twenty-two missionary priests, and twenty-five Sisters of St. Joseph.

LIBERIA

Two attempts to establish a Catholic Mission at Liberia, the negro republic of West Africa, by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, in 1884-86, failed, because the missionaries either died or became incapacitated for work by illness contracted there. Another attempt at founding the mission is being made by Father Kyne, Prefect Apostolic.

ABYSSINIA

Father Maria Bernardo, O.M.Cap., director of the leper settlement at Harrar, on his return from Rome to East Africa, will convey to the Emperor Menelik, of Abyssinia, an autograph letter from Pope Pius X, and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Last March the Emperor sent an autograph letter to the Pope and the decoration of the Star of Ethiopia, with the assurance that the rights of Catholics in his dominions will be respected.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

In this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS the most important missionary magazines are reviewed, those published in the English language having the preference as being more accessible to the majority of our readers. Attention is directed to articles, pamphlets, and books bearing on the missionary question in order that the friends of the missions may be kept informed of the progress of the Church among infidels, heathens, and all outside the fold.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, for August, devotes its initial article to the Missions of the Salesian Fathers, in the series on "The Societies of Catholic Missionaries." Founded only sixty-one years ago, at Turin, Italy, by Dom Bosco, the Vincent de Paul of the nineteenth century, this zealous Congregation gave its early apostolic labors to Patagonia, and from there established missions in Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil and other parts of South America. It now has stations also in Palestine, India and China. The *Annals* publishes a letter on "The Church in Finland," by Rev. Wilfrid Von Christerson, the first native priest of that country, from the time of the so-called Reformation.—"The Korean Mission Since the Russo-Japanese War," by Bishop Mutel, P.F.M., Vicar Apostolic, describes the actual state of the mission and the political situation in Korea. The Catholics of the island number sixty-five thousand, and the seven hundred stations are served by

forty-three missionaries of the Society of Foreign Missions, Paris, and eleven native priests.—The Missions of Africa are represented by an account of "A Missionary's Day at Ibouzo," by Father Ferrieux, L.A.F.M.—Mr. A. Guasco, the learned secretary of the Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith, Paris, continuing his review of "Scientific Work of the Missionaries," enumerates the services they have rendered to many branches of knowledge, astronomy, meteorology, geography, history, archæology, and philology. In the April *Annals* he told of the discoveries by which they have enriched the study of natural history. These two articles form a remarkable synopsis of the colossal work accomplished, from a scientific standpoint, by the pioneers of the apostolate.

The Field Afar gives a sketch of Mill Hill, near London, the headquarters of the English Society of Foreign Missions, which, established by Cardinal

Vaughan in 1866, to-day has its missionaries in all parts of the world.—There is also a letter from Rev. J. Verbrugge, E.F.M., on the arduous work the Mill Hill Fathers are doing in the Philippine Islands.—The series "In the Homes of Martyrs" continues the charming interview with the Curé Eusebius Vénard, in his garden of Assais, where he tells the story of his brother's beautiful life, and shows the pilgrim visitor the original letters written by the future martyr, Theophane Vénard, from college, the seminary, and from Tonquin up to the time of his captivity; also, a little drama of the martyrdom written by the curé himself, and since enacted in this garden of the presbytery.—The page of the *Field Afar* devoted to Our Young Apostles is very attractive. In awakening and cultivating an interest in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith it is an excellent idea to begin with the young people. Children are enthusiastic and willing workers where their sympathies

are aroused, and "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

The Missionary (July). In "The Mission House and Its Course of Training," Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P., answers the question, "What is the Plan of Study at the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C.?" This course continues for one year. It equips a priest for giving missions to non-Catholics, and involves an intelligent review of the doctrines in controversy with Protestants and infidels, with special reference to making converts. Missions to Catholics form another part of the course, and each student-priest is fitted for the best presentation of his sermons in the pulpit. A short but careful preparation for giving spiritual retreats concludes the scholastic year.

Extension (July) makes a most encouraging report of the "Twenty Months of Effort" since the inception of the Church Extension movement in October, 1905, mentioning as assets, the blessing of the Holy Father, a substantial fund of good-will from bishops, clergy and laity, the prayers of one hundred grateful little missions in the west and south that have been assisted by the society, and nearly seventy-four thousand dollars toward the expenses of carrying on the good work. Of the articles in the number, "The Hardships of a Missionary Priest" reiterates the need of church extension in the south. The diocese of Mobile, comprising the entire State of Alabama and part of the State of Florida, has an area of almost sixty thousand square miles. Over this vast territory a few priests travel at regular intervals. The missions thus attended number one hundred and fifty. Very few have churches and none are self-supporting; yet, in this district are to be found many non-Catholics whose ancestors were of the Catholic faith, and had fallen away through carelessness.

The Catholic World (July).—"Vacation with the Micmacs," by Rev. William T. Russel, is a charming sketch of a visit to a mission village of this celebrated Indian tribe in Newfoundland. "After a delightful sail up the Bay d'Espoir," (Bay of Hope) says the writer, "the village of the Micmacs was sighted, and we sent a dory ashore. The Indians, who were expecting us, gave a salute with their guns and, before the chapel that crowns the summit of a little hill overlooking the village, they ran up the priest's flag, a red cross on a white field. Their welcome was simple but genuine." These Indians live as one large family under their chief, who is elected for life. In dealing with his people he is guided by the advice of the pastor, Father Adams,

a fine type of the unselfish, discreet and fatherly priest. During the Mass on Sundays the Indians, led by their chief, chant in plaintive tones, suggestive of Gregorian music, the Kyrie, Gloria and Credo, in their own tongue. Many of them can read and write this Indian language, and also English. Their native books were printed for them at Leipsic.

The Ave Maria, July Monthly Part, "A Striking Parallel and a Martyr's Glory," is a touching picture of Blessed Perboyre, C.M., the first martyr among the missionaries assisted by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. "While the story of Blessed Perboyre's angelic life and glorious death, in 1840, has been often retold in many languages, during the past century, and more particularly during the last two decades, the parallel between his passion-tide and that of his Master has not been drawn at length." The writer outlines this glorious similarity with a reverent and graphic pen. In these days of the persecution of religion in France it is interesting to read that an account of the miracles of Blessed Perboyre, written by a missionary in China, was "crowned" by the French Academy. Only so long ago as the Exposition of 1900, however, the scientific work of the Missionaries of Madagascar was also thus recognized.

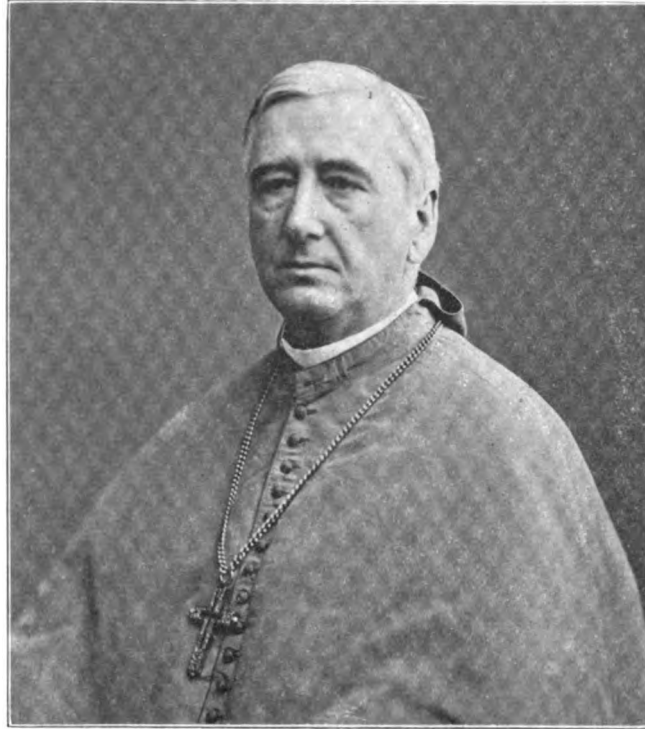
Alexander's Magazine, Boston, in its Catholic Souvenir Number, summarizes in part the work of the Catholic Church for the negroes of the United States. Among this race the Church has established missions and schools in Maryland, Virginia, Kansas, South Carolina, Mississippi, Delaware, Louisiana and Texas. White men and women of the Religious Orders of the Josephite Fathers, and the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, devote themselves to the elevation of the negro. In addition, there are two colored Sisterhoods, the Oblates, of Baltimore, and the Sisters of the Holy Family, New Orleans. The special object of the Josephite Fathers is to train young men of the negro race for the priesthood. The Rev. C. R. Uncles, of Epiphany College, Baltimore, and the Rev. J. H. Dorsey, of Pine Bluffs, Ark., are the first fruits of this movement. One of the articles in the number, written by a non-Catholic negro, Archibald Grimke, says, in treating of the colored Catholics of Washington, D. C.:

"St. Augustine's Church, located in the northwest section of the city, is attended by almost as many whites as by blacks, and is, perhaps, the only church in the Capital where the two races worship side by side on terms of Christian equality, as the Catholic University is the only seat of learning in the District, with the exception of

Howard University, where the colored student may find welcome in spite of his race and color. These two noble institutions, St. Augustine's and the Catholic University, are saying to America, and saying it in no uncertain tones, that the Roman Catholic Church is no respecter of persons and prejudices, but that in her eyes all men are equal at her altar and in her great school of learning."

Anthropos, August (Salzburg), the international magazine established by the Missionaries of the Divine Word to set forth results of the study of races and their languages, has a sketch, in French, by Father A. Bourlet, of the Seminary of Laos, on "The Thays," a people of Asia, related to the Laotians. —The serial in English on "The Zulu Kafirs of Natal," by Rev. Fr. Mayr, has to do, in this installment, with "Medicines and Charms," and conveys an idea of the great number of medicinal plants in the territory of Natal, and the different methods of using them. It also shows the superstition that underlies the Zulu's habits and thoughts, especially in illness or war, or in trying to prevent misfortune and secure success in their different pursuits. The magazine contains studies highly valuable to philology, on "The Traditional Languages of the Friendly Islands," by Father Reiter, S.M.; "The Grammar of the Kiyombe Tongue," a "Grammar of the Koghoriko," in German and Togo, and "Dialects of the Philippines." Also a learned article by Father G. Schmitt, (in French) on "The Sounds of Speech," and their representation in a general alphabet.

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London, begins an instructive series by Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., on "The Catholic Missions in the Gold Coast Colony," along the Gulf of Guinea. This Eldorado of West Africa was visited by European soldiers of fortune as early as the fourteenth century but, as it possesses no harbors, and the air is heavy with a deadly malaria, it has also rightly been called the *White Man's Grave*. Fetishism, a curious mixture of monotheism, polytheism and idolatry, in its grossest form, is still prevalent among the natives. "Catholic Missionary Work in China," by the Rev. S. Bizeul, S.J., continued from a previous issue, explains how a missionary must respect what is good in eastern civilization, and by showing that he even esteems it he may win the sympathy and confidence of the people. Father Bizeul relates some of the difficulties of a foreigner in attempting to learn the Chinese language. The sketch is illustrated by a portrait of a mandarin's aged wife with her prayer beads, which might almost be mistaken for a rosary.



The Most Rev. John J. Williams, late Archbishop of Boston

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Editorial Notes

The Late Archbishop of Boston

IN the death of the Most Rev. John J. Williams the cause of Catholic missions has sustained a serious loss. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith which, for so many years, has represented that cause among us, both by the help it has given to our missions and its appeals to our charity, owes, in great measure, its development in the United States to the venerable prelate recently deceased.

Almost ten years ago, in fulfilment of a resolution passed at the annual meeting of the most Reverend Archbishops, the late metropolitan of Boston took steps to systematically organize throughout his diocese this world-wide society that furnishes the principal support to the Catholic Apostolate.

The work appealed to Archbishop Williams because of its simple organization and the Catholicity of its distributions. He was always mindful, too, of the earlier days of struggle when the diocese of Boston was substantially benefited by the Society.

When, as a young man, the late archbishop, then a student, left home for the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, Bishop Fitzpatrick gave him a letter addressed to the Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and containing a request

for funds. This appeal brought to Boston the sum of four thousand dollars, a considerable apportionment, even to-day, and this allowance was followed by others. Archbishop Williams never forgot this example of charity and was eager to pass on to needy missions the blessings of Christ.

Placing the establishment of the Society in the hands of an energetic priest, he made known his wish to the clergy and laity of his diocese. Parishes were successively visited, branches organized and local directors—priests—selected, with the result that, in less than five years, a regular annual income of nearly twenty-five thousand dollars for the Propagation of the Faith was realized. Last year the net receipts by the Society from the See of Boston more than doubled this amount. The many missionaries whose struggles Archbishop Williams watched with sympathetic interest and practical aid will remember their benefactor at the altar, and his apostolic zeal will now receive its reward.

**The
Right Reverend
F. Z. Rooker**

ON September 19th there died at Jaro, Iloilo, a man whose name will ever be held in veneration as that of the first American bishop to lay down his life for the cause of religion in the Philippines. The Rt. Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker was, for several years prior to his elevation to the episcopate, secretary of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington. In 1903 he was consecrated Bishop of Jaro, one of the most difficult sees to govern in the Philippines, for it was overrun by secret societies and Aglipayism, even the cathedral being in the hands of Aglipay and his followers. Firm, resolute, and independent, the bishop did not temporize with the schismatics. But, as they were also rebels, with the aid of the army, he drove them from his episcopal city and its neighborhood. The people soon learned that they had a bishop who knew the rights of the Church and would make sure that they were respected.

Trial and discouragement often attended the efforts of the zealous, untiring, and devoted Bishop of Jaro. But, through all, his courage was sustained by the hope that from his own dear country, the United States, would come other missionaries to take up the work of saving the faith of the Filipinos. A thorough American, he was a power in teaching his people that respect for justice, law, and order are the foundations of true liberty.

His strength was felt in the pacification of his district. The aim of the Holy See to select for the Philippines prelates who would co-operate with the civil authorities was fully realized in him, and the establishment of a peaceful government at Iloilo is largely due to his influence. The bishop and the patriot were notably combined in the character of the Rt. Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker. He was given a great work to do and he performed it ably, effectively, and with heroic self-sacrifice.

**A Country
That Is Not
Priest-Ridden**

OUR separated brethren are wont to speak of Catholic countries as priest-ridden. They have been especially generous in thus qualifying the former colonies of Spain, in America and elsewhere, probably because these countries have so stubbornly resisted all assaults of Protestant emissaries. If there is a Catholic country in the world that is not priest-ridden, it is certainly the Philippines.

The latest statistics show that the total Catholic population in these islands is 6,863,413, whereas the total number of priests is 1,078, making an average of one priest for 6,365 Catholics. In the United States there is one priest for 867 Catholics. Moreover, if we take into account the topography of the Philippines (some parishes being made up of dozens of islands), which reduces enormously the working capacity of each priest, we marvel that, deprived of Mass and the sacraments, as many of these poor people are, they keep the faith, despite the continued attacks of schism, heresy, and infidelity.

Trappist Monks of Japan

By Father Ligneul, P.F.M.

Few people to-day know much about the Trappist monks, what they do, the manner of life they lead, and what services they have rendered to society and to the Church. Still fewer think what services these old Cenobites could still render to our present civilization. Thus the establishment of a Trappist monastery in Japan in the twentieth century appeared to many like a chimerical undertaking, a dream.

We must remember, however, who the Trappists are. They are men who pray and chant for many hours daily, who also pray and chant during a part of the night. Moreover, in the hours when the world is wrapped in repose, they study in order to furnish food to their intellects. At other times they cultivate the earth to obtain the wherewith to sustain their bodily life.

They fast, depriving themselves and suffering as far as their physical strength will permit, because they believe the words of Christ, and wish to observe his precepts as exactly as they can. According to report, they are men who belong to another age and to a civilization far distant from our own.

And what are they going to do in Japan? They are going to begin to do what they have already done in Europe, what they are still doing wherever they are not persecuted.

Was it not the Trappist who, in the olden times, cleared and redeemed by agriculture the greater part of the soil of Europe? By this means were founded a great number of villages and, indeed, cities, that are now celebrated.

If the old inhabitants of European countries have been marvellously transformed during the centuries and have become what they now are, is it not due principally to the influence of the monks? One can not fail to notice this fact in reading history. It is the monks who did the greater part of the work of the old European civilization. The northern part of Japan is an uncultivated region still sparsely inhabited, but now invaded each year

by colonists from all parts of the empire who seek to establish themselves in the Yesso with the hope of wresting a livelihood from the soil. Anyone familiar with these facts will not be surprised to find the Trappists there. They are in their proper place.

Is it not meet that these religious colonists of Europe should give to the Japanese settlers in the wilderness an example of industry, economy and perseverance, and demonstrate to them in this manner that religion should enter into and dominate our lives?

The Trappists were invited to Japan and the Yesso by Bishop Berlioz of Hakodate. This truly apostolic man considered that the monks would be a great assistance

to the missionaries in the carrying on of their work. The latter devote themselves to the evangelization of the natives; the former while cultivating the soil, present to the Japanese an example of the Christian religion practised with great fidelity and



FARMING IN JAPAN

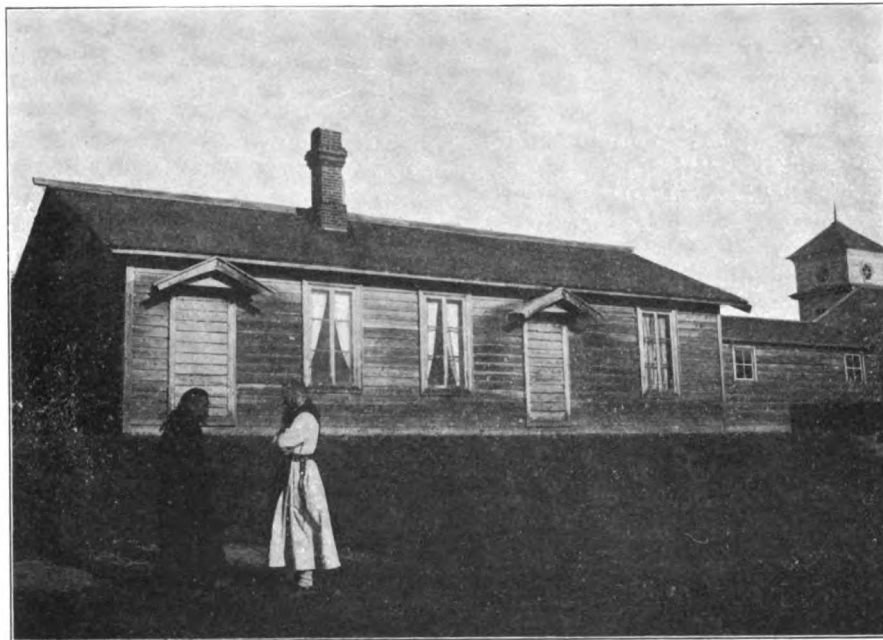
the practical influence of this religion on human prosperity and society.

The best result, looking toward the future, will be to form at the same time Christians and workers, the only means of founding a church.

The first monks chosen to labor in Japan for the realization of this idea left Marseilles September 13th, 1896; and arrived at their destination the twenty-eighth of the following October.

They established themselves not far from the port of Hakodate, between the sea and the mountains, in a great, undulating plain, a region traversed by rugged ravines and covered with rank vegetation, a veritable wilderness.

Here they built of wood, furnished by a few generous people, a shelter which they called their monastery. The most beautiful object in the scene by which they were surrounded was the horizon. To the contemplative mind a view of the heavens is enough. But it is not enough for men who have manual work to do. The first winter passed. All too soon, it seemed, the second came. For



THE TEMPORARY MONASTERY

more than five months the ground was covered with snow, the cold was intense, and sometimes for days the icy winds swept over the region. Provisions were scarce, and it was often impossible to obtain them in the villages nearest to the monastery. The monks were sometimes even without bread and had little money.

Hakodate is only eighteen miles distant by land from this place where the monks settled, but because of the snow and ice, the roads were frequently impassable. By sea it is a still shorter journey, but the waters were stormy almost the entire winter. Weakened physically as the monks were by exposure to the cold, hunger and privations of many kinds, it is not surprising that illness appeared to still further test their courage.

But attention could hardly fail to be drawn to this community, consisting of ten or twelve strangers of four or five different nationalities, who had all at once appeared in the midst of this wilderness. Men living alone in "the brush" a life such as the natives had never before witnessed were now extraordinarily poor. The inhabitants of their neighboring villages had little.

Some thought these strangers were pirates come to gain possession of the country. The natives kept watch of them day and night, hoping for an occasion to perform an act of patriotism by discovering some plot, and missing no occasion of showing their hostility. The local government, on its part, feared they were spies, and placed them under the surveillance of the police.

The monks, thus cruelly misjudged, but undisturbed because they knew they were unjustly suspected, permitted themselves to be observed, visited, questioned by all who wished to do so. They alone were not afraid, for they had nothing to hide, nothing to lose. They did not fear the light; on the contrary, they desired it. Imperturbably faithful to their rule, when spring came they began to cultivate the ground about the monastery.

The Japanese government grants gratuitously to the colonists of the Yesso certain concessions of land on condition that they are cleared in a specified time. When

this condition is fulfilled, the lands are surveyed, registered for taxation, and become the property of the colonists.

As the monks were too few to perform this work of clearing their land by themselves, they enlisted the aid of a number of Japanese families. These people built their cabins conveniently near the monastery. Though free themselves, the men shared to a certain extent the life of the monks, worked with them, like them depending for subsistence upon the fruit of their toil. Not one among them was a Christian, but by degrees they all came to know the truth. At present there are about a hundred baptized Christians among the laborers who live near the monastery.

The monks also erected a school under the title of "the Agricultural Orphanage." They received about thirty boys and youths of the district.

A part of the day was given to the study of the Catholic religion, reading, writing, and the foundation of an education. The remainder was spent in working in the fields. Thus was carried out the old program of the Order—"Form workers and Christians."

Notwithstanding the rigors of the climate and the frequent dearth of sunlight in this latitude, the earth, rendered fertile at the cost of so much suffering and toil, gave promise of an encouraging harvest. The indefatigable colonists were about to see the realization of their hopes.

But, alas! a new series of trials awaited them. A typhoon, one of the terrible storms that sweep over Japan, devastated the lands of the monks just when the harvest was nearly ripened, destroyed the barns and the horses and cattle that were in them, and left only the monastery standing.

Moreover, a still more serious trouble appeared. The monks had for a neighbor a malevolent man who was head over ears in debt. He also had received a concession of land, but its cultivation was not sufficiently advanced to permit of his becoming its proprietor. To obtain money, he wished to make an absolute sale of it to the Trappists at an exorbitant price.

The monks naturally declined to buy it. This refusal angered the man, and he vindictively began against them a truly diabolical campaign in the principal newspapers of the country. Not only were the old rumors of the first days of their settlement in Japan circulated, but various false reports of the origin of these strangers, of their conduct, and the reasons for their coming to this part of the empire—all senseless and absurd calumnies—were sown broadcast by the press.

"Of all the sufferings that beset us, this trial was the greatest," said the Reverend Prior, in allusion to this persecution. "To hunger, illness and death we were resigned, but we could not submit to such a defamation of our motives and our lives, because our cause is the cause of God and religion."

But Providence did not abandon the monks. The very means by which their enemy sought to destroy them proved their vindication.

The stories told about them were so extraordinary that public opinion was aroused, and the excitement even reached the court. The Emperor, in order to ascertain what manner of men the monks really were, commanded one of his chamberlains, with a counsellor of the minister of the interior, to visit the monastery, examine into the causes of the rumors that had so stirred the public, and report to the Mikado himself the result of their investigation.

These high officials faithfully and courteously performed their task. They examined everything in the house and went over all the land that had been given to the monks. Everything was open to them. After all they had heard against the monastery, they were indeed astonished by what they actually saw. Their report to his Imperial Majesty was entirely favorable.

One of them even went further. He published his impressions of the visit in two long articles in the most widely circulated and most influential newspaper of the empire, the *Yai-yo* (the Sun). These articles caused a reversal of public opinion, and the monks were established in the general esteem. The work of the Trappists became known, that is, as much of it as the visitors had comprehended. The influence of religion, the work of the soul, they would not have understood even had they observed it. But what was exterior, useful, social, humanitarian, was henceforth known to them.

This was the beginning of many other visits that succeeded one another during the remainder of the year. The president of the Chamber of Deputies, an ex-minister of public instruction, many notables of the country came in turn, and all were astonished at the novelty of the spectacle presented to them. All this was God's answer to the malice of the enemies of the Trappists, and the public recognition of the integrity of their motives and their good will. It was, indeed, a great encouragement to them after their many vicissitudes.

They began to breathe again, one may say. The opinion of the local authorities became favorable to them. The people of the neighboring villages grew friendly; they were at peace with all the world. Their fields had not yet yielded abundantly, but the harvests were improving. The monks had now been more than six years in Japan, and they thought they had firmly established themselves.

How little we know what is before us! On March 29th, 1903, at mid-day, suddenly, from the kitchen chimney, fire broke out on the roof of the monastery. The house was built entirely of resinous wood, by that time thoroughly dry. The weather was cold and penetrating and the wind strong.

The fire spread with great rapidity; in half an hour the home of the monks, the cradle of their work, was but a heap of ashes. With the exception of the

linen and a few books and household articles that were taken out through the windows, everything was destroyed. The monks were left with nothing but the clothes they wore. Their breviaries, the sacred vessels, the ornaments of the church, and the library were consumed by the flames. It was with great difficulty that the tabernacle and the Blessed Sacrament were saved.

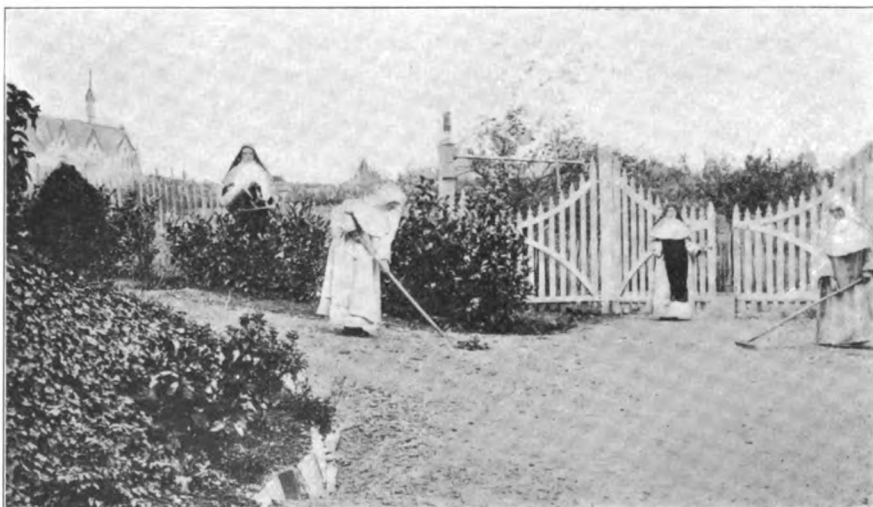
The dairy, bakery, and a building where provisions and tools were kept were also burned to the ground. The farming implements brought from Europe at great expense were all lost. What was to be done? In face of this discovery the monks could only say in the words of holy Job: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Happily, there remained a shelter for them—the school, where the children were lodged. The children's dormitory became the dormitory of the monks; their chapel served as a church. But the poor children had to be sent away. They were confided to the care of Bishop Berlioz, who returned them to their families or placed them in the homes of good native Christians.

Amid all these misfortunes, the monks most regretted this separation from their pupils, who formed one family with them. The gayety of youth brightened the solitudes. The departure of the boys left the monastery lands silent as a desert. The work of the Trappists was retarded by this necessity for giving up their school, for it was their best hope for the future.

Since the fire the monks have been by no means able to fully repair their losses. As before, they clear and cultivate the land, but every day they miss something necessary for their work that they once possessed. Above all, they need a proper dwelling. The small building in which they sought shelter is unsuited for community life. They wish to rebuild the monastery, but where are they to obtain the means?

The monastery was called "Notre Dame du Phare" (the Monastery of Our Lady of the Lighthouse), because of the lighthouse at the entrance to the port of Hakodate, near which beacon the Trappists had established themselves. Bishop Berlioz, in writing to his missionaries of the disaster that overwhelmed the monks of the Yesso, thus described it:



MISSIONARY SISTERS IN JAPAN

"The accident that occurred at Notre Dame du Phare has not destroyed it. The soul of this holy house still lives, beautiful in its ruin. Who knows, perhaps in the designs of Providence this trial may be destined to mark the passing from a temporary establishment to a permanent foundation. God grant that the monastery may soon rise from its ruins and in a form that will render it proof against the dangers of fire and the fury of the storm."

To rebuild the monastery great effort and devotedness are, indeed, necessary. These efforts the Reverend Prior and the religious continue to make; this perseverance with God's help they will evince. But there are things that even effort and devotedness can not always supply.

To rebuild even a wing of the monastery in a sub-

stantial manner, money is necessary. Though the Cistercian is a hospitable and not a mendicant Order the monks of the Yesso, contrary to custom, have been forced by circumstances to ask the assistance of the charitable. Already their enterprise, designed to be of service both to religion and humanity, has interested many, and these good friends consider it meritorious and an honor to aid this good cause.

For it is not only to a few poor monks that they extend their succor—it is the work to which these monks have given their lives that they will help to sustain. As a guarantee of reward to those who help them, the monks need only quote the Divine words, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and "They that instruct others to justice shall shine like stars forever in the firmament of Heaven."

The Marvels of Delhi

By a Capuchin Missionary

Delhi is the principal city of the diocese of Agra, a mission that for a century and a half has been in charge of the Fathers of the Capuchin Order and has nearly nine thousand Catholics.

There are many obstacles to the apostolate in this part of the Brahmanic empire. The environs of the mission station are rich in picturesque ruins, marvels of architecture that testify to the former splendor of the city.

The name of Delhi shines with incomparable brilliancy in the history of India and all Asia. There is only one other city in the world that can rival its ancient glory, namely, Rome, the capital of the European world as this city was, for centuries, the capital of Asia and the Orient.

And yet Rome, the Eternal City, with her twenty-six centuries of life, is young compared to the proud *Indraprastha* which was the capital of the Aryan empire fifteen centuries before the Christian era. It has been known as Delhi or Delli since the beginning of modern history.

The present city, built on two rocky elevations, is surrounded by walls of red sandstone, and has seven great gates. The old streets are narrow, but the modern avenues are broad and attractive. Long one of the principal strongholds of Mohammedanism in the East, Delhi had a population of two million people. Since 1803 it has been in possession of the English.

The *Djumna Musjid*, or *River Mosque*, is one of the most celebrated in India. It is in the Byzantine Arabic style of architecture. The entire edifice is built of red sandstone and situated on an immense terrace, approached by three broad staircases, each leading to a monumental door or gate. The interior of the temple is majestically simple; the arches, the pillars, the floor are of flawless white marble, 'broidered with delicate arabesques chiselled in the stone. The traveller Louis

Rousselet, who visited Delhi a generation ago, narrates this incident:

"The mollah (our guide) with an air of mystery proposed to show us the relics that have gained for the *Djumna Mosque* its renown among the Mohammedans.

"He led us to a small building whose carefully bolted door was not opened by its guardian until we paid a rupee. When we had at last entered, the old mollah solemnly opened the door of a golden shrine and took from it a silver casket, which he unfastened slowly, murmuring the name of Allah.

Presently he exhibited to us a single hair a few inches long. Though hard and stiff as a hog's bristles, it was mounted on a silver tube.

"'The beard of the prophet!' he cried, reverently inclining his head.

"The tradition is that this hair was plucked from the beard of Mohammed. It is the pride of the mosque of Delhi, and only at Medina, Cairo and Constantinople do the Mussulmans show similar souvenirs.

"The mollah next brought out for our inspection a girdle of goatskin and portions of the garments of the so-called prophet of Islam. Yet Mohammed was a decrifier of relics!"

A vast cemetery extends over all the plain of Delhi from the *Djumna River* to the western hills.

In traversing it the traveller may read on one of the tombs this curious inscription:

"Place no pompous monument above my grave. The modest grass will better cover the remains of *Jehanara*, the poor in spirit, the servant of the holy disciples of Christ, the daughter of the emperor, *Shah Jehan*."

This *Jehanara* is one of the most beautiful and touching characters of the sombre history of India in the

seventeenth century. A daughter of the Shah Jehan, she accompanied her unhappy father to prison after his eyes were put out by the barbarous order of his rebellious son, the usurper of his throne. Jehanara disdaining the offers of marriage she received on account of her beauty, until the day of her death was the guardian angel of the blind and dethroned emperor.

PANORAMA OF DELHI.

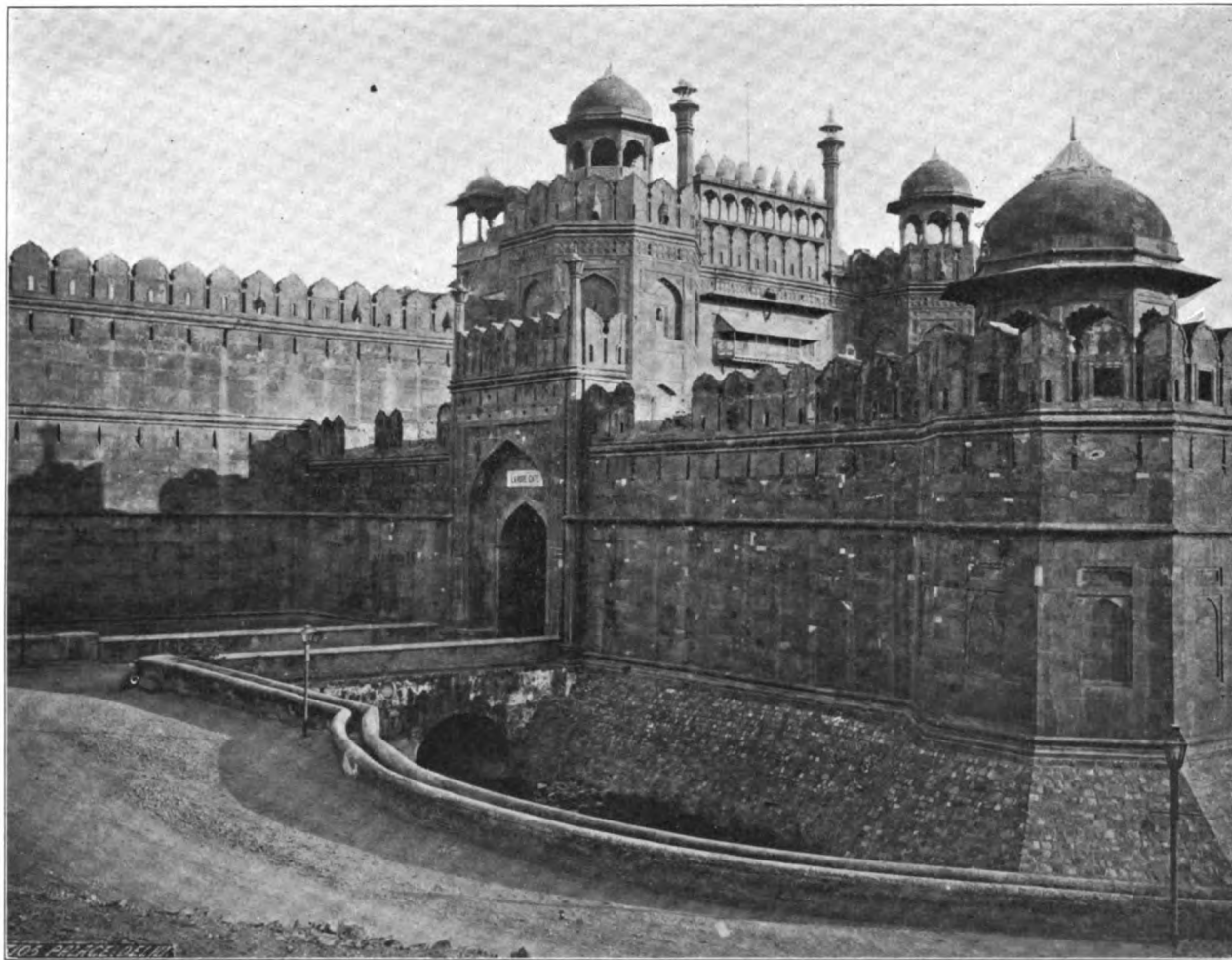
From the balcony of any minaret of the Djumna Musjid one may obtain a fine view of the (once) splendid edifices of Delhi, notably of the grand palace of the Great Mogul. Surrounded by its long walls of red granite, it

contemplate, like another Nero, the burning of the city and the massacre of its inhabitants because they had resisted his power.

He did not come down for three days, and at the end of that time the hundred thousand bodies of the slain, among the ruins of this Rome of India, began to poison the air with unwholesome odors.

THE PALACE OF THE GRAND MOGUL.

This magnificent structure was built during the years from 1631 to 1637, under the supervision of the Shah Jehan, whose fall and hapless fate have been already mentioned. When he was at the height of his fame he



THE PALACE OF THE GRAND MOGUL

extended into the distance, a massive pile of buildings with terraces like those of Naples and some other Italian cities. Farther away are the ruins of the tombs of former kings and of the fortresses, gleaming under the brilliant sunshine of India.

Before the eyes of the spectator stretches the *Chandi Choul*, the wide principal street, whose central promenade is crossed by the canal or aqueduct and bordered by a double row of date palms.

Not far from this magnificent avenue, from amid flowering hedges and the foliage of many fig-trees, shine the golden domes of a small mosque of tragic celebrity. For it was in one of these minarets that, in 1739, the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, took up his position to

was called "The King of the World," and early in his reign Delhi reached the summit of its modern greatness.

Of the palace, only three or four halls now remain, but they are sufficient to give an idea of the elaborate ornamentation and grandeur of the building in the past.

The Gallery of Musicians is a vast chamber two stories high with a marble arcade and terraces. The Hall of Public Audiences is equally spacious. In its centre rose a throne of costly marble inlaid with fine mosaics. Unfortunately, the decorations of the arches and pillars, formerly incrustated with gold and precious stones, have been almost destroyed by pillage. Crossing an interior court, one reaches the hall once used for special audiences. It has a beautiful colonnade, whose sculptures

were formerly inlaid with gold, marble balconies finely carved and an exquisite pavilion overlooking the banks and current of the Djumna.

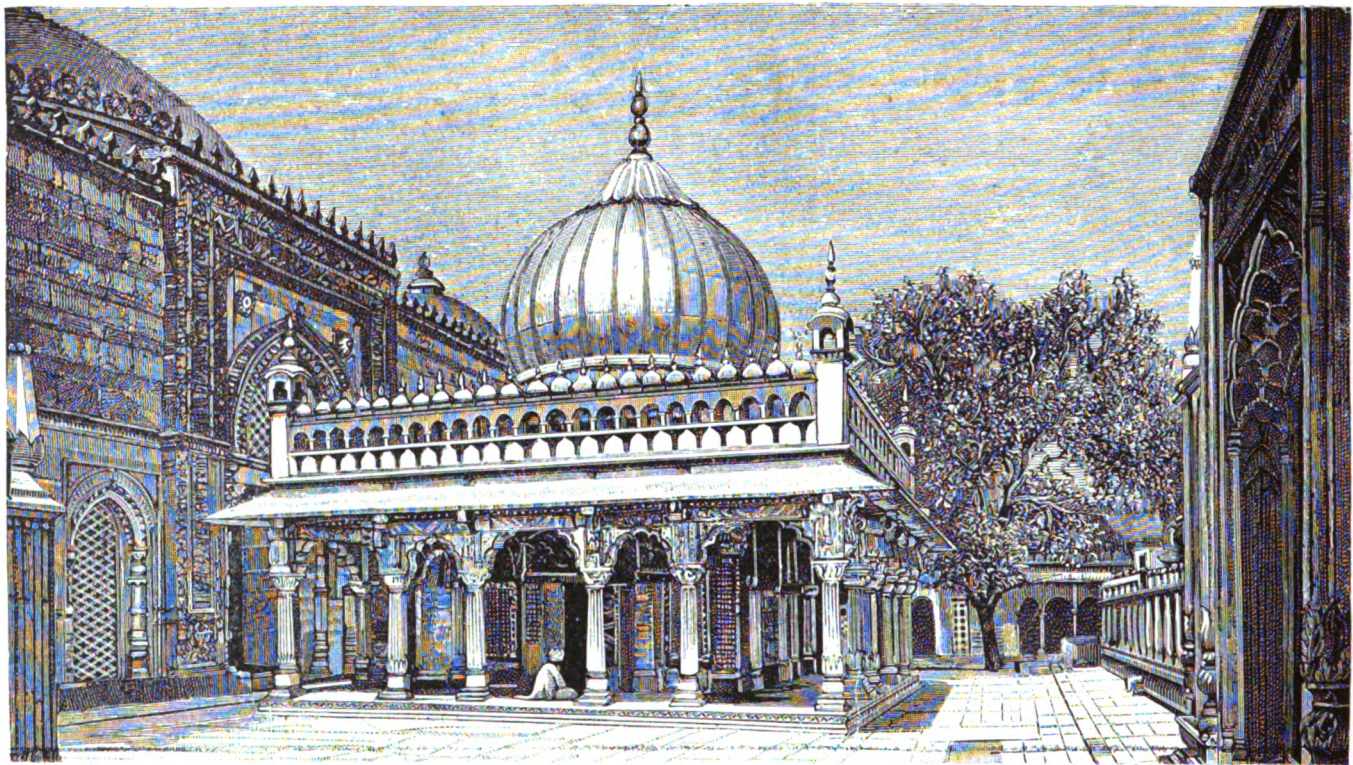
The ceiling was adorned with a filigree of gold and silver, a kind of work for which the goldsmiths of Delhi are still noted.

In the centre of this pavilion was the matchless Peacock Throne, valued at a sum equivalent to one hundred million of dollars. It was profusely studded with gems and supported by golden peacocks of great beauty. The Nadir Shah brought it from Persia, but he carried away from Delhi even greater treasure in gold, silver and jewels, including the wonderful Kohinoor diamond (mountain of light), the most highly prized heirloom in the family of the Mogul dynasty, now an appanage of the crown of England.

Tradition says that on one of the pilasters of this im-

and dominates the landscape. No monument of the European or Western world can convey an idea of the impression produced upon the traveller when, for the first time, he finds himself before this colossus. The spires of the cathedrals of Strasbourg and Fribourg, for instance, rise from great buildings and end in such slender points that their height impresses one more when one hears it stated in a certain number of feet than in the effect itself.

Here, on the contrary, the isolation of the column and the simplicity of line that characterizes the structure enable one to comprehend its vastness. It rises high in the air (two hundred and thirty-eight feet) with five stories of tiers, and tapers from a width of forty-nine feet to nine feet at the top. The Kutab Minar is polygonal in form up to the first story, but then becomes round. The entire surface is deeply fluted from base to



A MOSQUE IN DELHI

perial hall was inscribed in Arabic the phrase, confident or mocking, as the reader chose to interpret it:

"If a paradise exists upon earth, it is here."

Within the palace inclosure may still be seen a portion of the ruined walls of the royal baths, the seraglio or imperial household, and yet another little mosque. These, too, are marvels of beauty, the white marble having been decorated with mosaics, inlaid with golden flowers, or chiselled by the clever Hindu artists into many original and elegant forms.

THE KUTAB MINAR.

At the extreme south of the plain of Delhi, and marking the limits of the immense field of ruins, is an imposing triumphal column.

Situated upon a slight rise of the plain, this column, usually called the Kutab, is visible from all directions

summit, and adorned with delicate sculptures and broad horizontal bands upon which verses of the Koran are cut in high relief.

The three lower stories are of red sandstone, the two upper of black marble. The projecting galleries that separate the tiers are richly adorned and supported by massive pillars.

This magnificent column dates from the thirteenth century. A stairway of three hundred and seventy-eight steps leads to the summit, which affords a superb view of the surrounding country and of the ruins and tombs scattered over the wide plain.

At the foot of the grand tower rises a mosque constructed of the remains of ancient Hindu temples. Here one may admire a forest of square columns whose strange sculptures, carved with marvellous patience, show an infinite variety of design.

Delhi to-day is a great banking, commercial and industrial centre of British India. Its bazaars are famous for their rich shawls, their precious stones and silverware. Its printing presses are busy reproducing the masterpieces of Arabic, Persian and Hindustani literature. The city was the center, also, of the Indian Mutiny of 1857, when many Europeans were put to death.

The Nadir Shah was assassinated by his guards in 1747. Some historians, forgetting his cruelties, laud him as the Wallace of Persia because he drove the Turks from that country. The one son who survived him was carried to Constantinople and from there to Vienna, where he came under the influence of the Empress Maria Theresa.

He was brought up a Catholic and became an officer of the Austrian army with the title of Baron Semlin.

Thus we see that descendants of the most mighty upholders of Moslem and pagan power in Delhi became adherents of the true Christian faith, the gentle Jehanara and the son of the once resistless Nadir Shah.

We have marked the ruin of Hindu shrine and the crumbling splendor of Mohammedan palace and mosque here at Delhi. May the time come when temples still grander than these imposing edifices shall be raised for the worship of the true God in this ancient land of the Orient.

The Sea-Dyaks of Borneo

I

By the Very Rev. Edward Dunn, Perfect Apostolic

Borneo is the largest island of the Malay Archipelago. It is covered from coast to coast by endless forests whose luxuriance is due as much to the nature of the climate as to richness of soil. The tropical heat is considerably modified by cooling showers of almost daily occurrence. The island is watered by rivers well worthy of a continent, such as the Kapuas, Barito, Kotei, Rajang and Kinabatangan. For centuries its coasts were the haunts of Malay pirates, and to this may be attributed in great measure, the fact that Borneo, even to this day, has to be classed among the least known countries of the world.

In the days of St. Francis Xavier there existed on the northwest coast a powerful Mohammedan kingdom called the Sultanate of Brunei, which included under its sway many of the adjacent islands. At the beginning of the present century little remained of the former power and magnificence of the old Sultans, but the suzerainty of Brunei was still acknowledged along the northern and western coasts of Borneo. In 1840 an English gentleman, Sir James Brooke, obtained from the Sultan a cession of territory on the Sarawak River and founded the kingdom of Sarawak, which has since, by additional cessions, continued to grow until, under the present Rajah, Sir Charles B. Brooke, the territory possesses a coast line of five hundred miles.

From the year 1880 similar cessions of territory were made by the Sultan of Brunei in the north of the Island to a British company called the North Borneo Company. The southern and eastern portions of the country have long been in the possession of the Dutch.

Two million Malays and the ubiquitous Chinaman form the population of the coasts, while the interior of the island is occupied by numerous tribes of different languages and customs, but all more or less in a savage state.

Such was the field of mission labor given by Pope Leo XIII. to St. Joseph's Society in 1881. In the spring of that year the Very Rev. Thomas Jackson, then serv-

ing as military chaplain to the British troops in Afghanistan, was appointed Prefect Apostolic to Labuan and Northern Borneo. On his arrival at Singapore, Father Jackson learned that the young missionaries sent to aid him in his work had already preceded him and were awaiting orders at Kuching, the capital of Rajah Brooke's territory. A two days' voyage in the steamer that plies between Singapore and Kuching brought the prefect to the scene of his future labors. Kuching is a thriving town of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, Malay and Chinese, doing a brisk trade in pepper, sago, rattans, gutta percha and other products of the Bornean jungle.

After mature consideration, Father Jackson decided to begin work at once among the tribes in the interior, establishing at the same time a mission among the Chinese of Kuching, whence other projected missions might be supplied with provisions and other necessities.

About a hundred miles farther up the coast, to the northeast of Kuching, the Rajang River, one of the largest in Borneo, flows into the sea, forming a delta sixty miles from its mouth. A part of this region is inhabited chiefly by the Sea-Dyaks, the largest and most powerful tribe of Borneo. It is scattered through the greater part of the Sarawak territory and, in the Rajang, numbers not less than sixty thousand souls. The writer of this sketch was appointed to work among these people, and on the 31st of August left Kuching for the Rajang.

The entrance to the river has a breadth of not less than two miles. For some sixty miles from its mouth the land is low-lying and uninteresting, an expanse of jungle, except where clearings have been made for the Malay villages. Then comes the government fort and trading station of Sibü, built on an island and connected with the main land by a wooden bridge. There are two or three hundred Chinese here, and a Malay town of several thousand inhabitants.

During a month's stay at Sibü, I enjoyed the kind hospitality of the government officials, from whom I obtained



A DYAK WARRIOR

much useful information about the country. I learned that the Dyak villages are to be found chiefly on the tributaries of the great river. Every day parties of natives came in from up and down the stream, in their long—and not ill-made—dugouts, to trade with the Chinese.

The Dyak is well formed, strongly built, and somewhat lighter in complexion than the Malay. The men are about five feet four inches in height. The hair is black, fine in texture, and worn long and flowing down the back. The warriors wear a fringe which they are careful to keep well oiled; but the women comb their hair well off the forehead. The cheek-bones are high; the nose is flat, but not so broad and coarse as in the negro type. The mouth is of ordinary size, often with thin lips, but generally disfigured by the constant chewing of the betel nut. As to dress and personal ornaments, the men wear a breech-cloth—a strip of calico from six to twenty yards in length, red and black being the favorite colors. This is wound around the waist and brought under the legs, the two ends being allowed to fall down to the knees in front and behind. Jackets are used as a protection against the strong rays of the sun. Ivory rings are often worn from the wrist to the elbow, and the upper arm is ornamented by a polished circlet ingeniously wrought from a large sea shell. Just below the knee the leg is encircled by hundreds of black fillets finely plaited of bark fibre. To these adornments must be added the warrior's arms, without which a Dyak seldom stirs abroad. They consist of a short, heavy sword, with hilt and scabbard highly ornamented, and a long spear.

The women wear a skirt of native cloth, woven in pretty patterns and reaching to the knee. The teeth of both sexes are filed short and sometimes pointed. In many cases, holes are drilled into the center of the teeth, which are then filled in with brass.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DYAKS—SARI—REMOVAL TO KAPIT—DYAK FARMING

After a month's stay in Sibu, I set out with my interpreter for a place called Sari, whose people had been recommended to me as the most likely to receive the mission well. Sari contains some fifty Dyak families, scattered about in several settlements.

While awaiting the erection of a small hut of palm leaves, I took up my abode in the chief's house, or rather his village, for all the people in the place live under the one roof.

The Dyak village is in appearance like a long barn, raised on piles, and varied in size according to the number of people it contains. The one in which I found myself lodged was one hundred feet long by forty feet broad. One side of the building from end to end is partitioned off into as many rooms as there are families in the village, and the doors of these rooms open upon a broad gallery. Above is a loft for storing grain, mats, etc., and along the whole length of the building is an open-air platform on which rice is dried in the sun before pounding. The structure is roofed with shingles; the exterior walls are of palm leaves sewn together; the interior is boarded. A lath-work of split bamboo forms the floor, which is spread here and there with cane matting. As it is raised some fifteen feet from the ground, the ascent is effected by means of a notched pole, the Dyak substitute for a ladder. A small space in the open part of this building is set apart for the use of the chief.

During my three weeks' stay under the same roof with the Dyaks the inconveniences of such a novel situation can easily be imagined, but they were compensated for by the opportunities thus afforded me of gaining a knowledge of the people and their habits. Curiosity was returned a hundred-fold. Almost every minute of the day, my every motion was watched by very keen eyes. Not only our villagers, but people from the neighboring villages came to squat down and watch the white man. A sacred picture, a small telescope, a pocket compass and a watch, with its mysterious ticking, were wonders that kept these simple folk interested for hours, and elicited a thousand questions. When I took my evening stroll to the banks of a little stream hard by, or climbed a neighboring hill, I was always accompanied by troops of children, whose delight was supreme when they were asked to climb a tree to secure a coveted flower, or scramble among the brushwood to capture a curious insect for me.

By the time the rude mission house was built, my hands were full of work. I must needs convert some rough planks into furniture, arrange and decorate a little chapel, start a school for the children, and make a further study of the language. Four months had rapidly passed in these occupations when, on February 10, 1882, Father Jackson arrived in Sari. Although the people were so

friendly and seemingly well disposed, the place did not meet with his approval as a headquarters for the mission; it was too isolated and the population was too small. With considerable regret, therefore, I bade farewell to these friendly Dyaks, and promised that they would not be forgotten; the missionaries would come to visit them again.

In a few days, Father Jackson and I were on our way up the main stream. After a week's hard pulling, with three changes of men and boats, we found ourselves at Kapit, the highest government station on the river, and some one hundred and sixty miles from the sea.

The proximity of this station to eight Dyak long houses, or villages, and the advantages of the occasional visit of a coast steamer to the post, suggested the erection of a temporary mission headquarters at this place. In June, 1882, I had the consolation of welcoming a fellow laborer in the person of Father Keizer. The latter portion of that year and the opening of 1883 were, in great measure, occupied by various journeys up the larger tributaries of the Rajang. The result of these journeys was the selection of Kanowit as the most favorable place for the permanent site of the mission. This village is a trading station at the mouth of the Kanowit River, a tributary of the Rajang, about ninety miles from the sea-coast.

In the course of the year I spent at Kapit, most of the long houses in the vicinity disappeared, one after the other, the Dyaks moving off to fresh farming ground. This was the first intimation I received of the great difficulty against which a mission among these people would have to contend—namely, the custom of changing the site of their villages every few years. The rude system of farming practiced by the tribe, which will be described later, exhausts the soil so rapidly that the Dyak must frequently look out for fresh lands, and, consequently, often migrates from place to place.

When the farming season arrives, our Dyak farmer chooses a piece of forest land; old jungle on the slope of a hill is preferred. The underbrush is first cut down, then the large trees are felled, the trunks being cut through about fifteen feet from the ground. The clearing is left for several weeks to dry in the hot tropical sun; then the whole mass of dried timber and underbrush is set on fire, and in a few hours nothing remains but the blackened stumps and the trunks of the larger trees. The seed is sown broadcast over the ash-covered ground if the latter is swampy, but if the land is dry the seed is dropped into holes made with a dibbler. Next comes weeding and a four months' struggle with the thousand and one enemies of the farm, till the grain is ripe for the harvest. The reaping is done with a small knife, each ear of rice being cut off separately, and the straw is left on the field. The rice is carried in long baskets to the house, where it is trodden out with the feet and spread on mats in the sun to dry. After this it is winnowed, and finally stowed away in the loft of the house in bins made of the bark of a large tree. The

same land is not used again until a fresh growth of jungle has sprung up after an interval of years. The close of 1883 saw the permanent establishment of the mission at Kanowit, where a substantial wooden building was erected and a school started with nine pupils.

RELIGIOUS IDEAS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE DYAKS

In the course of 1884, our frequent visits to the Dyak villages about Kanowit were rewarded by the conversion of five families. The number of boys in the mission school was now fifteen, but this number was maintained with difficulty, for Dyak parents, not perceiving any temporal advantage to be gained by the education of their children, do not care to send them to school. In 1885 eight families, who inhabited a small village on the Bawan, a neighboring stream to the Kanowit, were baptized, and the first Christian village was established. During this and the following year, a considerable movement took place among the Dyaks toward the mission. Novelty, however, was in many cases the cause of the attraction, for there were a great many would-be converts who did not persevere until baptism.

To appreciate the difficulties that stand in the way of conversion for the Dyak, it is necessary to know something about his superstitions. The religion of the Dyaks is that of most savage and many semi-civilized races. There is a hazy notion of a Supreme Being, a vigorous worship of good and bad spirits, the observance of omens and taboos, or interdiction of social intercourse.



DYAK WOMEN

Between Amazon and Orinoco

By the Rev. Charles Warren Currier

The strip of low-lying territory situated between Venezuela and Brazil is known as Guiana. To a great extent of alluvial formation, it rises gradually toward the interior, where originate those gigantic streams which, to a distance of twenty or thirty miles from the coast, give a coloring to the waters of the Atlantic. Guiana is divided into five parts, Venezuelan, British, Dutch, French and Brazilian, the Orinoco forming its western, and the Amazon its eastern boundary.

It is with Dutch Guiana, or Surinam, that I will deal in this paper. Lying between Demerara, or British Guiana, on the west, and Cayenne, or French Guiana, on the east, it is separated from the former by the Carantyne and from the latter by the Marowyne. Between these stream the Surinam, on the banks of which lies the capital, Paramaribo; the Coppename, the Saramacca, and a host of smaller rivers and creeks.

The water courses form almost the only means of communication in the colony, roads being scarce and the forests well-nigh impenetrable. The forests, with the exception of the small areas under cultivation on the rivers and creeks, cover the whole colony, from the coast to the Brazilian frontier.

The inhabitants of this comparatively little known, yet most interesting country, are almost as varied as you will find them anywhere on the globe. First come the aborigines. These, in small numbers, nomadic in their habits, are to be found anywhere and everywhere in the interior. To-day here, to-morrow elsewhere, they live a wandering life, subsisting on hunting and fishing.

They belong to three tribes, the violent, unruly Caribs and the milder Arraws and Arowaks. Civilization has scarcely touched them, and they have the vices of their ancestors with those they may have acquired from the whites. With scarcely any clothing, their wants are few, and their domicile is frequently changed. Besides these, there are Indians further in the interior, little known, some of whom have probably never been in contact with the whites.

These people offer a fertile field to the ethnologist. One of the most recent authorities on the Indian ethnology of Surinam is the Rev. Father Van Coll, C.S.S.R., who for many years has been a missionary in Surinam, and with whom the writer of this article was for a brief period associated in Paramaribo.

The great bulk of the population of Dutch Guiana is of African descent. It may be divided into two distinct classes, namely, the heterogenous colored population, of all shades, varying from the fairest white to the darkest black, which is to be found everywhere, and the Maroon, or Bush negroes, who have preserved their African blood untainted. The former are the legacy that the institution of slavery has bequeathed to the colony; the latter are the descendants of runaway slaves of the seventeenth century and of others who, in course of time, were added to their number.

These Maroon negroes live in camps on some of the

rivers, especially the Marowyne, and the upper Saramacca. They possess a tribal organization, a certain amount of independence gained by force of arms from the Dutch government, and they are governed by their own chiefs.

They have preserved much of their African life and customs, having found on the banks of the Saramacca a climate somewhat similar to equatorial Africa but, with the exception of some words, they have lost their original language, and adopted the jargon of the country, which is a compound of English, Dutch, Portuguese and African elements. These savages are especially engaged in the timber trade; they cut wood in the interior and float it on rafts to the city.

A not inconsiderable portion of the population in my time, and I suppose that this holds good also for the present day, was made up of Asiatics, some few being Chinese, but the bulk consisting of coolies from British India who, after the emancipation of the blacks, were imported to labor on the sugar and cocoa plantations.

The rest of the inhabitants of the colony are whites of various nationalities, principally Dutch and Portuguese, with a sprinkling of English and Americans. To this class belongs also the Creole Jews, who are very numerous and mostly of Portuguese ancestry.

With such heterogenous elements, one may easily understand that missionary labors are by no means an easy matter. The missionary history of Surinam is quite interesting in many respects. It was somewhere in the seventeenth century, after the colony had passed from the English to the Dutch in exchange for the New Netherlands in North America, that a small body of Franciscan missionaries landed in the colony.

Those were days when the Catholic religion was proscribed in Holland; but the good Fathers were, nevertheless, left unmolested by Van Sommelsdyk, then governor of Surinam. This gave umbrage to the authorities at home, and orders were despatched to the governor to send the Papists to Holland.

In the meantime the zealous missionaries had all succumbed to their zeal. The governor, a man of haughty and independent character, replied to the orders he had received by ironically shipping the bones of the dead Fathers back to their High Mightinesses, the States-General.

Many years were to elapse before Surinam would again behold a Catholic priest doing missionary work on its shores. It was not until the end of the eighteenth, or the beginning of the nineteenth century, that another attempt was made. Then they came, those heroic young Dutch priests, full of zeal and of charity, seculars all, and filled with Christian abnegation.

Imagine a newly ordained priest, at the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, leaving his comfortable home to devote a cheerless life, under a burning sun, to the uncongenial task of laboring for a carnal and thankless people. Without the companionship of fellow priests,

often without spiritual aid for his own soul, he will spend a few years of superhuman toil, and die in the spring-tide of his existence, sometimes without the consolations of religion which he crossed the seas to bring to others.

The dignity of Prefect Apostolic conferred upon a missionary such as I have described was, indeed, rather a burden than an honor. What did he find, when he landed on the shores of his new home? A scattered population of pagans, a large number of white men and women, nominally Christians, but really worse than pagans, and a handful of Catholics who were such merely in name. He had to fight a double battle against ignorance and immorality. The colony was steeped in vice, concubinage was everywhere rampant, lawful unions were rare.

Time and time again have I stood beside the tombs of those youthful heroes, those young missionaries, some of them Prefects Apostolic, and, with emotion, read the inscriptions on the slabs that cover their ashes. Such a one died at the age of thirty, another was called away when only twenty-eight, and so on. They had apparently labored in vain, but they left bright examples to their successors, like a luminous track of virtue.

It is recorded of one of these early missionaries that, being left alone, and falling ill, he feared that the Blessed Sacrament would be left without a priest, as had occurred once before, when the tabernacle was sealed by the trustees of the Church. Dragging himself to the altar, he consumed the Sacred Hosts. The good priest, however, recovered his health.

Among the missionaries of Surinam, there is none more illustrious than the immortal Mgr. Groof, the first Vicar-Apostolic, and the first to wear the mitre in Surinam, the colony he loved so well.⁽¹⁾ This saintly man was, above all, the apostle of the lepers. He preferred to live among them rather than to have a comfortable home in another part of the colony.

His successor, and the second Vicar-Apostolic, was Mgr. Schepers.

After the death of the latter, the Holy See decided to transfer the spiritual care of the colony to the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Father Swinkels, then Provincial of the Redemptorists in Holland, was appointed Vicar-Apostolic, and consecrated Bishop. Of the secular priests then in the colony, two entered the Congregation, and at an advanced age began their novitiate under the guidance of Bishop Swinkels. They were both men of eminent virtue, and the author of this sketch knew them intimately and well. Fathers Romme and Donders were men of the most gentle character, and the most self-sacrificing zeal. Both died after a long and well-filled life.

Such was the reputation for sanctity of Father Peter

(1) The title of Bishop Groof, who like his successors was a Bishop *in Partibus*, was not Vicar-Apostolic of Surinam, but Vicar-Apostolic of the Dutch East Indies or Batavia. He had labored in Surinam as a missionary, when he was appointed to the East Indies, where he did not remain long, but returned to his beloved Surinam, where he died. Strictly speaking, Bishop Schepers, his successor, was the first Vicar-Apostolic.



A SOUTH-AMERICAN INDIAN

Donders that the cause of his canonization has been introduced, and his official title is "Servant of God." For years he had longed to be a religious. The Redemptorists had refused him admission into the Congregation when he was still a young man, but Providence brought them to him, and they were glad to welcome him in the autumn of his life.

About thirty years of his sojourn in Surinam he spent among the lepers, nor were his labors among the Indian tribes less indefatigable. He was truly the apostle of the Indians of Dutch Guiana. Among the pleasant memories of my life is a visit I paid to his leper settlement of Batavia, in company with Bishop Schepers, then Vicar-Apostolic.

He had succeeded Bishop Swinkels about 1880, and it was with him that I went to Surinam. He was my friend and benefactor, and he had ordained me to the priesthood.

During all this time, religion in Surinam had been making slow but constant progress. When Bishop Schepers died, the plantations were visited at regular intervals, the work of evangelization was kept up among the Indians, and the old stations of Nickerie and Coronie, besides the leper settlement of Batavia, were centers around which missionary activity revolved.

He left a new cathedral at Paramaribo, besides several other institutions. The memory of this learned and eloquent man, one of the most renowned orators of his day, who, at the voice of obedience, buried himself in the wilderness will always live in the colony.

To his successor, the late Bishop Wulfingh, it was given to behold religion reach a high degree of prosperity. Bishop Wulfingh did not spare himself, and he had the satisfaction of beholding his labors crowned with success. Before his death he had founded a large number of mission stations throughout the colony, realizing that, in a country like Surinam, this was the only means of effecting any permanent results. To obtain financial aid for his vicariate, he established the Clement Hoffbauer Society, and in the early years of his episcopacy he visited the United States with the same object. I had then the honor of accompanying him in his travels. As I bade him farewell on the steamer that was to take him to Europe, I did not then realize that it was a last farewell to a most revered and dear friend. We corresponded with each other until death took him away.

The lepers were to him the dearest portion of his flock. He established a new settlement, removed them from Batavia to the city, and brought Sisters from Holland to take care of them. As one of the results of his visit to this country, he left devoted friends of the lepers in the "Leprosy Society" of Brooklyn, N. Y., an organization which spontaneously offered its assistance to him, and which has kept up the good work to the present day.

The great merit of Bishop Wulfingh was recognized by his sovereign, the Queen of Holland, who decorated him with the Order of the Netherland's Lion. The greatest reward, however, that he received on earth was the gratitude of his spiritual children. For a long time a tropical disease had been undermining his health.

When, more than a year ago, he left for Europe, he promised the poor lepers that he would return to them, dead or alive. He kept his word. In Amsterdam he had the fortitude to undergo a painful operation without an anæsthetic, remaining to the end the courageous man he had always been.

Against the advice of his friends, he embarked for Surinam, which he was never to see again. A few days out from land, he died suddenly. His companions had taken the precaution to obtain leave from the steamship company to keep the body in case of death; and thus, enclosed in a leaden casket, the remains of the good prelate returned to Surinam. And when the steamer was seen coming up the river with her flags at half mast, the people of Paramaribo knew that the bishop had kept his promise.

Few, if any, have ever had such a funeral in Surinam. Distinctions of race, class and creed were laid aside. Representatives of the highest officials in the land, as well as the lowest, followed his bier to the tomb. Catholic priests, Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis took part in the universal mourning.

Such was the end of one of the holy lives of the nineteenth century. From youth to a ripe age, this distinguished man was always a model of virtue. I knew him as a young man, when he had been a priest only a short time; I knew him as a religious superior; he was one of those who assisted at my ordination; I met him again as bishop. He was always the same man, always striving for higher perfection.

"Let us become saints"—this was with him a familiar saying. Mortified, full of zeal, absorbed in the work of God, constantly suffering, such a personality was Bishop Wulfingh. His successor, Bishop Meenwissen, the present Vicar-Apostolic, has, indeed, a bright example in his zealous predecessor.

I cannot bring this sketch to a close without recalling the memory of two dear friends of Surinam—Fathers Borret and Lemmeus. Many a young man has gone to the colonies to meet ruin, moral and physical; these two went to Surinam to find their vocation. When I first knew them, one was a judge, the other a lieutenant in the army. Arnold Borret left the world and received

the Redemptorist habit in the chapel of the community. He died early, but Lieutenant Lemmeus, who about the same time exchanged his uniform for the livery of St. Alphonsus, spent many years of usefulness in the colony, and at last succumbed to the dread disease of leprosy, contracted in the performance of his duty.

With such laborers in the vineyard, with such self-sacrifice, the missions of Surinam must prosper. These missionaries are not men that shine on the candlestick, that fill the brilliant offices in the Church; but their lives are none the less useful. They live and die obscurely, but their works follow them, and we may rest assured that at the great day of reckoning a Groof, a Romme, a Donders, a Schepers and a Wulfingh will not occupy the last places.



NATIVE WARRIORS

On the Lower Niger

By the Rev. F. X. Lichtenberger, C.S.Sp.

Towards the close of the year 1885, a few missionaries of the Holy Ghost Society, on their way to the French Congo, had an opportunity of visiting Bugama, a small trading station on the Nigerian coast. That part of the West Coast contiguous to the German colony of Cameroon was then called the "Oil River's Protectorate." No Catholic mission was yet established there, though there were several Protestant settlements, Anglican or Presbyterian, at Bonny and Calabar.

Seated on the ship's deck, the missionaries naturally talked among themselves about the sad condition and spiritual neglect of these people, when suddenly their attention was attracted by a venerable old man who was advancing towards them on the shore. He was the chief of the town, and it had been his desire for many years to have missionaries teach his people. Noticing the white garb of the Fathers, he declared he had been waiting for these men. Bitter was his disappointment when he was informed by an interpreter that they were not to stay with his people, but had to go much further south.

"Since you cannot remain here, leave me at least your cloak," said he to the oldest of the group.

Less than a year after this meeting, four missionaries left France to start the new mission of the Lower Niger. In the early eighties, various French and English commercial companies vied with each other for the trade of the Niger River, the gateway to the Soudan and to the Hinterland of the Dark Continent. Backed by the home government, the National African Company, established in 1882 by Sir George Goldie, after having concluded political treaties with the native rulers, obtained a royal charter in 1886, and took the name of Royal Niger Company. As its influence predominated, the French companies sold out, left the river, and the trade of those vast territories passed entirely into British hands. On January 1, 1900, the company surrendered its charter, and the whole territory became an English colonial possession, henceforth called "Nigeria."

When the four French missionaries—two Fathers and two Brothers—landed at Akassa, the headquarters of the Niger Company, at the mouth of the Niger, they were accordingly received with distrust and suspicion. Passage up the river was refused to them until they had stated, orally and in writing, the real purpose of their coming. They explained that they were no agents for any of the French companies, but simply missionaries who had come to render what assistance they could to civilize and Christianize the poor natives.

Onitsha, a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and about two hundred miles distant from the mouth of the Niger, was selected as the place to begin the new mission. The Church Missionary Society of England was already established there, as in various other parts of the West Coast, and its work was carried on by native preachers. On the other hand, the Fathers of the African Missions of Lyons had come from Lagos some months before and had founded a mission at Asaba, on the right

bank of the river, almost opposite the town. Everything considered, Onitsha was the best place for the Fathers of the Holy Ghost to begin their work.

The native King Obi gave them a large tract of land on the very bank of the river. For many years this spot had been used by the natives as a sacred grove for sacrifices to the idols. Rough dwellings of clay, and roofed with bamboo leaves, formed the first houses of the missionaries. As in all the works of God, trials and difficulties came at the start. One of the two Brothers died within the first month. This was a great loss to the



A CHRISTIAN CHIEF

new mission, for good Brother John Gotto was by trade a mason, and his future services would have been most valuable. Before long, also, the health of one of the Fathers failed, and he returned to Europe.

At first the mission was under the jurisdiction of the Vicariate Apostolic of the French Gaboon, but owing to its distance from the latter it became, in 1890, a distinct mission with a Prefect Apostolic at its head. An immense territory of about ninety thousand square miles, comprising a dense population of between seven and eight millions, formed the new Prefecture of the Lower Niger.

For ten years the mission struggled for its mere existence. The annual allowance received from the Societies of the Propagation of the Faith and of the Holy Childhood were largely absorbed by the Royal Niger Com-

pany, which charged heavily for the transportation of the missionaries and for the goods destined for the mission.

In 1891 the dwellings were destroyed by fire, and the missionaries lost everything. When, six months later, fresh supplies came from Europe, the ship that brought them up the Niger was attacked and looted by the Patanis, a cannibal tribe, at war with the Royal Niger Company.

Islamism, the curse of Northern Africa, had not yet penetrated amongst the Igbos, though emissaries of the Koran were to be seen at Onitsha. These were mostly slave dealers and middle men, or trade boomers, and travelers for the commercial houses established along the river. They had no foothold on the mainland, but lived in tents on a sandy island, opposite Onitsha, where, once

twenty, the mainspring of the fight is the desire to amass slaves. The Sultan of Sokoto fights against the Emirs—result, slaves. Big Emirs fight against little ones—slaves again. Little Emirs persecute lesser ones—more slaves. Mohammedans fight against pagans for the same object, and the pagans, beset on every hand, harried without ceasing, mad with rage, and frenzied with fear, fight against anybody and everybody they can lay their hands on. I know an Emir who, finding himself a little short when making up the yearly tribute for the Sultan, sent a detachment of soldiers to a village in his own territory, not ten miles from the city gates, and one, moreover, that paid him regular tribute, with orders to bring in all the young women and girls at work on the

farms, and it was done. Sixteen were picked out and the rest sent back.

"I have known close on five thousand square miles of territory absolutely depopulated by the ruling Emir. I crossed the raided country myself, and saw with my own eyes huge walled towns entirely deserted, thousands of acres of farm land relapsing into jungle, an entire population absorbed. And this sort of thing is not done once or twice in a century, but is absolutely being done somewhere or other every day."

Describing a raid by one Emir on a hostile neighbor's territory, the writer in the review con-



FATHER LICHTENBERGER'S MISSION HOUSE

a week, a slave market was held, and hundreds of human beings were bought and sold like beasts of burden.

The good Fathers, anxious to redeem as many slaves as possible, often went there to free the victims from their cruel masters; but many a time they had to return with sad hearts, having unsuccessfully attempted to buy some poor, unfortunate children, alas, too dear for their slender purse.

These slave markets gradually disappeared from Southern Nigeria, for the British authorities forbade them by law and dealt severely with the offenders. In Northern Nigeria, however, where the Mohammedan influence is greater, slavery is still carried on to a great extent, and with all its horrors. An eye witness, writing in a London review a few years ago, described what he saw in that country.

"Although all the provinces in the district are supposed to be federated and under the Sultan of Sokoto, they are anything but united," he says. "In fact, the various communities never seem to be comfortable except when they are fighting, and in nineteen cases out of

continues: "When all the country is wrapped in sleep, the troops fall upon their prey. With blood-curdling yells they rush to the attack, the more adventurous spirits scaling the walls and opening the gates for the rest. There is hardly any fighting. For a time the women and children cower silently in the huts, then with wail and cry break madly for the gates. But the gates are guarded. They turn backward toward the town. The houses are in flames. As the flames creep higher and higher into the sky, amid the hiss and crackle of the burning thatch, the polishing off of those that resist is finished, and the second part of the business set about.

"This is the securing of the captives. One by one they are dragged from their hiding places and inspected; the old men and women are kicked out of the way and knocked on the head, as may please the inclination of the individual raider. The young men are shackled, the boys tied together, the girls and young women roped neck to neck. A guard is told off to look after the men; if any resist, a blade gleams in the fire-light, drips, and is dried. The babies are collected together and bundled into skips

and bags. Then begins that most savage thing in the whole scope of African soldiering, a flying march across hostile territory with slaves.

"The march is practically continuous. During the first day or two, while the slaves are still in the neighborhood of their own country, the most reckless attempts at escape are made. Often half a dozen at a time, chains and all, will make a break for the bush. It rarely comes off—despatch at all costs is the watchword. Worn down with shock and hunger and fatigue, slave after slave, men as well as women, drop from the line on the road—done. To drop out is to die. When the party returns in safety from the raid, then comes the barracoon, while the division of the spoil is being arranged. Meanwhile, the slaves are crammed all together into the smallest possible space, locked up and not allowed to move out of their prison-house for any purpose whatsoever.

"During this time the strongest of the slaves are bound. They are powerless to help whatever may be done to the others who are their own towns-people, friends, or, it may be, members of their own family. And much is done; the refinements of torture that suggest themselves to the coarse mind of the soldier are many and peculiar. But with this experience, the worst part of the business, as far as the slave is concerned, is over."

Sir Frederick Lugard, the British High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, in an official report to the Colonial Office, London, on slavery and the way it is carried on, the traffic in human flesh by the constant raids, and the massacre and destruction of whole towns and tribes, says: "If matters are left to drift, the whole of this part of the country will become a cockpit of war and will be depopulated and ruined."

After describing the destruction of the great town of Guarram by Bauchi, where several thousand persons were either massacred or enslaved, he adds: "There is probably no part of the 'Dark Continent' in which the worst forms of slave raiding still exist to so terrible an extent, and are prosecuted on so large and systematic a scale, as in the British Protectorate of Nigeria. Each year as the grass dries up, armies take the field to collect slaves, and there is a considerable export of slave children. When these children are liberated they become 'children of the state.' I propose to place them in 'freed slave homes,' for it is not easy to decide what to do with them."

The solution of this problem is, after all, not difficult. The government must do its duty wherever it faces such conditions. The Catholic missionaries will do theirs. They will, with the help of the Propagation of the Faith, establish these "freed slave homes," and no one need doubt of their zeal and self-sacrifice in raising from savagery a fallen race. In the Niger, especially since 1900, when the Royal Niger Company handed over to the home government its immense territories, they have established new Christian settlements that have become centers of civilization.

Schools, both elementary and industrial, have been built, the latter, however, on a small scale. Young men have been taught various trades and professions, under

the direction of the Brothers. The Fathers' house in Aguleri and the Sisters' house in Onitsha were built by the missionaries and native help, from materials obtained in those localities. The bricks were all made by the mission boys, and the timber cut and prepared in the forests by the mission carpenter apprentices.

It would be useless in a country like Africa, where every industry must be created, to educate the native in religion only, and not provide for his future. Practical methods must be adopted, such as training the children to work, thereby laying down an important factor for the civilization of their country. After an apprenticeship of three or four years, these young tradesmen and mechanics establish themselves and, helped by the moral influence of religion, work for the good of the colony. The demand for skilled labor is constantly increasing wherever the traders and government officials are established.

Nothing will justify my assertion better than the following letter, addressed to the head of the mission by the general manager of one of the greatest commercial houses of England trading on the West Coast of Africa:

"DEAR FATHER:—I am much interested in the exertions put forth by your mission to develop native industry and education. It is of the greatest importance to the future of West Africa that the natives should be taught, in addition to the rudiments of education, such handicrafts as may be useful to them in constructive work. What Africa wants more than anything else is



SISTERS OF THE NIGER MISSIONS

intelligent industry. I am therefore glad to know that you are creating brick-layers, stone-cutters, carpenters, gardeners, agriculturists, and I hope, engineers and blacksmiths. You are doing a fine work for Africa, if these things are prosecuted with intelligent energy."

Besides these schools and workshops, the Fathers have built hospitals where the sick are solaced and comforted. The natives abhor sickness. The sick man becomes an outcast; his fate is sealed. He is doomed to die. Considered a burden to his own, he is cast away in the bush, the helpless prey of wild beasts.

We have eight missionary centers. Several villages built by our efforts, in places where a few years ago there was but jungle or forest, the abode of snakes and wild beasts, are now all Christian. More than three thousand children attend our thirty schools, established in as many towns and villages. A catechist is at the head of each, and it is his duty to teach and catechize the natives, prepare the catechumens for the sacraments, and report the success or failure of his efforts to the missionary, who, at fixed intervals, comes and spends some days in the locality administering the sacraments, visiting the natives, especially the sick, encouraging or

reprimanding, as may be necessary. Samuel Okosi, one of our catechists, was elected King of Onitsha some years ago. This circumstance helped us in a marvelous way to spread the Gospel amongst the Igbos and the other tribes in contact with them.

The Calabar Mission, though it was begun only in 1903, has already given very consoling results. Nearly one thousand people have been baptized, a great many when in danger of death. Two new stations have been established, one in Duketown and the other in Akaia. From every side we receive deputations of chiefs asking us to come and establish new stations in their respective territories, but too often we cannot comply with their desire because of our lack of resources and of a sufficient number of missionaries.

Since the beginning of the mission, illness and death have removed from the field of labor four prefects apostolic, fourteen priests, six brothers and eight sisters, in all, thirty-two missionaries. At present there are in the mission twelve priests, nine brothers and ten sisters, assisted by thirty catechists. Had we the means at our disposal, we could easily increase this number, and do more for the glory of God and the salvation of these poor, needy souls.

In the Frozen North

By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I.

From St. Peter's Mission, Lake Caribou, I had gone to the most northern camp of the mountaineers, and the month of May, 1906, found me pressing on, with two guides and a dog train, into the heart of the Eskimo country.

The weather was dry and cold. The lake was fine. We followed a sledge trail. The dogs, after a rest and a feast of reindeer's meat, had recovered their usual spirit. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon when we approached a village. While we were still some rods distant, the women ran out to meet us, being eager to touch our sledge. In this manner they welcome strangers. They are never permitted to shake hands with a man.

As we drew nearer, I joyously shouted a greeting to every one, for all were gathered to witness our arrival. As I alighted, I extended my hand to several of the men; but only a few of them responded to my salutation.

Were they afraid or displeased? One of them I already knew. I spoke to him, and he invited me to enter his hut.

"It is, indeed, a long journey to your country," I said.

But he immediately interrupted me.

"Have you seen any trace of the Eskimos who went to Lake Caribou this spring?" he demanded.

This single question revealed to me the terrible reality. A profound sadness fell upon me. I, in turn, began to ask questions.

"How many Eskimos returned?"

"There were twelve, and but three came back," he re-

plied. "Only one of them could still walk; his two companions crawled on hands and knees. Four of our young men went in search of the others. Three of these unfortunate hunters and traders were found and saved. They had lost all sense of feeling when brought in. We have no news of the rest. Did you meet these men? Did you find their bodies or even their trail?"

"I saw nothing of them; I know nothing of them, for we took another way."

When my answer became known and I went among the poor people, they began to weep and sob in the keenness of their disappointment that I could give them no intelligence of the missing Eskimos.

Alas, what a scene! One old man, having given expression to his sorrow, went on to speak of his experiences among the white men, accusing them of idleness and knavery.

"They could help us, but they do not," he declared. "They pretend to love us, but they love only our furs. They hanged two Eskimos who killed a bad chief of their nation. Why do the white men concern themselves with our affairs, if they are going to let us die of hunger? In the North the Eskimo lives happily with his family, but we, who are here, the only ones who work for the white men, sorrow all the day. Here we have few people now, save widows and orphans; almost all the men have perished miserably. The vultures and the wolves have fed upon their bodies."

As he finished, the weeping began afresh. I did not

know how to reply. I was greatly moved. But the Eskimos understood me. They knew I sympathized with their affliction, and they were satisfied with the few words I tried to utter.

"As for you, we know you love us and you will not deceive us," they assured me. "This is why we hide nothing from you. We tell you all that is in our hearts."

THE TEST

My guides, however, were not without uneasiness on my account.

"How can we leave the Father alone among pagans so ill-disposed toward white men?" they asked themselves.

At last they disclosed to me their apprehensions.

me a terrible struggle. Perhaps the pagans would not understand me. They expected from me presents of gunpowder and tobacco, and I, having nothing of this kind to bestow, in turn asked them to furnish me gratuitously with food and fuel. By the autumn I must have also a hut or cabin. What, if they should show only indifference to my position? Five months do not pass in a day. Hunger, thirst, cold, weariness, disgust, many difficulties, all these presented themselves to my mind as vivid realities and filled me with terror.

Should I go back? This would be to declare the mission impossible. No. Whatever the outcome, I would remain.

Yet was not this imprudence, temerity? By some fault of mine, might I not compromise the work that had been



THE MOST NORTHERN POST OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY

"What, are you still children?" I said to them.

"Nevertheless, you well know the human heart. You know you can not credit everything said by an angry or disappointed man."

This simple reflection reassured them a little. I was, in fact, less confident than I chose to appear. From a mountaineer such a speech as that made by the old man may be regarded as boasting and bluster. His burden lightened, he is the first to laugh at his exaggerations. But the Eskimo is more cold-blooded than may at first appear. The history of the murders and deeds of vengeance, of which we hear every year, is a proof of this fact. But we awaited the morrow. Night brings good counsel.

In the center of the village I erected my tent and installed myself therein. Everyone wished to see, to hear the missionary. I was ready to speak with all, great and small. I had not a moment to reflect upon my situation.

Evening came. I dismissed the curious at last and climbed a neighboring hill to collect myself for a moment. Here, while I was alone with my thoughts, there arose in

confided to me? My mind was tortured; my brain seemed on fire.

How sublime was the exclamation of the apostle, "Traverse the seas, convert one soul, and die!"

But the young heart, aroused to enthusiasm by this glorious watchword, did not then know the weight of the missionary's cross. I, too, had ignored it, and now it crushed me as if to the earth. I was affected even to tears and could not control my emotion. I lost all courage and wished to turn back.

"I have too much desired this work," I said to myself. "My determination to remain now seems a mistake whose consequences will be detrimental to the work itself."

To change the current of my thoughts, I began to recite my rosary. Quietly and gradually the conviction that God had willed this journey, reassured and caused me to see more clearly.

"If I am here alone, it is through the force of circumstances, not because of foolhardiness on my part," I reflected.

I thought of the experiences of the first Fathers of our

Society, the first days of their apostolate. Humanly speaking, they could do nothing of themselves. Yet their efforts were crowned with success. "God wishes to make me realize once more that I am but His instrument," I continued. "Without Him I can do nothing, but from Him and through Him I shall receive strength, peace and happiness."

Yes, happiness. My joy, at this moment of my decision, equalled the anguish of the conflict through which I had just passed.

The Next Day—My guides left me; I remained alone, with God, His blessed Mother, and my cross.

I will not set down here my notes of each day, but will group them under different titles, such as the mode of life, manners and customs of the people, etc.

I. APPEARANCE OF THE CAMP AT OUR ARRIVAL AND LATER, IN THE WARM SEASON

At the crossing-place* of Lake Ennadage, the end of a long, narrow bay, are six huts or cabins. The ground about them is strewn with skins, hair, fresh and dried meats, the bones, antlers, useless parts of the flesh of caribous, remains of by-gone feasts, and similar repulsive and unsanitary débris. Caribous, killed in recent hunts, are carelessly left lying amid this rubbish. There is no attempt to dress or divide the meat. According to the standard of delicate Eskimo epicures, it is more palatable when slightly tainted.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the horrors of such a camp in summer. Over the decomposing carcasses lying about everywhere hovers a cloud of flies, at all times, and the buzzing of these insects can be heard some distance away. That which was lately meat, is now only a disgusting and swarming mass of corruption. The blood-drenched ground itself is a prey to this ravenous horde of insect life. Every bit of moss and scant vegetation, hereabout, is infected with this pest. Nauseous odors abound and, of themselves, are almost insupportable.

When the wind blew from the direction of the camp, one could scarcely breathe; the natives abandoned their huts, and I left my tent and wandered about all day. At these times I meditated upon the voracity of the mosquitoes, which nearly ate me alive. They were legion, and ravaged everywhere. The net, or kind of veil, I was forced to wear in the hope of protecting myself a little from their attacks, was covered with these mosquitoes. Their grating music almost deafened me. They were a real scourge. In imagination I was transported again to my unsophisticated days at beautiful Lake Caribou. There I thought longingly of my dear France. From

* Ennadage. This word, in the language of the mountaineers, signifies "Lake of the Watch for the Wicked Crees." The tradition is that at one time the Crees and the mountaineers were at war. The latter, encamped one day beside this lake, saw a quantity of moss, tufts of grass and boughs floating on the surface of the water. The Eskimos at once recognized their enemies who, wearing these strange head-dresses, were attempting to swim to the shore and thus surprise their adversaries. The mountaineers permitted them to approach, then they shot out in their canoes and hurled their lances at this new species of caribou. From this circumstance came the hunter's saying: "Nadage—Watch in your canoe."

Ennadage I looked back upon my life at St. Peter's Mission as a most agreeable sojourn. Such is our nature. We think the only good thing is the thing we have not. It sometimes seems to us also, that we would rather be anywhere else than where we are. This is the secret of failure to advance; of falling back while we believe we are doing better. I laughed at my self-conceit. The demon of discontent that molested me was humiliated at last, and took flight to reappear no more.

Now, let us inspect the house of the native. It is a conical hut, hermetically closed on all sides, and covered with caribou hide within and without. Raise the skin that serves as a door, and enter. A strong odor seizes you by the throat. These huts are so tightly closed that they do not let in even a mosquito. On the other hand, however, they are the breeding places of many of the nauseous odors that hang about the camp.

Farther on, the prospect is not attractive. Fragments of former repasts, lying about, small pieces of fat or of grease, left to become rancid, the better to stimulate the appetite—such is the spectacle presented by the dining-room, which also serves as a sleeping-room, a very hotbed of infection.

The furniture is simple enough. A few caribou skins upon the floor serve as a carpet by day, and a couch at night. Admire, in passing, the poles that support this palace. They belonged to the ancestors of these natives, and will continue to be transmitted from father to son as a precious heritage.

When winter comes, this hut or tepee will give place to the "igglou," or snow house, which is more solidly built, in order to protect the inhabitants from the intense cold of the long and terrible season when this region is locked in snow and ice.

APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE NATIVES

I found here and farther north, three distinct types of Eskimos. One may be called the genuine Eskimo. The eyes of these people are oval, their complexion is yellow; the nose is broad and flat, the face large and square, the expression full of intelligence or malice. The Eskimo is short in stature, but thickset and strong. He is good-looking, especially when young. Later his countenance acquires a virility that lends it a certain attractiveness.

We come now to another and a very different type. The face is long and oval, the skull depressed. The eyes and mouth are immoderately open; the lips are thick, the nose is elongated. These Eskimos might almost be thought to be the missing link between man and the ape. There are also dwarfs belonging to this category. It seems to me, too, that these unfortunates are objects of derision among their fellow-countrymen. At first sight they appear to be besotted idiots without volition.

Finally, a third type differs entirely from both of these I have already described. These Eskimos have remarkably good features. They are white, often pale, and in disposition are frankly gay and unconstrained. Their glance is bright, proud, full of independence and irony. The people of this type rule the others without effort. They are, I believe, half-breeds. I have not seen among them any tattooed women. All the others have the same

faint marks of tattooing, three or four lines from the nose to the forehead, cross-lines from the nostrils to the ears, and then a series of lines following the lower jaw and uniting at the chin.

The Eskimo costume consists of the hairy skin of the caribou. The exigencies of each season modify the form, size and number of these garments, but the best and most ornamental are for all seasons.

Certain ornaments upon the fur hoods of the men and women bear witness to the great patience, the adaptability and good taste of those who made them. Pearls, bits of glass, tinsel, the teeth of the caribou and musk ox, all these are agreeably intermingled in a design pleasing to the eye.

The most important article of clothing for a baby is the cap, a work of art, embroidered with seed pearls. Later, when the child begins to walk he is put into long fur trousers. A little hood with a short tail completes the outfit, which is the same for boys and girls. While they are children they may, as far as the climate permits, imitate the little ones of tropical countries, without regard to conventionalities, of costume. But, after a girl is grown, she is not permitted to even take off her shoes in the presence of one of the opposite sex. The Eskimo lord of creation is not so particular. When abroad he contents himself with what is considered the necessary clothing. At home, in the matter of attire, he is, sometimes, as unconventional as the children.

COOKERY

The Eskimos eat raw meat. Hence their name. In summer, however, they more frequently eat meat that has been dried in the sun. This drying and preparation of the flesh of the caribou constitutes the chief culinary art of the Eskimo women, who have left the slain caribou lying about the camp, as I have described. Now they cut up the meat in thick slices and spread them on the ground, yet with no attempt to retain special portions for any particular family.

Their duty it is to watch over the drying meat. But flies and multiplying vermin, which hasten decomposition, do not enter into their calculations. The meat remains spread out until the heat has dried up the last worm in it. Then it is taken home. The feast is ready. Men, women, and children, even the dogs, may help themselves and enjoy this informal and disgusting repast.

Is it a matter of cooking the meat? Flint and stick, and a few grains of powder serve to ignite the gathered bits of moss or tufts of grass. The fuel consists of small pieces of the rope-like roots of which I have



ESKIMOS IN THEIR KAYAKS

already spoken, but these produce more smoke than fire.

Four or five hours of boiling are necessary to make any perceptible change in the dried meat. But what else can be done?

The fire is lighted, therefore. The kettle is in its usual place outside the hut, where the dogs have already licked it clean, as they were called upon to do. I must also speak of the great porringer of wood or stone. It is, properly, a dish for the meat, and, though often put to various uses, it still remains the dish for the meat.

Our cook seizes upon the kettle and, having filled it with water, plunges in the scraps of caribou meat that have been lying about. Then she installs all upon two stones, seats herself near this primitive hearth and watches the smoke, in order to know whether her fire is burning, or has smouldered out.

Often the water that serves for cooking the food is not brought from the lake. A little pool in the midst of the rotting moss of the marsh yields a thick water of a mysterious color, now green, now black, and the use of this stagnant and polluted water is frequent. "We can not use the lake water now," the women told me one day, as I distributed the remains of my meal among them and their children.

I wanted to learn why, but not being informed did not venture to ask.

The Eskimo usually has but one wife. Polygamy is permitted, but I know only two polygamists. One has three wives; the other, five. The cases are too rare to constitute a serious obstacle to the extension of the faith among the people of this region. The chief difficulty will be that the indissolubility of marriage is not known among them, and their easy morals engender fierce quarrels and sanguinary encounters.

(To be continued.)

The Jemez Pueblo

By Father Meyer, O.F.M.

The Jemez Pueblo has always been considered one of the most interesting among the many quaint and quiet Indian villages of New Mexico. Far removed from the railroad, it has hardly felt the influence of the white man and his modern inventions. Life here is pretty much the same that it was a hundred years ago.

This village lies in a beautiful, fertile valley twenty-eight miles north of Bernalillo, a small town on the A., T. & Sante Fé R. R., and sixty miles due west from Santa Fé, the capital of the State. The surrounding scenery is of romantic charm, nature having been very lavish in bestowing her gifts of beauty upon mountains and meadows, hills, rivers and cañons.

The valley is hemmed in on the north, east and west by high mountains of beautifully colored rock; a silvery stream flows peacefully and calmly through its heart; well-kept fields of corn and wheat extend upon every side, and numerous cattle graze in the meadows. Thus the pueblo presents a scene as pleasing and perfect as a picture.

The Jemez Indian belongs to a tribe that was living in villages and leading a semi-civilized life long before the advent of the Spaniard. In all directions for miles around the present site lie ruins which go to prove that the tribe was far larger than at the present time and that these Indians often changed their place of abode.

The days of Spanish occupancy, from 1540 to 1700, witnessed many stirring events of Indian conquest, revolt, and reconquest, causing the tribe to fly from place to place for protection and defense and reducing it greatly in numbers. The Jemez of to-day can easily name seventeen ancient Indian villages, and point out the ruins of several of these pueblos where their forefathers lived, and fought, and died.

But, with the advent of the missionaries, their persevering preaching of the Gospel and the doctrines of

love and peace taught by Christianity, these Indians were gradually induced to abandon their constant warfare and settle down to a life of industry and quiet. They were then gathered together and formed two large pueblos.

One of these was San José, at the Jemez Hot Springs, about fourteen miles above the present village. There, even now the extensive ruins of a large church with a high tower give mute testimony of the diligent and faithful work of both priest and layman. The other village, supposed to have been San Juan, was situated on a hill four miles toward the north, in the Cañon of San Diego.

The Indians were living in these two pueblos at the time of the general revolt of the red men in 1680, when the Jemez also killed their priests and fell back into their old pagan customs. From that period misfortune seems to have overtaken them. They were still more



TAKING THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL

reduced in numbers by wars among themselves, sickness, and the ravages of the hostile Navajo and Apache.

Finally there remained only a remnant of the tribe to form one fair-sized village. Moving down the river, the Indians made a new settlement, another priest was sent to them, and thus the foundation was laid for the present pueblo of San Diego.

Jemez pueblo has only five hundred and twenty-five inhabitants. They are a peaceful, industrious, self-supporting people, and do not rely upon the government for any aid whatever. During the summer months, at the dawn of day, the men are on their way to their ranches to hoe and irrigate their lands. The tilling of the soil is exclusively their occupation. The women perform the work of the house and take care of the children.

The pueblo Indian leads a dual religious life. He is a pagan and at the same time considers himself a Catholic. To both beliefs he adheres with tenacity. In his ignorance he attempts to interweave paganism and Christianity, and does not understand the necessity of unity in religion.

The Jemez Indians have had missionary priests among them, more or less, ever since the sixteenth century. The



A JEMEZ DANCE

priests are always asked to perform the marriages, to baptize the babies of the pueblo, and to assist at the funerals.

The Franciscan Fathers had toiled among these Indians until a hundred years ago. After the sons of St. Francis, the secular clergy continued the work until 1900. In April of that year the Franciscan priests of the Province of St. John the Baptist, at the invitation of His Grace the Most Rev. P. Bourgade, Archbishop of Sante Fé, resumed charge of the pueblo.

In October, 1906, Sisters Mathia, Stephania, and Chrysostom, of the Franciscan Com-



GOING TO THE WELL

munity of La Fayette, Ind., opened a Catholic day school here for Indian children. The attendance at the school has thus far been satisfactory. Often the Sisters have found it difficult to tame their young charges to school-life, and their efforts at discipline have sometimes been opposed by the squaws, for the children rule in the tepee. But in the end the gentle teachers have succeeded, and the hope is cherished that, through this nursery of our holy religion, the Jemez Indian will cast aside his pagan ideas and be brought to acknowledge the One Living God.

The Autobiography of a Savage

III

Edited by the Rev. Joseph Cayzac, C.S.Sp.

Before daybreak, at the gray hour when the partridges began to call and the hyenas have not finished prowling along the way, our expedition started. We were about fifty warriors and were accompanied by ten *azouri*. These ancients of the tribe had neither lance nor shield, but each carried a strong bow and a quiver full of poisoned arrows. The *azouri* came at our request, to guide us by their experience and advice. During a battle they always remain in the background. If their friends are forced to retreat, however, the older warriors send flights of poisoned arrows into the ranks of the enemy. After a victory they settle all disputes of the victors.

Arrived in the plain about two o'clock in the afternoon, we saw the flocks and herds at a distance. To approach as near as possible without being observed by the Massais, we stuffed our war-bells with straw and followed the course of a torrent, being hidden by the rugged banks of the ravine. Guided by the bells of a fine cow, we had just come up to the herd when a shepherd, who was bathing, saw us and ran off, giving the cry of warning to his people.

We lost no time, but climbed the rocky banks of the ravine and took the straw out of our war-bells. The few warriors whom we found on guard bravely refused to fly, but were soon overpowered and cut down. Then we collected the cattle and confided them to ten of our men to be driven to our village. At the horizon, our green hills seemed to smile on us, even as our dusky sweethearts would have done.

But the alarm signal had been heard, and we saw the Massais begin their rapid march in pursuit of us. To stand and wait for them would be madness. We hastened after the cattle to insure our possession of them, but well we knew that to delay the conflict was not to avoid it. Half an hour later we faced about and formed in two lines to await the attack.

At about twenty paces from us the Massais also halted. They are very impetuous, therefore our composure often gives us the victory. Without waiting to take breath they hurled their lances, but these broke against our shields. Our foes charged upon us, shouting their war cry. We suffered them to approach quite near; then we in turn cast our lances. The Massais tried to avoid our weapons with their shields, but their line of defense became disorganized. We had only to make a bound forward, slashing our sabres against heads and limbs and shoulders. The enemy's van, the line of their strongest and bravest, was hewn down like grass, while ours was almost unbroken. Stricken with terror, the enemy fled, leaving us masters of their lances and shields and of their wounded left upon the field. Of these last we soon disposed by speedily putting them out of their misery. Then we quietly continued on our way after the herd. No one would now dispute our possession of the cattle. We made no attempt to follow the fugitive Massais, for we had come, not to kill men, but to carry off cows.

✱

Towards morning we arrived among the hills and fields

of our own beautiful country, driving the lowing herds before us and proudly singing the hymn of victory. As we advanced, our lances shone in the rays of the rising sun, and our war bells proclaimed our exploit. All the people of the villages came out shouting our praises. This was triumph! The two cows I had chosen were awarded to me by the *azouri*, and I hastened to deliver them to the father of my betrothed.

Was I received with transports of joy and enthusiasm by my little sweetheart? If you think so, you know nothing about the arts of a Kikouyou belle, who, perhaps, in her teasing coquetry is not so different after all from the pretty girls of (so-called) civilized countries.

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If you had seen me a few years after the arrival of the white men, you would have had difficulty in recognizing me as the handsome, proud warrior of former days. Instead of being wrapped, as now, in a faded covering, like a sick old woman, a mooragani used to wear a goat skin fastened negligently on the shoulder. The hair of the skin was black, smooth, shining and decorated, with beads of many colors.

This fur cloak was not very warm; but it was not a question of heat or cold! It showed off an elegant bearing, and that was what we most desired.

Two or three years after the white man came, I no longer wore long hair, the beautiful hair of the warrior, which at dances he shook out so proudly . . . nor the feathers . . . nor the sword, nor the shield.

We, warriors, barely kept the lance, and that only by force of habit. We let it rust without any remorse. It was no longer an instrument of war, or glory, to avenge a father or win a bride. It had become the stick, the prop, of an old man, to help him climb the hill after his lean, melancholy looking animals. . . .

My small son trotted along beside me as I had formerly walked beside my father. The little fellow wore the national costume, and dreamed his dreams as I had done. He longed impatiently for the day when my covering would fall in rags that he might wear the pieces.

The joy of living had vanished because the whites had come into the country and remained there. Our country has three distinct divisions—the north, the center and the south. It is a good two days' march to cross each of these divisions. There are a succession of rugged hills. At the foot of these hills flow torrents, streams and rivers. It is a green, smiling, fertile country, neither too hot nor too cold.

We are the Kilkouyous of the center.

The whites were in the south, which is traversed by their railway. They belong to three distinct classes: those of the government, those who cultivate the soil, as we do, and a man with a beard who forms a class apart; they call him Father.

Unfortunately, when the whites arrived in the country, there swarmed in their train, like vermin, Swahilis, blacks from the coast, representatives of all languages and all races. There was, moreover, a disease among the animals. This covered the hills and valleys with bones and carcasses. Next, the great famine decimated our people. Then smallpox, black gnats, the plague

appeared—in very truth, our God, the Ngai, had abandoned us.

The sorcerers always recommended patience to us. They said "The Ngai has gone across the ocean to learn all about the white man's country. . . . He will soon return, and through his faithful servants, the sorcerers, will tell his children the secret of the power of these extraordinary strangers."

But the whites would soon go away again. They were



EQUIPPED FOR BATTLE

only making a road to pass through the country to Uganda. As a proof of this they lived in tents. Soon, however, there arose a large town built of iron; the white men augmented in number, and the vermin that followed them ravaged wider than before.

One day the sorcerers appeared triumphant. A big fire had broken out in the white men's village and their iron houses were burned down. It was a harbinger of the news that the Ngai was on his way back to us!

Alas! the fire was hardly extinguished before the white men had rebuilt their houses; this time the buildings were of stone.

One day a white man on horseback, with an escort of

Askaris, notified us that he would return in a month's time to collect the taxes.

The taxes? We did not see the reason for them.

Why pay every year, and at double their value, for the cabins we had built for ourselves? Why did the whites require us to make restitution to them of the money they had given us for our work, as though we had stolen it?

We believed the sorcerers and refused to pay the taxes. But the sorcerers never lied so disastrously as when they told us the strangers would not return. For the whites did return, with hundreds of guns and many Massais warriors. Then was the desolation of desolations. Our brothers in the south had tried to resist, but the guns soon conquered them. The gun seemed to us a divine power put into the hands of the white men; the shield was of no use to us now. The shots were invisible; we were just felled to the ground. Formerly war was a joy, a glory; smiling, we went to death.

Soon our "elders" made their submission. They had no difficulty in making themselves understood, because the whites were surrounded by sly, deceitful blacks who knew our language. These black chiefs were named to govern us under the whites. But they did not understand the white man's way of governing and we were not accustomed to obeying. They were nearly all Swahilis from the coast. In other days they had come to us to buy ivory with beads. We despised them; our Kikouyou belles had been wont to hold their noses when they passed one of these strangers as though he were some unclean animal. Moreover, when these traders departed, our elders offered sacrifices to purify the places polluted by the presence of the Swahili. Now we were made to pay dear for this contempt. We were forced to tremble like slaves before these tyrants, we whose language has no word to express the idea of slavery.

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Seated one day at the entrance to the village we talked of our present misfortunes and compared them with our happy past. Our lances, our beautiful lances! What was the use of polishing them with tender care? And the faithful shield, why repaint it? Thrown into some dark corner of the hut, it had probably been gnawed by the rats. What had become of my sword, the brave companion that avenged my father, and was always ready to be drawn from its red leather scabbard to join in the war dances? Alas! it hung as a trophy on the wall of a white man's room. In order to pay my taxes I had been forced to sell it for a few pieces of silver.

While we were talking, a large hat appeared above the top of the near-by hill. Then a coat and trousers came into view. Was the stranger a white or a black man? As we could not see his shoes yet, he might be one or the other.

We had in the country what was called the advanced party; whose distinctive mark was that they sometimes wore hats, sometimes even coats, but none of them ever wore shoes, because they could not find in the shops any shoes large enough for their feet. The real fanatics of progress bought shoes, and hung them around their necks.

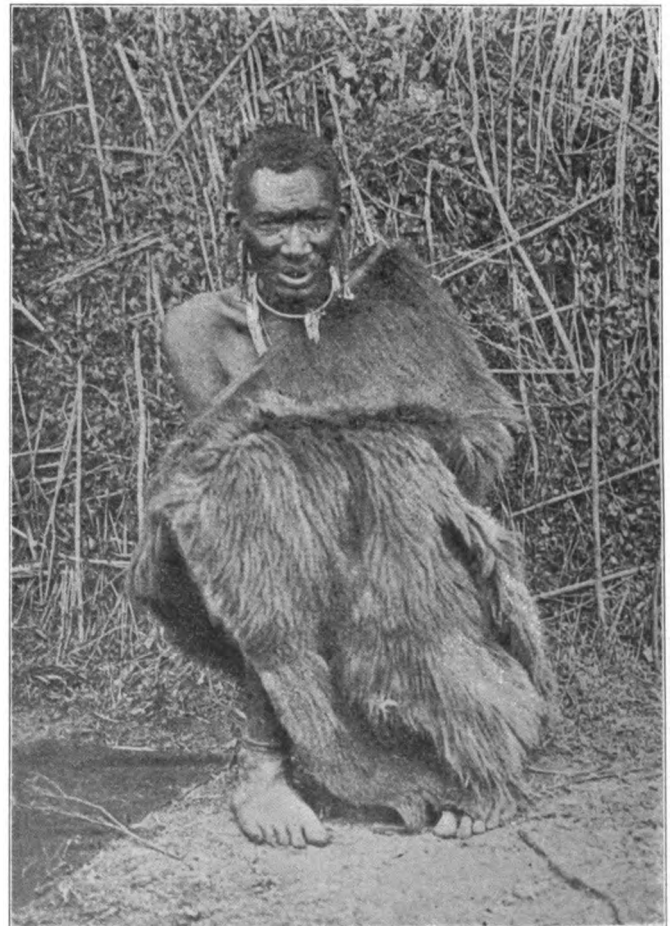
The question as to the complexion of the newcomer was soon settled for us when the wind waved a long beard from his chin. Our advanced party would have to advance for a very long time before it could grow such a fine beard. What new misfortunes awaited us in the coming of this visitor? We soon noticed there was no sign of a gun among his party. He was followed only by two or three negroes carrying his belongings. The whites seldom went on any expedition without many guns, hunting knives and revolvers. Now in this country partridges are the only wild creatures to be found. Presently this extraordinary white man greeted us in our own Kikouyou tongue. We were no longer afraid of him.

Who was he? What did he want? Where was he going? We all asked him the same questions.

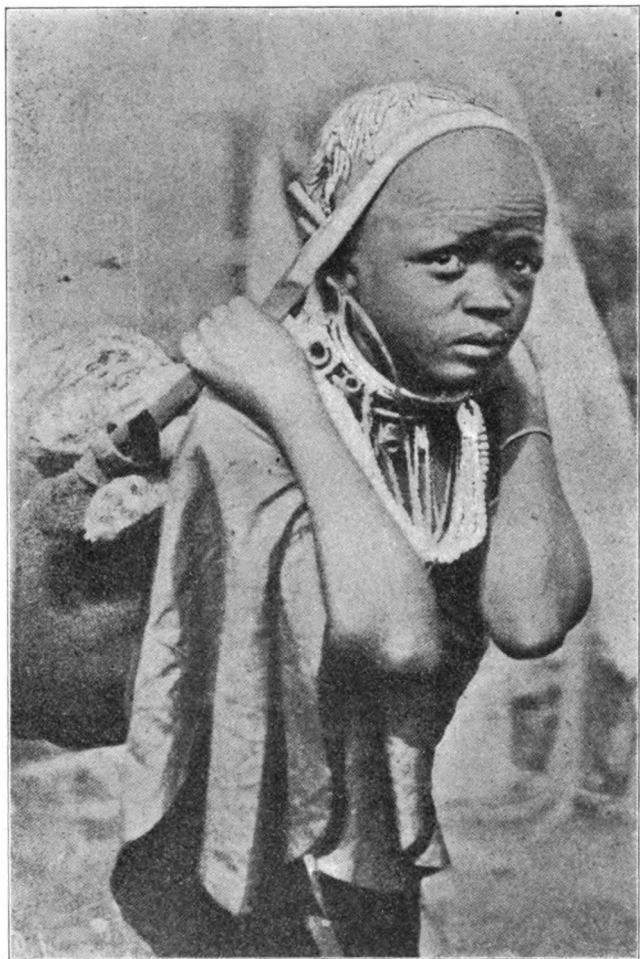
"You are *indigiri*"—*big children*—he answered.

Quietly, as though he were at home, he had his tent pitched at the entrance to the village. While his supper was cooking over the fire that he made himself, he continued to speak to us.

"I am not like the other white men," he said. "I am a man sent by God to you, the people of Kikouyou. I am going to live with you, I am going to teach you and give you back the happiness you have lost—happiness in this life and after death. Your Ngai is gone, he will never return. In his stead the God of the white man, Who is the God of all mankind, will come and dwell among you. He asks neither your sheep nor your fields.



A SORCERER



A KIKOUYOU GIRL

but He wants your hearts. The men with long beards like the one who comes to you to-day are sent by Him. Will you receive them?

When we heard these words all our doubts vanished, for we knew the stranger to be one of the "good Fathers," of whom we had heard. Other missionaries had arrived with the whites. But the man with the beard did not side with these or with those who levied taxes. He sided with the Kikouyous. During the dreadful famine he fed the hungry, nursed the sick, freed the captives, and "gave water" to the dying. If he did not clothe all who were naked it was because they were too numerous. His name was known and loved throughout the whole country.

*

The Father settled down among us, built his two huts and made a garden. When we were ill he took care of us. If we were hurt he dressed our wounds. He watched our tyrants and they feared him. He found work for us with the white man and the burden of the taxes grew lighter. His presence alone almost always put a stop to violence and injustice. Was it strange, then, that we called him our Ngai, the strong, powerful being who defends, protects and saves.

Yet, he did not appear to be content only to play such an important rôle.

"Young men, why do you not come and listen to me?" he often said.

And the young men answered:

"We will come in a few years, when we are tired of dancing."

Then he turned to us, who thought ourselves old and had given up dancing.

"What prevents you from coming to listen to the word of God?"

Having no answer ready, I went to hear him regularly, notwithstanding the derision of my comrades, and one day I asked him to baptize me that I might be born again for the third time.

He talked to me kindly. "But, you unhappy man!" cried he suddenly, throwing up his arms to heaven. His spectacles flashed in the sunlight, even his beard looked threatening. "You unhappy man, how can I baptize a man who has two wives!"

My first wife had been left to me by my father. The "little girl" of my choice, of whom I have spoken, was only the second. Would I have to give her up? I explained matters. This explanation made a difference. "Moturi (that is my name), Moturi," said the good Father, "from what you tell me, your stepmother is not your legitimate wife. You may keep Adangilo, the wife of your choice."

I received Baptism on Christmas day in the presence of a large number of my compatriots, who were greatly astonished. They were scandalized when they heard me renounce our Kikouyou gods.

Soon others of my people were baptized also, and now we form a small united band of Kikouyou Christians. My dear wife asked me one day if, after death, she would be changed into a human potato?

I answered with lofty indifference: "I do not know and I do not care."

That is the way to treat women. A few months later she, in her turn, was baptized; her name, Adangilo, became Angela, as Moturi had become Mathurin. The pagans thought the Father pronounced the names badly, that was all.

Exteriorly we have not changed much. We are Christians, but we proudly remain Kikouyous. I continue to tend the animals, the glory and wealth of the natives in this, my country. The number of my animals increases rapidly since I no longer sacrifice half of them to superstitions. I go about with grace and dignity arrayed in better garments of cotton cloth of beautiful bright color. I understand my duties, but I also know my rights. The white Father has taught me that to please the government I have only to obey the law.

My wife is still humble and laborious. But a change has taken place in her too. She looks at me more frankly, speaks to me more naturally, and smiles more affectionately than she ever did before.

In the evening, when the children are asleep, and we have finished the round of prayer beads that the Father gave us, we sit by the fire. Then Adangilo gives me roasted corn, as she did that fine day when I found her resting in the shade of the tree. We are happy because the Ngai, the real One, the God of the white men, has returned. . . . And my wife says: "We were as slaves, but the Truth has set us free."

[THE END.]

MISSION LIFE AND NEEDS

The letters from the mission field published in this section were lately received at the Central Direction or some of the diocesan offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They will serve to show the needs of the missions and the results already obtained or hoped for, and also to express the gratitude of the missionaries to their benefactors. Appeals for help from missionaries will be entered here, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will gladly forward whatever answers readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may wish to give to them.

FROM REV. E. DE ROUGÉ, S.J., ST. MARY'S MISSION, EKENAGAN CO., WASHINGTON.

"For twenty years I have been among the Indians and poor settlers of the West. I have a school for the children of both. Last year, I had seventy-two pupils. I should have two hundred, but it is in vain that I apply on all sides for help to support the children. For the coming season I must buy all the provisions and collect the firewood. I have to deprive myself even of clothing and of many other necessities, yet I am left with no money to re-open the school. Many children here are to be either saved or lost. There are numerous temptations in this country. My big boys ought to be kept at school a while longer. They are good boys. Shall I not do everything possible to save them? The court will soon be held here in my house. The judge is willing to send me any Indian boys who are to be taken care of. Shall I refuse them? If I do, the boys will be sent to Protestant institutions. No, I will take them and trust to Providence to move generous hearts to help us."

FROM REV. ANGELUS BLESSER, O.F.M., AMERICAN MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

"By this time I hoped to be half-way to distant China, but alas, not so soon! For my missionary companion, Fr. Juniper Doolin could not obtain passage on the steamer. Hence we must wait for the steamer of October 9 from San Francisco, and its name is the 'Sabina,' which means, be patient, or 'keep cool.' This delay has, however, given me more time to collect my necessary outfit from 'the four winds'—sacred vestments and altar vessels, books, bicycle, etc. I simply had to succeed, and I have succeeded beyond my expectations. At present I am paying a farewell visit to my family. The parting will be, indeed, a great sacrifice to my aged mother, but she was ever generous. I shall not forget CATHOLIC MISSIONS in my new field of work, but will write a letter to your magazine describing my flock of Orientals as they appear to a young American missionary."

FROM REV. J. DEFFRENNES, P.F.M., SENDAI, JAPAN.

"Many thanks for what you are doing for the Missions of Japan, and for the copies of your magazine which you sent me. My seminarians are glad to see for themselves the efforts made in the United States in the great work for the Propagation of the Faith. English is the language that the students prefer to learn in the schools of this country. In reading CATHOLIC MISSIONS my pupils obtain an idea of the work of the Church throughout the whole world, and this is of infinite service to them."

FROM SISTER FAURE, TSO-FOU-PANG, TCHE- KIANG, CHINA.

"It is a long time since I have asked assistance for our poor old people, and for the foundlings daily left at our door. The number of our pensioners has greatly increased since my last letter. We now have three hundred, old and young, under our care. It would touch the hardest heart to see the helpless babes who are abandoned, sometimes without even a little shirt, and frequently their puny bodies bear the marks of cruel ill-treatment. Often there is only time to baptize

these dying waifs, before the new-born souls take flight to Heaven. Help us, dear friends, by your alms to provide for many of these forsaken children. By even a small contribution you will perhaps open the gates of Paradise for some little child. Our old men and women are also well worthy of your compassion."

FROM FATHER PATUEL, P.F.M., TONQUIN.

"I have received news that fills me with joy. A Laotien chief has been converted. Thu-Man, by his influence, authority and social position, will bring a great number of his compatriots into relation with the missionaries. Thu-Man is endowed with a rare combination of qualities. Intelligent and clear-headed, he has a facile speech and genuine talent as an orator. I must add that Man has acquired a reputation for staunch loyalty. Exercising important offices as head of the service, he is often compelled to levy taxes, etc., but he has preserved his reputation against the least suspicion.

"I always have had recourse to his aid to procure laborers for me, porters, etc., and I have always admired the manner in which he managed his men, sometimes by force of argument, again by flattery, or still again by severity; but he always succeeded. When we built our church and residence, he asked for the contract and I gave it to him with entire confidence. Every morning he came to me for instructions in regard to the work.

"Thu-Man had held back from becoming a Christian. Why? After the assassination of Father Verbier, in 1895, all the notable men of the tribe were arrested and convicted. Thu-Man's uncle was condemned to death—his brother was deported. He owed his own life to his presence of mind.

"If you condemn me," he said to the judges, 'you must also condemn the catechists of the slain missionary, for I was in the same hall with them when the shots were fired.' But he wished to free his relatives from the accusation of assassination that darkened their lives, so this year, when Bishop Marcou came to visit the district, he went to him to plead for the rehabilitation of his family in the estimation of the prelate. What passed, I do not know, but Thu-Man, since his return, has come regularly to Mass and he sends his children to the catechism class. This determination must have cost him much, but he is certainly sincere. May God inspire his people to walk in the footsteps of their brave chief."

FROM REV. BROTHER A. HEINRICH, VICE-PROVIN- CIAL OF THE SOCIETY OF MARY IN JAPAN.

"We would like to establish an Apostolic School at Ura-kanu near Vazasaki. It would be a great help to the propagation of our holy religion in this empire. The Society of Mary has bought the grounds, but for the erection of the plain buildings and the carrying on of the work we need assistance. The resources of our society from France have been entirely cut off by the persecutions; our Superiors can scarce find the means to support our old Brothers and the candidates. We venture to hope that you will find some pious people willing to help us. I send by this mail a few pamphlets in which the work is set forth. May God and His Holy Mother abundantly reward those who come to our aid."

FROM THE REV. LUKE PLUNKETT, E.F.M., NAIVASHA, NEAR MOMBASA, B. EAST AFRICA.

"After years of hoping and waiting a mission has been established among the Massais, one of the most war-like, but as regards character and physique, one of the noblest of the African tribes. The headquarters of the new mission are at Naivasha on the Uganda railroad, among the pasture lands of the Rift Valley soon to be the hunting-ground of white settlers, and of those in search of 'big game trophies.' The buildings we are erecting here include a temporary church, a school, carpenter shop for boys, and house for the missionary. The money required for this is about a thousand dollars. The bishop has given us three hundred, other contributions received amount to fifty dollars, leaving a balance of six hundred and fifty still to be obtained. Surely, considering the merit of the work this will seem a small sum to generous hearts."

FROM FATHER GRUSON, C.M., ABYSSINIA.

"A frightful scourge of locusts is upon us. They are so thick that they almost obscure the sunlight and over-spread the fields like great, red waves. They devour everything. Our poor Irobs are helpless and well-nigh in despair. Pointing to the terrible visitants that are so rapidly destroying the harvest, they say to me:

"'Father we cannot eat one another. Must we then die?' Dear benefactors you will not let these people, your fellow-Christians, perish of hunger?"

FROM FATHER HERMANN, L.A.F.M., IJEBOU, NORTHWEST AFRICA.

"The third mission station we have established in Ijebou is, we really believe, the result of an act of charity that touched the people. Four months before we were called to a certain village, a large bundle suspended from a bamboo rod and carried by two men, was brought to us one morning. The burden was a sick woman. The efficacy of our sublimate water, iodoform, and other remedies draws all the sick and wounded of the country to us. It is not difficult to acquire the reputation of being great doctors among a people who have always chewed fibres, and made their plasters of black earth.

"For more than two months the sick woman had been unable to move hand or foot. A fruit as large as a pumpkin had fallen on the nape of her neck from the top of a high tree. There was no wound, but the base of the brain had suffered so that all the nerves of locomotion were paralyzed. Soon, complications developed; then she was brought to me, the missionary. Her reason was unaffected; it even became clearer as her body grew weaker.

"How gratefully she looked up when I came to her side! Her pagan soul unfolded by degrees to the unknown but longed-for light. When I baptized her and explained that suffering is the gold wherewith we may purchase Heaven, she ceased to complain; her face was transformed, and she patiently awaited the day when her soul would return to God. Soon after her death the whole village became Christian. This grace of conversion was attributed in a measure to her prayers."

MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA.**BOSTON**

The Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, was called to his reward on August 30. Archbishop Williams was born in Boston, April 27, 1822, ordained at Saint Sulpice Seminary, Paris, in 1845, and in 1866, upon the death of Bishop Fitzpatrick, was appointed to the See of Boston. In 1875 he was made Archbishop. During his wise administration of forty years, Catholicity expanded and grew strong in New England.

The Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, D.D., the new Archbishop of Boston, as Rector of the American College at Rome, Bishop of Portland, Papal Envoy to Japan, and Coadjutor of the late Archbishop Williams, has already had a distinguished career in the Church. It may be anticipated that under his rule, in the great Archdiocese, the progress of Catholicity in its ever-widening field will be as

marked as during the episcopate of his predecessor.

FALL RIVER

The Rt. Rev. D. F. Feehan, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Fall River, on September 19, in St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, by Rt. Rev. T. D. Beaven, of Springfield, assisted by Bishops Harkins, of Providence, and Tierney, of Hartford. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Philip J. Garri-gan, of Sioux City.

APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE

The Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., re-opened in October with a larger number of priest-students than ever before. The graduates of last year are preparing to inaugurate in their various dioceses the missions to non-Catholics.

OMAHA

The corner-stone of the new Cathedral at Omaha was laid by Bishop Scannell, on October 6. Three Archbishops, twenty bishops and a great number of priests were present. Fifteen thousand people, representing fifteen different nations, including the Catholic Indians, of Nebraska, took part in the religious procession on the occasion.

SAN ANTONIO

Mother Margaret Mary, foundress of the colored mission of St. Peter Claver, died recently at San Antonio. A childless widow, in 1888, having decided to devote her efforts to the spiritual and moral regeneration of the negro race, she built St. Peter's Church, a community residence and three schools. In 1892 she established a religious congregation called the Sisters of

the Holy Ghost. This congregation now conducts schools in Lareda, Texas, and Oayaca, Mexico. Mother Margaret Mary voluntarily gave her fortune as well as her life for the love of God and the salvation of souls.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSION

The Very Rev. George de la Motte, S.J., Superior General of the Rocky Mountain Mission of the Catholic Church, has, as the result of a new ruling of the Jesuit Order, become superior, of an enlarged district, comprising California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, South Alaska and the Dakotas, which will be known as the California and Rocky Mountain Mission. It numbers four hundred Jesuits.

OKLAHOMA

The Christian Brothers have entered the missionary field, and Bishop Meerschaert has offered them the charge of the pioneer college for Catholic Indians at Oklahoma. The Irish Christian Brothers have several well established missions in Asia.

NEGRO MISSIONS

Rev. Joseph Burgess, C.S.Sp., a young negro priest, recently preached his first sermon in his home parish, St. Cyprian's Church, Washington, D. C. He made his studies and was ordained in France.

On September 21 at the Josephite Seminary, Baltimore, the Rev. J. J. Plantevigne was ordained by the Rt. Rev. A. A. Curtis, D.D. Father Plantevigne is the third priest of the colored race sent out from St. Joseph's, and the fifth raised to the priesthood in the United States. After a visit to his home in New Orleans, he will begin studies at the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., where he will take a special course for the preaching of missions.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The Rt. Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker, first American bishop of Jaro, Island of Iloilo, died suddenly on September 19. Bishop Rooker studied for the priesthood in Rome, where, some time after his ordination, he was vice-rector of the American College. He was secretary of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, from 1894 to 1903, when he was made Bishop of Jaro. This diocese covers eleven provinces of Iloilo and the Jolo Islands, and has a Catholic population of 1,331,000 souls.

By a recent decree of the Propaganda the Marian Islands have been detached from the diocese of Cebu and erected into

an independent Prefecture Apostolic, which will be in charge of Capuchin Missionaries from Germany. The See of Cebu, of which the Rt. Rev. Thos. A. Hendrick is bishop, is one of the most populous in the world.

CANADA

On September 7, five young missionaries left Quebec for Africa. They belong to the Society of the White Fathers, and will go to the novitiate near Algiers, where they will learn the native African dialects prior to their ordination. On the day they sailed, eleven new candidates for the priesthood and the missions entered the House of the White Fathers at Quebec.

JAMAICA

The Rt. Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., was consecrated Bishop of Jamaica, on October 28, at St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley.

ASIA.

JAPAN

Hakodate, the episcopal city of Bishop Berlioz, was, on August 27, almost entirely destroyed by a great conflagration. The Catholic Church, mission house, bishop's residence, the novitiate, orphanage, foundling asylum and school of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were all a prey to the flames. Bishop Berlioz recently visited the United States soliciting alms to continue his apostolic work. Through the fire, seven hundred native families belonging to his flock, two missionaries, twenty sisters and more than a hundred orphans are left homeless and destitute. It is to be hoped that Catholics throughout the world will be moved by Christian charity to succor their distress.

TOKYO

Father Ferrand, M. Ap., the zealous friend of Japanese students, has started a Catholic library for them in his new Geshikuya, or students' lodging-house, at Tokyo. Our Catholics of the United States who can help in the foundation of this library by contributing to the fund just opened, or by sending books or magazines, will share in a truly apostolic work.

CHAN-TONG CHINA

The Rt. Rev. Adéodat Wittner, O.F.M., coadjutor, with the right of succession to Bishop Schang, Vicar-Apostolic of Eastern Chan-Tong,

was consecrated on July 7, by Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Propaganda. Until summoned to Rome for his consecration, he had not been away from China for thirty years.

SOUTHERN KIANG-SI, CHINA

The Rev. Nicholas Ciceri, C.M., has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Kiang-Si.

CENTRAL TONQUIN

Rt. Rev. Pierre Munagorré y Obynet, O.P., formerly of Manila, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of Central Tonquin.

INDIA

The consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Herman Jurgens, S.J., the new Archbishop of Bombay, took place July 14. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. Brice Meuleman, Archbishop of Calcutta, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. John M. Barte, Bishop of Trichinopoly, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Abundius Cavadini, Bishop of Mangalore.

Mgr. Coppel, of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales, has been named by the Holy See, Bishop of Nagpur.

CATHOLICS IN INDIA

The March number of CATHOLIC MISSIONS quoted a statement of Father Fortunat, O.F.M., that there are now in India three million Christians, of whom one-half are Catholics. A letter, lately received from the Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, Bishop of Dacca, contains the information that the proportion of Catholics is, in fact, much larger. Bishop Hurth computes from the statistical tables of the Apostolic Delegation that the Catholic population of British India, including Burma, is 2,256,205, or two million and a quarter, and not merely a half of three million.

PERSIA

The recent Persian embassy to the Vatican solemnly assured the Holy Father that under the new Shah there will be no further persecution of the Catholics in that empire.

OCEANICA.

MARIAN ISLANDS

The Very Rev. Paul de Kirchhausen, O.M.Cap., has been named Prefect Apostolic of the Marian Islands.

EUROPE.

SANTORINO Mgr. Camilleri has been appointed by the Pope Bishop of Santorino in the Greek Archipelago.

AFRICA.

AFRICAN MISSIONS OF LYONS The Very Rev. Joseph Augustin Planque, Superior General of the Society for African Missions of Lyons for half a century, died at Lyons on August 21, aged eighty-one years. Ordained in 1850, he offered his life for the evangelization of the negroes of Africa, and in 1856 was named Superior of the Seminary of African Missions just founded at Lyons by Bishop de Bresillac, who shortly afterwards embarked for Sierra Leone, where he soon died. Father Planque carried on the work, and in the course of time founded missions in Dahomey, Lagos, on the Gold and Ivory coasts, on the banks of the Niger, and in Egypt, the latter being now the Prefecture Apostolic of the Nile Delta. In 1876 Father

Planque founded the Sisters of Our Lady of the Apostles for the African Missions.

CONGO

A sad report reaches us from Ibanka. Father Pollet, a missionary, set out for the interior of the country, where the natives have been excited against the whites. Urged not to proceed he continued his journey, saying duty compelled him to go forward. Before long he was attacked and fell, shot down by arrows, a martyr to his apostolic zeal and charity.

ABYSSINIA

Father Bernedaro, O.M.Cap., has obtained from the Emperor Menelik permission to build, at Adis Rheba, a monastery for two hundred and fifty Capuchin monks.

AFRICAN SLAVERY

The White Fathers have, in connection with their missionary work, liberated from slavery many

children and adults, whom wars and tribal feuds had delivered to cruel pagan masters. The freeing of many more such unfortunate captives is only a question of funds.

TRIPOLI

The Very Rev. Joseph Rosetti, O.F.M., has been appointed Prefect Apostolic of Tripoli.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN MOROCCO

The strife in progress at Casa Blanca makes us anxious as to the fate of the missionaries now carrying on the work of the Apostolate in Morocco. There are at present in Morocco 24 Franciscan Fathers, 25 Brothers of the same order, and 18 nuns of the Third Order, under the jurisdiction of the Prefect Apostolic, Very Rev. F. M. Cervera, O.F.M. All are, according to the latest intelligence, in serious danger of falling victims to fanaticism. The Prefecture Apostolic of Morocco numbers 10,000 Catholics out of a Mohammedan population of six million souls.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

In this section of **CATHOLIC MISSIONS** the most important missionary magazines are reviewed, those published in the English language having the preference as being more accessible to the majority of our readers. Attention is directed to articles, pamphlets, and books bearing on the missionary question in order that the friends of the missions may be kept informed of the progress of the Church among infidels, heathens, and all outside the fold.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith (October). "A Page from the History of Missions," by Mr. Charles Hamel, gives a short biography of Father Olier, founder of the Society of Saint Sulpice, and of the famous Seminary in Paris for the education of candidates for the secular clergy, which has become the model of similar institutions throughout the world. The Sulpicians are not a missionary congregation, yet from Saint Sulpice many missionaries have gone forth to all parts of the earth. King Charles II (Stuart) embraced the Catholic faith after having been instructed by Father Olier, who longed for the conversion of England and also for the Christianizing of the American Indians. It was he who sent the expedition that established the colony at Montreal, Canada. The Annals contains an account, by Father Cothonay, of the baptism of "Two Young Bonzes," or Buddhist monks of Tonquin, India.—One of the most interesting articles of the num-

ber is "In the Far Northwest," a description by Father Morice, O.M.I., of an arduous journey through a district of British Columbia, where the Indians had been subjected to Protestant influences.

The Field Afar for October continues the series "In the Homes of Martyrs," with an account of "A Day in St. Loup," and a visit to the home of Théophile Vénard, "a plastered house with overhanging eaves and high built chimney, one of several cottages in a row opposite the village church, and distinguished by a simple slab nailed over the solitary window of the second floor, and bearing the inscription

Here was Born
Jean T. Vénard
Nov. 21, 1821.

Martyred in Tonquin, Feb. 2, 1861."

—A companion-sketch is a page devoted

to the life history of Pierre Chanel (Blessed), the first martyr of Oceania. In the cannibal island of Futuna, young Father Chanel began his work. The religion of the people was a terrible worship offered to evil gods, whose whole business was to injure mankind. The usual food consisted of fish, yams, and the fruit of the bread tree. In the missionary's hut the floor was made from stones gathered on the seashore, the trunk of a tree placed cross-wise served as a pillow during the night. Father Chanel learned the language of the natives of this and the neighboring islands, preached the gospel and made several converts, among them the King's son. The King, at first friendly, grew distrustful, and began to hate the Europeans. When he heard that his son had embraced the faith he sent three or four natives to do away with the missionary. These men enticed Father Chanel from his garden into his hut and there murdered him, a savage whom he had

often befriended striking the final blow with a spear.

The Annals of the Holy Childhood.

From the Mission of East Chang-tong a Franciscan nun writes of two little Chinese girls who, given up to the Sisters by their parents on account of the poverty of the latter became edifying young Christians and apostles to their family.—A Religious from the Mission of Bombay tells of many children of the different castes received at the orphanage, Mahratti Hindus, Ghati, Davis, Madrasi, Kojas, Pardiasees, Perbus, Brahmins, Palhans, Jahirs, Pervari, as well as Eurasians, Jews, Goanese, and Protestants of various European nationalities. She charmingly relates, also, a number of incidents and anecdotes of her little charges, showing that childhood is interesting the world over. Thus one of the Sisters having asked a waif why God created so many beautiful flowers, received the naïve answer, "Why of course to place them on the altar of the chapel."—From Basutoland, Father Lebreton, O.M.I., sends a letter descriptive of the manners and customs of the people of this part of Africa. "The Basutos are of a gentle nature," he declares; "they love their children, that is, their bodies, of the soul they take no account." The children are to the parents a real source of wealth; the boys become shepherds, and tend their father's flocks, and the girls are hardly less precious. Each daughter represents a certain number of cows, for every young man who wants to marry must give to the father of his intended bride ten, fifteen or sometimes twenty head of cattle. Though the Basutos are described as so gentle, however, sometimes in a season of drought they offer a human sacrifice, most cruelly putting to death a young child to propitiate the god of rain. When a Basuto child is born, woe to him who announces the news to the father. If the child is a boy, the messenger is received with a shower of blows. If a new little girl has come to the home, the bearer of the tidings has a bucketful of water emptied upon his head.—An appeal from the Gilbert Islands, Oceanica, describes the need of more missionaries, and of alms to assist the missions, of those remote isles.

The Missionary (October). "Activity in the Old Dominion," by Rev. T. E. Waters, is a record of arduous mission work in Virginia. In "A Foreign Field at Our Own Door," *The Missionary* makes the following startling statement: "There is one Catholic to every four hundred and seven natives in China. It would surprise many of our people to know that there are conditions in this country quite comparable with the religious state of the Celestial Empire. In North Carolina, for instance, there are about three thousand Catholics in a population of thirteen hundred thousand, or one in four hundred and twenty. South Carolina is not much better off.

While the work in the foreign field is, of course, very necessary, it is good at times to study the conditions at our very door and within the borders of our own country." The September number of *The Missionary* calls attention to the marvellous awakening of the apostolic spirit that has taken place, especially in the United States during the last ten years. Every religious community of priests has had to increase its band of missionaries by the addition of new members, there have been added to the regular preachers of missions at least one hundred diocesan missionaries, schools and convents have disseminated missionary zeal. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has awakened new interest in the home and foreign field, the work among the negroes readily obtains practical sympathy, the Marquette League has been formed to assist the Indian Missions. In the mission work among non-Catholics, carried on according to the plan developed by the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, D. C., the method is expository. The beauties of the Catholic Church are sufficient of themselves to attract the American people, and to win their hearts. Missionary effort along these lines is now being pursued in England and also by the Redemptorists in Scotland.

The Indian Advocate (October) devotes several pages to the Chippewa tribe, who formerly hunted along the shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, and across Minnesota to North Dakota. The Chippewas were never prominent in history, owing to their remoteness from the frontier during the period of the colonial wars. They were visited by Raymbout and Jogues, who found them at Sault St. Marie warring with a people of the West, doubtless the Sioux. Uniformly friendly in their relations with the French of Canada, they were brave and of fine physical appearance. In 1905 the Chippewas numbered between 30,000 and 32,000; of these 15,000 were in British Columbia, and 14,144 in the United States, exclusive of the 3,000 who have settlements in Michigan.

The *Advocate* in an article, "Political Preachers," refers to the trouble made by this class of politicians in trying to starve out Catholic education among Catholic Indians. Our Catholic Indians maintain that they want their own schools supported with their own money. If they can not have this they insist that their schools shall be entirely secular.

The Colored Harvest (October), with commendable satisfaction, records the dedication, by Cardinal Gibbons, of St. Barnabas, the third church of the colored Catholics of Baltimore, and gives the earnest address of his Eminence to the congregation at the close of the ceremonies. There is also a description of the commencement exercises of the Epiphany Apostolic College, at Walbrook, Md.—Notes from the Missions this month tell

of missionary life in the Black Belt of Virginia. The illustrations, showing churches and schools for the colored people in Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas and Louisiana, prove how great is the work that the Josephite Fathers are quietly doing, and that the Catholic Church offers the only real solution of the race problem.

The Messenger (October). "The Present Status of the Catholic Indian Problem" by the Rev. H. G. Ganss, is a scholarly and careful study of the causes that led to the Indian school crisis. Father Ganss recalls the absurdities of the various treaties between the American colonists and later the U. S. Government and the Indians, when vast tracts of land that now constitute great states were, with a travesty of justice, wrested from the redmen in exchange for a few yards of cloth, two or three muskets and a small quantity of gun-powder. President Grant's Peace Policy of 1867 put an end to this system of defrauding the aborigenes. But the peace commission, which parcelled out the Catholic Indians with others among the various religious sects, was one of the severest blows the Catholic Indian mission ever received, and was a violation of the Constitution by making established religions with exclusive privileges at various points of our national territory. Yet the voice of Catholic sentiment was unheard in protest; the spiritual disaster passed unnoticed. Nevertheless, even Protestant historians admit that the Roman Catholic missions among the Indians from the first have been more successful than those of any or all denominations of Protestants. The Government pledged its honor that if the Catholics, among others, would build schools, the United States would make appropriations on a per capita basis for every child educated. Those schools were built, through the quiet charity of a consecrated Catholic woman, and were so much better attended than the schools of the sects that the Catholics drew two-thirds of the amount of the appropriation. This raised a hue and cry in the sectarian press. "The Peace Policy failed," said a Presbyterian minister, Dr. R. E. Thompson, "through the jealousy which has been excited by the greater extent and success of the Roman Catholic schools."

The withdrawal of the pledged Government support precipitated a crisis which unless met with decision, courage and material generosity, will doom the Indian to extinction as an object of our religious care and solicitude.

The Christian Family, Technv, Ill., for October, publishes the second installment of the serial, "The Jesuit Missions in Alaska," by Very Rev. J. L. Lucchesi, S.J. The Society of Jesus has churches in Juneau, Douglas, Skagway, Fairbanks, Cleary City, Yanana, St. Michael, Candle City and Nome, and seven stations visited

by the Fathers. Four of the stations are missions. The largest of these is Holy Cross on the Yukon. It was begun in 1888, and the Jesuit missionary who founded it has lived and labored in Alaska ever since that time. He is an object of curiosity and astonishment to the miners whose only aim is to amass wealth and leave the desolate land as soon as possible. This Father has charge of Saint Ignatius Mission on the Kuskokwini River. Two years ago the station was totally destroyed by fire. Holy Cross has two separate schools, one for boys the other for girls. Many of the ninety pupils are orphans. In 1900 a dreadful plague visited Alaska, and struck a hard blow at the missions. The boys at the school play baseball and football; the girls have their recreations also. They are taught housework, sewing and mending, besides their school tasks. The reader of this interesting article is moreover introduced to the characteristics of the aborigines, feels the annoyance of the Alaska gnats and mosquitoes, travels in winter behind a pack of unreliable dogs, is present in fancy at the Indians' feasts, inspects their warm but unsanitary dug-outs, learns of the obstacles that Protestant ministers and Russian Schismatic priests interpose to the conversion of the natives, and of the latter's superstitions and the difficulty the missionary encounters in learning the Alaskan-Indian language, owing to its many dialects.

Les Missions en Chine et au Congo, published in French by the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, at Scheut, near Brussels, has an account of "The Old People of Palakai," the asylum established by the Congregation at this mission station in China, for the rescue of the aged natives who have been abandoned by their sons and families. The care of the helpless aged, who have none to care for them, is a great charity in Christian lands. How much more wretched are the old in pagan countries, where their kindred do not hesitate to remind them that they have lived too long! The missionaries of Palakai seek out these old people as the Society of the Holy Childhood seeks out abandoned children. The Septuagenarian wards of the Fathers are taught the truths of religion and made comfortable and happy. They are not asked whence

they come, or what their life has been. For them the door of the hospital is as the door of Paradise.

"I have two ungrateful sons," said an old man, "one of these sons is an opium smoker, and the other is a gambler."

"What do you do during Mass?" the Father asked of an old woman.

"I bow down before the good God; I do not know any other prayer," was the beautiful reply.

Anthropos (October). "The Public and Religious Life of the Thays," is the chapter of the history, in French, of this interesting people that the Rev. Antoine Bourlet, S.D.S., furnishes to the current number of the scholarly polyglot magazine published by the Society of the Divine Word, Salzburg.—"The Zulu Kafirs of Natal, Their Clothing and Ornaments" are treated of in English by the Rev. Francis Mayr. "As the habit does not make the monk, so likewise the European dress does not make the Zulu a Christian or a civilized individual."

"Myths and Traditions of the Admiralty Islands," by the Rev. Joseph Meier, M.S.C., is one of the German articles.

"Tales and Legends of Surinam," by Rev. C. Von Coll, C.S.S.R., recounts in French several traditions of the natives of Dutch Guiana, South America. "The Inquiry into the Typology of Languages," by the Rev. J. Van Ginneken, S.J., is given in both French and German. "The Spanish Sketch," by Rev. J. Masip, O.P., is on "Marriage in China." "The Notes on the Religious Beliefs and Practices of the Malinké Fetichs," by Father Brun, A.M., and the "Grammar of Kiyombe," by the Rev. Aug. de Clercq, are explained in French, and the treatises on "The Sounds of Speech and their Representation in a General Alphabet," by Father Schmidt, S.V.D., and on "The Togos of West Africa," by the Rev. Franz Wolf, S.V.D., in German. The illustrations of this number of *Anthropos* are especially fine.

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London, October. Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., writes of "The Catholic Missions in the Samoa Islands," "the Pearls of the South Seas." The inhabitants of these islands are said to be the best and most capable of the whole Polynesian race.—The founding of the

Catholic Free Library at Tokyo, Japan, is described by Father Ferrand, and a good "half tone" shows an interesting group of the Japanese students for whose benefit the work is undertaken.—Father Lebreton, O.M.I., continues his graphic narrative of a journey "Across the Mountains of Basutoland." Assistance is greatly needed by the Catholic missions of this country, which is over-run by black Protestant ministers, who spread abroad their errors. Yet the people are eager to have Catholic missionaries.—"Catholic Missionary Work in China," by Father Bizuel, S.J., deals especially with Christian Doctrine Schools, family life among the Chinese, and the task of the native catechist.—An article on "The Sleeping Sickness," shows that the ravages of this scourge of Equatorial Africa have not yet ceased, though medical science is said to have found a remedy for it. The cause of the malady is said to be a small parasite with which the human body is inoculated by the sting of the *tsetse* fly. Larger huts, cleanliness, and the strength and health acquired by regular toil are the best preventives of the disease.

NEW BOOKS ON THE MISSIONS.

Héros Trop Oubliés de Notre Epopée Coloniale, (Forgotten Heroes of Our Colonial Epic), a book in French, on the lives of "Heroes of the Apostolate," by M. Valérien Groffier, editor of "*Les Missions Catholiques*," has won for its author a medal of honor, and a prize of a thousand francs from the Academy of Lyons, France.

The Report of the Leper Settlement of Molokai, issued by the Board of Health of the Territory of Hawaii forms an interesting addition to missionary literature. It graphically describes the Molokai colony, one of the most remarkable institutions in existence, which includes the Bishop Home for Women Lepers (seventy-nine) in charge of the Franciscan Sisters; the Baldwin Home directed by Catholic Brothers, which houses one hundred and eighteen men and boys; and the Bay View Home, for the more helpless, which cares for thirty-eight persons. Besides these, nearly six hundred lepers have homes of their own within the settlement.





Evening Prayer in Africa

Catholic Missions

Editorial Notes

Our Appeal for the Philippine Missionaries

A SHORT time ago the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, at the request of the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, made an appeal to the charity of Catholics in America for the necessary funds to send several priests, members of the Mill Hill Society, to the Philippines. A sum of \$5,000.00 was needed for the journey and outfit of this apostolic expedition. We are pleased to state that our request met with a prompt and generous response. Several members of the hierarchy and many of the clergy and laity sent us their contributions, and in a few weeks over \$7,000.00 were received. Of this sum \$5,000.00 were forwarded at once to Father Henry, Superior General of the Mill Hill missionaries. The surplus has been placed at the disposal of Mgr. Agius, Apostolic Delegate, for the most needy missions in the Philippines.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith extends its heartfelt thanks to the generous contributors, assuring them of the prayers and a share of the merits of the apostles who have been sent out through their charity.

Who Are the Donors?

THE names of the thousands of people who responded to our appeal in behalf of the Philippine missionaries form too long a list for publication. Probably, moreover, many of these generous contributors do not want to see their charity proclaimed. But there is a fact we must state because it contains an object lesson. Nearly all the donations came from poor persons, from priests who are themselves struggling to carry on their work, and they were invariably accompanied with letters of regret at the inability of the donors to do more for such a worthy cause.

This was no surprise to us. It is to the poor that our Society has always looked for the support of the army of Catholic missionaries, and we are glad to see that our expectations are justified. The most generous contributions we receive come from parishes, which are relatively poor, and the very few large donations we receive are made by persons in ordinary circumstances. Poverty is not prejudicial to charity, whereas wealth seems to be. We do not expect the millions of the rich, but the mite of the poor for the support of Catholic missions.

The Catholic Press and the Philippines

WE wish to thank the Catholic Press for the help it gave us in bringing our appeal for the Philippines before the public. Most of the papers inserted the appeal in their columns, and several supplemented our announcement with timely editorials. A few newspapers neglected to publish it, because of lack of space, we suppose. One of them printed it, but carefully omitted to say by whom the request was made and to whom the alms were to be sent. This was probably an oversight. The attitude of another paper was more inexplicable. It had declared that if we could not furnish missionaries for the Philippines, we might, at least, furnish the wherewith to send them forth, and had deprecated the fact that the travelling expenses of the Mill Hill Fathers were probably to be defrayed by foreign charity. At the time we were preparing our appeal, naturally we expected to find this newspaper a strong supporter of our cause. Two weeks later, to our surprise, it failed to insert the Apostolic Delegate's letter, although twice requested to do so! Why was this?

A Washington newspaper went further and advised its readers not to worry over the poverty of the Philippine missions, asserting that "there are seven million dollars put away somewhere in Rome for the Philippine Church. . . ." We do not know whether there are seven millions or not, we only know, and we have it on the word of the Pope's representative in Manila, that: "There is *some* money in Rome which will eventually come to the Philippines, but every cent will be needed by the Bishops for their most crying needs. Their poverty is great."

Our American Bishops in the Philippines are unanimous in declaring that the priests are in extreme poverty, and because of lack of means hundreds of thousands of Catholics are deprived of the consolations of religion, and many of them are going to perdition.

Archbishop Harty of Manila wrote us last week that "the late Bishop Rooker labored like an apostle amidst privations and under conditions calculated to try the soul of a saint. His residence being in ruins since the revolution of 1899, he lived for four years in one small room of the parochial residence of Jaro."

These are the reasons why the Society for the Propagation of the Faith exhorted American Catholics to discharge the spiritual duty that, in annexing the islands and altering the existing conditions there, we, as a nation, assumed toward our brethren in the Philippines.

Home Missions

THE MISSIONARY for November says: "There is a crumb of comfort in the thought that the Propagation of the Faith is at last making good progress in America in helping our missionaries to the heathen races; also a whole good loaf of comfort in knowing that the Catholic Missionary Union, for the conversion of America, has many generous friends. . . ."

We hope to add a little dough to the crumb of comfort we have given to *The Missionary* by stating that the Propagation of the Faith is not only helping missionaries to the heathen races, but at present, as in the past, is also working for the conversion of America. In 1907, our Society distributed to missions in the United States and its colonies over \$50,000.00.

Missionaries for the Philippines

An impressive event, of especial interest to Catholic Americans, took place a short time ago in London, England. On September 27th, St. Joseph's Missionary College at Mill Hill was the scene of one of the inspiring and pathetic observances that, at intervals, remind the centers of, so-called, civilization of the great work in evangelizing heathen or isolated nations, ever quietly but steadfastly pursued by the Church.

The occasion was the ceremony of bidding farewell and "God speed" to fourteen newly ordained priests, about to leave their homes and all that life holds dear to toil in the apostolate of distant and semi-civilized or barbarous lands.

Nine of these young members of St. Joseph's Missionary Society were already assigned to the Philippines. The late Bishop of Jaro, unable to obtain a sufficient number of missionaries from the United States, because of the needs of this country, had applied to Mill Hill for more workers in the arduous field of his diocese, where several Fathers of the Society, who, two years ago, responded to his appeal for priests, have achieved notable results.

The new recruits destined to aid, by their apostolic labors, in the preservation of the faith in our new territorial possession are: Fathers O'Brien, Fink, Pieck, Daly, Ebus, Kamp, Key, Rijk and Boonen. Of their five companions, Fathers Dines and Unterberger are to go to Borneo, and Fathers Schoenmaker, Toner, and Hurkmans to Uganda.

The formal religious leave-taking in the beautiful chapel of Mill Hill was attended by distinguished representatives of the Catholic clergy, including the Very Rev. Father Henry, Superior-General of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, and the Very Rev. Father Ahearne, Rector of the college. As many of the laity as could be accommodated within the spacious chapel were also present.

Words can but ill describe the affecting spectacle. Here were fourteen young priests, with the holy chrism of ordination still fresh upon their brows, abandoning all they cherished, ready to make any sacrifice and even to lay down their lives for the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. Yet these youthful apostles were more joyous in mien, and appeared happier than the happiest of the individuals gathered together to bid them adieu.

The ceremony began most appropriately, with the singing of the hymn "The Faith of Our Fathers," by all present.

At its close the Bishop of Salford, Rt. Rev. Dr. Casarelli, led a solemn procession of the clergy and laity to the shrine of Our Lady on the college grounds.

Here prayers were recited and the Ave Maris Stella was sung. The procession then re-formed.

When all had again entered the chapel, the bishop recited the prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the conversion of the heathen, and proceeded to deliver an address from the altar steps, taking for his text the words: "The place

whereon thou standest is holy ground."

"The place where we stand is, indeed, holy ground," continued the Rt. Reverend preacher, "because it is a sanctuary wherein the Sacred Mysteries are celebrated, day after day, and the Holy Eucharist is distributed to faithful souls.

"Such sanctity is, however, shared by almost every Catholic church and chapel throughout the country. But for you, the Fathers of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, this chapel is, in addition, a sanctuary of many hallowed memories.

"It is the place where a number among you were elevated to the sacerdotal office, several recently, others long ago. Here many of you said Mass for the first time; here a few of you have continued to offer the Holy Sacrifice daily for years.

"In this holy place, fifteen years ago, you assembled



MISSIONARIES FOR THE PHILIPPINES

to pay the last rites to Father Benoit, whom your founder, the late Cardinal Vaughan, once with exceeding humility described as 'the founder of the *spirit* of the Society.'

"A few years later a ceremony, similar to this observance we witness to-day, took place in this chapel, when the same great prelate, whose pectoral cross I wear, bade 'God speed' to a band of his missionaries who were about to depart for Central Africa.

"At that time there went forth from these altar steps the first Vicar Apostolic of the Society.

"Later still, many among you were assembled here to receive the last blessing of your saintly founder who, feeling that the end of his days was approaching, before this altar made his last public profession of faith and addressed to the members of the Society his last exhortation that was to be as the charter of their apostolic life.

"Here, too, a great throng of the clergy and the laity, from far and near, gathered after the death of this revered prelate, to assist at the requiem for the repose of his soul.

"Now, again, you are assembled, but for a function joyful, yet with a joy that springs from sacrifice.

"To-day St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College sends forth a number of its sons to carry the Gospel to distant lands. Many friends of the Society are here also to share in the holy gladness of that departure, to pay to those who are setting out the homage of true reverence, to observe to the letter the words of the prophet Isaiah that have just been sung: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that carry the Gospel of Peace.'

"It is the duty of all among us to encourage by every means in our power the great apostolic work that has its center in this holy place.

"And now, I wish to say a special word to the new missionaries who are being sent by their Superiors to bear the tidings of salvation to peoples, some of whom have never yet had an opportunity to receive the Faith.

"We are here to bid these young missionaries 'God speed'; to pray that God may fill their minds and hearts

with apostolic zeal, that He may be ever with them in their labors and difficulties.

"May the holy patron of the Society, St. Joseph, who was the protector of the Infant Saviour and the Blessed Mother in their journey to the strange land of Egypt, be with you, his humble followers, who are going forth to-day to the foreign lands wherein you are probably destined to toil for the remainder of your lives and, finally, to die.

"Apostles of Christ, when you are far away, engaged in your strenuous work, do not forget us, whom you leave behind. Obtain for us the prayers of the neophytes whom you bring to the knowledge of Christianity, and of those Christians whose faith you are destined to instruct and strengthen. The petitions of souls newly regenerated by the waters of baptism, or awakened by the teachings of the Gospel, will have especial efficacy, like the prayers of little children.

"We, of the older civilization, need such prayers to save us from the materialism and the cult of the sensual and luxurious, from the 'new paganism,' and that falling away from the principles of Christianity that are so rife at present.

"Ask your people then to pray for Europe. Ask them to pray also that all who are connected with this apostolic college may prosper in their undertakings, and for the repose of the soul of the great prelate whose first work was the foundation of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society."

After the sermon the bishop resumed his episcopal chair. The departing missionaries approached, one by one, and received from him the kiss of peace. They then ranged themselves in front of the high altar, and the Fathers and Brothers of the Society, followed by the men of the congregation, knelt before them in turn, kissed their feet, and received their blessing.

During this ceremony the noble hymn, "Go Forth, Ye Heralds of God's Tender Mercy," written by Gounod for the departure ceremony of the members of the Society of Foreign Missions, Paris, was sung with enthusiastic fervor. The service closed with pontifical Benediction.

The Church in the Philippines

.....APOSTOLIC DELEGATEThe Most Reverend A. Ambrose Agius, O.S.B.

ARCHDIOCESE OF MANILA

Archbishop—The Most Reverend J. J. Harty, D.D.	
Diocesan Priests	194
Priests of Religious Orders.....	267
Total.....	461
Catholic Population	1,891,826

DIOCESE OF CEBU

Bishop—The Right Rev. T. A. Hendrick, D.D., LL.D.	
Diocesan Priests	147
Priests of Religious Orders.....	94
Total.....	241
Catholic Population	1,939,393

DIOCESE OF JARO

Bishop—	
Diocesan Priests	51
Priests of Religious Orders.....	72
Total.....	123
Catholic Population	1,331,194

DIOCESE OF NUEVA SEGOVIA

Bishop—The Right Reverend D. J. Dougherty, D.D.	
Diocesan Priests	121
Priests of Religious Orders.....	25
Total.....	146
Catholic Population	1,000,000

DIOCESE OF NUEVA CACERES

Bishop—The Right Reverend Jorge Barlin, D.D.	
Diocesan Priests	52
Priests of Religious Orders.....	55
Total.....	107
Catholic Population	700,000

Total Catholic Population in the Philippine Islands..... 6,862,413
Total Number of Secular and Regular Priests..... 1,078
Making an Average of ONE PRIEST FOR 6,365 CATHOLICS.
In the United States there is an Average of ONE PRIEST FOR 867 CATHOLICS.

Departure Hymn

As Sung During the Ceremony of the "Kissing of the Feet," on the Departure of St. Joseph's Missionaries for the Philippine Missions, from St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, London

Words after the French, Partez, hérauts.

Music by CH. GOUNOD.

Go forth, ye he - ralds of God's ten - der mer - cy; The day has come at last, the day of joy! Your burning
zeal is shackled by no fet - ters; Go forth, O brothers, hap - py you! go forth. How beau - ti - ful the feet of God's a -
pos - tles; We kiss those feet with lov - ing, ho - ly awe. How beau - ti - ful are they on hills and val - leys, Where
er - ror's darkness reigns with death. Go forth, farewell, for life, O dear - est bro - thers; Proclaim a - far the sweetest Name of
God. We meet a - gain one day in hea - ven's land of bles - sings; Fare - well, bro - thers, fare - well!

II.

The winds will rage, and tear the sails asunder,
The waves will foam and dash against the ship.
But go in Jesus' name to preach His Gospel,
And "fear not," "Him the winds and seas obey."
When Jesus seems asleep, and nights are stormy,
Gaze on yon gentle glittering star, and hark,
Your brothers sing the "Ave Maris Stella,"
That you may reach the distant shore.
Go forth . . .

III.

Dear brothers, hasten on to save the heathen,
He is immersed in death's cold dark abyss;
Without true God; without a hope to soothe him—
Shall he for ever be a child of wrath?
Brave soldiers rise, destroy the throne of Satan,
Deliver from his grasp the groaning slave;
Bring him the freedom which by Christ was given,
And plant the Cross in every land.
Go forth . . .

IV.

Dear friends, go forth, St. Joseph's youthful army,
Has lost some heroes on the battle field;
Go forth! fill up the ranks of our brave brethren,
Who have with courage fought the goodly fight,
And have received from God the crown of glory.
They pray for you among the Saints of God,
Among the Saints who shed their blood for Jesus,
Among the souls they won for Christ.
Go forth . . .

V.

Take up the weapons of a true apostle;
Be *poor*, like Christ, that you may draw the rich;
Be *lowly*, that you may confound the mighty;
Be *hard to self*, that you may win the weak.
An army of a hundred thousand soldiers
Is strong indeed; but stronger far are these.
They will subdue the earth to Jesus' power,
And fill His loving heart with joy.
Go forth . . .

VI.

We, too, are ready to forsake for ever
The home of childhood, and our land of birth,
To bid adieu to parents, brothers, sisters,
And cross the ocean's stormy, boundless deep.
We, too, will gladly brave its raging billows,
To be apostles of the Sacred Heart.
Oh! when shall we, as you, go forth in gladness
To work with you and share your crown?
Go forth . . .

VII.

Though far asunder we are ever brothers,
United in the bonds of tenderest love.
The Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary
Contain, as in an ark, our pledge of love.
When separated by the seas and mountains,
Let prayer be to us a link of love,
O Jesus, grant that we may be united
In life, and for all eternity.
Go forth . . .

The Religious Movement in Norway

By Bishop Fallize, Vicar Apostolic

In the month of January, 1907, a Bergen newspaper published the following appeal, addressed to the Abbé Wang, a Catholic missionary of the city:

"We take the liberty of asking you, as a representative of the largest body of Christians in the world, to set forth, in a public conference, the point of view of the Catholic Church with regard to 'modernism,' or 'modern theology.' By acceding to this general request, you will afford the public an opportunity of seeing this question authoritatively and clearly treated from a standpoint of theological science, and, at the same time, your concise and elegant style will afford your hearers much pleasure."—*The Voice of the People*.

The reader may naturally ask the meaning of so unusual a demand? Recently, an extraordinary religious movement has spread over Protestant Norway. Separated, in spite of itself, from the Catholic Church at the period of the miscalled Reformation, this deeply Christian nation has, in the centuries that have passed since the above-mentioned era, retained many of the dogmas, practices and ceremonies of Catholicism. Norway has been only superficially Protestant. Unconsciously it has remained Catholic at heart, even while condemning Catholicity, of which it conceived an absolutely false idea.

But, of late years, rationalism, such as is advocated in Germany by Harnach and his associates, has broken out

in this country and threatens to almost completely de-Christianize it. This "modern theology," or "modernism," whose teachings are condemned by the encyclical of Pope Pius X, reigns supreme at the University of Christiania, where the clergy of the State Church are educated and, already, many parishes have pastors who are Christian only in name.

They practically deny the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, the two natures of Christ, his divinity, original sin, redemption, the resurrection of our Lord, the efficacy of the sacraments, the "Real Presence," the divine inspiration and infallibility of the holy Scriptures, etc.

These theologians, not content with this negation in theory, have proceeded to put it in practice. Up to the present time, the Lutheran ritual, founded upon the ancient Catholic observances of the country, has required before the distribution of the communion, a "general confession" of the faithful, to each of whom, in turn, the pastor then gives "the absolution."

To the innovators, this custom is too closely allied to the Sacrament of Penance, and they urge the abolition of the customary ceremony, upon the pretext which, truly, appears reasonable to a Catholic, that as a general confession can not reveal to the pastor the true state of the penitent's soul, such a confession is of no avail.

The young Lutheran, after his first communion, must be confirmed. That is, after having received sufficient instruction, he must publicly renew his baptismal vows and aver before the pastor and the congregation that he will keep this engagement. This done, the pastor blesses him, in order to obtain for him the grace to fulfil his promise.

"All this is an error and a vain ceremony," say the innovators. "Moreover, a young person, only fifteen years of age, has not sufficient discernment to make such a vow. Obligatory confirmation must inevitably disappear, and with it the last vestige of Catholicism." Recently a pastor of the western part of Norway went so far as to announce to the children assembled for confirmation that "his conscience would not permit him to confirm anyone," and, declining to proceed with the ceremony, he sent the candidates home.

Hitherto, baptism has been administered according to the Catholic ritual and, as the doctrine of the State Church in regard to baptism is entirely correct, it has not been necessary to conditionally re-baptize Norwegian Lutherans who become Catholics.

But now we must needs do so, for the innovators maintain that the intention to baptize is sufficient. In fact, they deny that baptism is really efficacious or necessary. For them it is no more than a symbol of future justification, by the voluntary faith of the child when he is grown. For this reason, they demand a change of the ritual, so that only the symbolic value of baptism may be therein expressed. Unfortunate, indeed, will it be for poor Norway, until now virtually Catholic and possessed of a valid baptism, if she is to lose this ineffable treasure,



A NORSE FISHERMAN

saved when the so-called Reformation robbed her of the Catholic faith.

✱

The Norwegians instinctively feel the danger that menaces them from these "modern" innovators and, more than ever, repine beneath the yoke that the State imposed upon them by the Reformation, a yoke that deprived them of all legal means of defending themselves against assaults upon their faith. For the government educates the pastors of the Lutheran Church in Norway, appoints them, prescribes what they shall teach, and how they shall perform the ceremonies of religion.

The people are, however, aroused. Last year, from Cape North to Cape Linderoes, innumerable meetings were held for the discussion of the vital religious questions of the times. At these meetings were to be found a few defenders of the innovators, or modernists, but the latter and the support extended to them by the government were condemned by the majority in the assemblies, who demanded the right to select their pastors, or, at least, to present to the government the names of their candidates.

In touching protests, they complained of the powerlessness of the Lutheran Church, and the want of an ecclesiastical authority to decide religious questions. They went so far as to express a desire to see at the head of the clergy "an archbishop," to whose decision such matters might be referred.

This single wish, which implies an acknowledgment of the need of a supreme pontiff, is a proof of the spiritual distress of this nation which is still deeply Christian notwithstanding its errors.

The people in general begin to recognize, without yet being able to explain the reason, that their only help must come from Mother Church. Also that in the Catholic Church's arsenal of dogma they must seek for the weapons necessary to repel the attacks of the innovators. Further, the appeal quoted at the beginning of this article proves that they are constrained to openly call the Catholic missionary to their aid.

It goes without saying that Father Wang responded

to the summons. He made these burning questions the topics of his Lenten conferences. The Catholic priests of other cities and towns did the same, and Protestants as well as Catholics flocked to hear their discourses. But alas, how little can ten or twelve missionaries accomplish toward the preservation of the faith of a country so extensive as Norway.

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Nowadays troubled consciences have produced, in the religious field, many deplorable eccentricities. The Norwegian is naturally disposed toward religious mysticism.

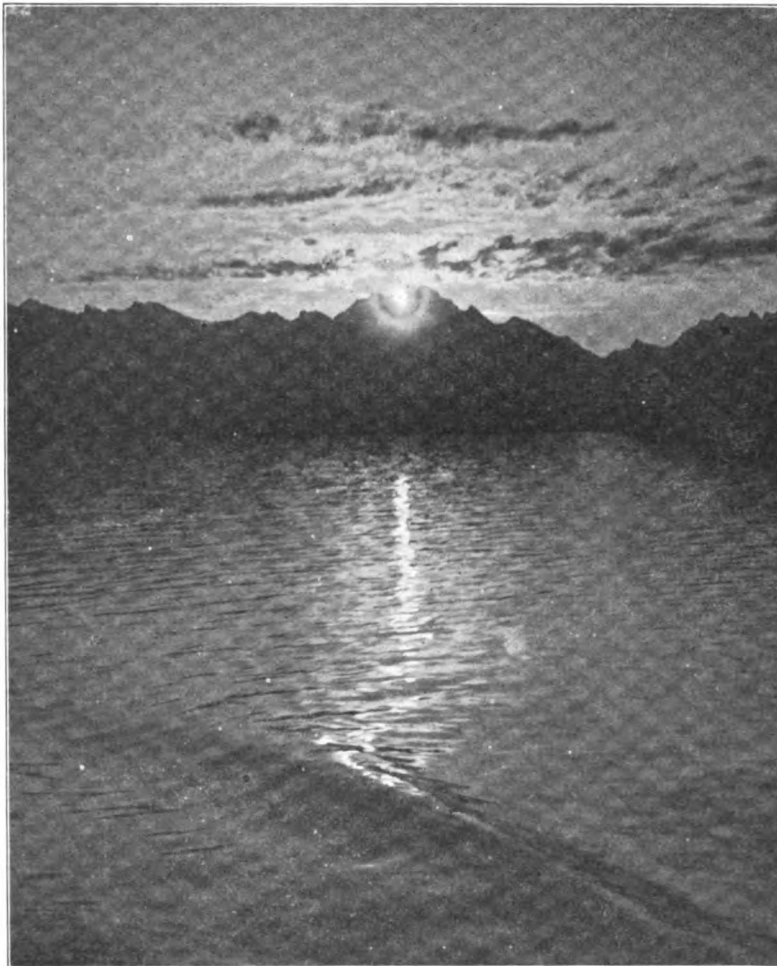
The scenery of Norway, notwithstanding its indescrib-

able beauty, suggests mystery and a certain sadness. For six months of the year the country is enshrouded in snow, and its rivers, water-falls and lakes are benumbed by the fatal breath of icy winds.

In the winter season, it is at the risk of his life that the native of an isolated district, separated by a long distance from his nearest neighbor, goes to visit him, to have the pleasure of speaking to some human being besides the members of his own family.

Month after month the fisherman cruises in his frail bark among the seas that beat upon the shores of the bleak islands, without other company than the sea-gulls.

The hut of this same fisherman, upon the rocky strand of the ocean or the border of



THE MIDNIGHT SUN

a dark fiord or lake, and the home of the farmer within the shadow of giant granite crags, in the isolation of a forest apparently without end, or upon a solitary isle, are veritable hermitages, to which the voice of the world penetrates only like a wave that breaks upon the sands of the beach.

Of what does this voice tell? Of calamity after calamity upon land and sea. During the winter, scarce a week passes without a shipwreck, a landslide among the mountains, an avalanche of snow and ice, or a storm. And in these disasters there is almost always a loss of human life. Many are the fishing barks that go down with their crews, the ships driven upon the rocks or consumed by flames.

Last year, in the famous fiord of Geiranger, much

visited by tourists, an avalanche completely overwhelmed a hamlet and the great fall of Storsoeterfos. On the same day, another avalanche swept away a number of houses from the shore of Lake Stryn. Almost all the inhabitants perished and their bodies were never recovered.

Such catastrophes dispose the mind to melancholy; even our missionaries have to struggle against this tendency to depression of spirit which, in this country, is augmented by the long night of winter and the fantastic gleams of the aurora borealis.

Our brave apostles find an unfailing solace in our holy religion. But Protestantism, with nothing to sustain itself, without food for the imagination or the heart, refuses all support to its adherents who, consequently, have recourse to expedients.

Emissaries from any and everywhere appear before assembled throngs and hurl the full force of their eloquence against the corruption of the world, without suggesting a remedy. Nevertheless, they seek to alarm their listeners by texts selected from the Bible with the purpose of striking terror to wavering souls. Moreover, calumnies against the Catholic Church are circulated with tireless energy. When these itinerant orators depart, the poor people are left to their reflections and a worse confusion of mind than before. Sometimes the unfortunate victims end in the asylum for the insane.

It may happen that one of these preachers of the so-called "modern theology," or modernism, has acquired the reputation of a prophet. His fame precedes him, he is received as one sent by God. He adds fuel to the fires of religious unrest, and, by his words, thousands of men and women are excited and rendered fanatical even to folly.

Thus, at one time, a certain man named Lunde returned from America to Norway's capital where, though he denied the necessity of infant baptism, he was listened to daily by from four to six thousand people.

Later, he visited the other important cities of the country with the same success. As a result of his preaching many of his auditors lost their reason, yet his popularity so increased that, even now, the authorities dare not refuse him permission to preach in the Lutheran churches.

Jealous of Lunde's triumphs, a Mr. Barratt, formerly a Methodist preacher of Christiania, also went to America to learn how to turn the heads of the unsophisticated, and came back "filled with the spirit of God"—or so he announced.

Great crowds gathered about his pulpit. He knew how to de-

ceive the masses even better than Lunde had managed to acquire an influence over them. Barratt pretended to have received, like the apostles, the gift of tongues, and to be able to impart it to his disciples. In the religious meetings that he originated, his followers dance; cry out; roll their eyes; howl in strange accents that no one understands. They throw themselves upon the ground as if in a delirium. They make a public confession of their sins and declare themselves "saved."

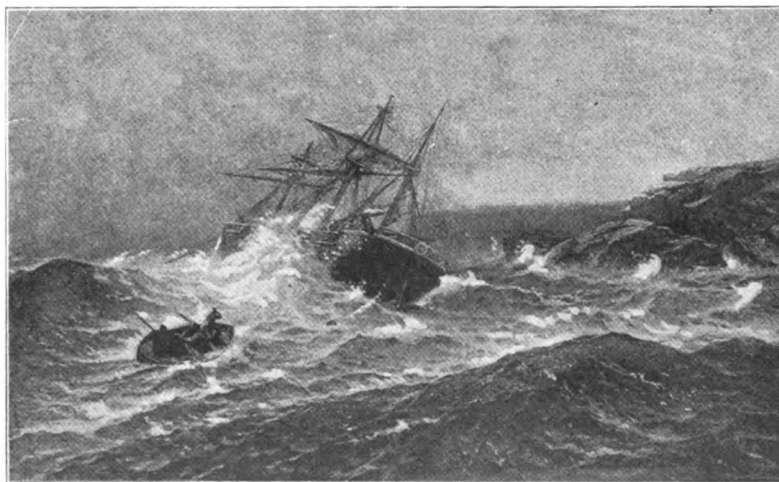
In fact they become so crazed by excitement and behave in such a mad way that often people who attend their meetings from curiosity become alarmed and even terrified.

From Christiania this frenzy has spread to other parts of the country, yet no authority interposes to curb it.

These fanatics proclaim the right of "private judgment" founded on Protestantism; and that from the time of the apostles "the gift of tongues" has been a proof of the truth of Christianity.

Thank God, no Catholic has been thus led away, and our missionaries do all in their power to prevent the extension of this religious insanity. Moreover, quite a number of sincere-minded Lutherans, seeing the weakness of Protestantism and its lack of firm principles, have turned to the Church founded on the Rock of Peter. Nevertheless, the adherents of our holy religion are comparatively few in this country and, as their resources are small, they have not many church edifices.

When I see thousands of unfortunate Christians entangled in error, through no fault of their own, eager for the truth, separated from the true Church, their Mother whom they do not know, when I behold them stretching out their hands for "the Bread" that would give them strength in the struggle for salvation, and receiving but the shadow instead of the substance, the tears start to my eyes and I think of Our Lord's compassion upon the multitude when they were without bread in the wilderness. May He come to the assistance of the earnest Christians of Norway, before they have lost the fragments of the true faith that still exist among them.



A STORM IN THE FIORD OF GEIRANGER

The Prefecture Apostolic of Norway was separated from the vicariate of Sweden in 1868 and was raised to a vicariate in 1892. Norway, with a total population of two million, three hundred thousand, has only two thousand, four hundred Catholics, one bishop, twenty-five priests, of whom four are Norwegians, and one hundred and seventy-nine teaching and hospital sisters.

Negro Missions in Maryland

By the Rev. L. J. Kelly, S.J.

The Jesuit Fathers have been identified with missionary work in Maryland from the earliest times, beginning indeed with the first Mass by Father Andrew White on St. Clement's (now Blackistone) Island, in the lower Potomac, St. Mary's County. It was there that the Ark and Dove first touched, March 25, 1634, though the colony was planted farther down at St. Mary's City, on the river of the same name.

Beyond the spiritual care of the settlers, the Fathers went about among the Indians along the Potomac and in the interior of the State, devoting to them their labors at the very time when their brethren of the Order were shedding their blood for the Gospel among the more warlike tribes of New York and Canada.



BEGINNING OF A COLORED MISSION

With the migration of the Indian and the advent of slave colonies, the task of the missionary was hardly lightened. In the lower counties the majority of the masters and landlords remained Catholics; their slaves almost all followed them into the Church; but the process of Christianizing the negroes was slow and tedious. Time and patient toil have borne their fruit, however, so that to-day probably four-fifths of the negroes of St. Mary's County are Catholics. In Charles and Prince George's counties, where the Jesuit Fathers still have flourishing missions, the proportion is nearly as great.

"Befo' de wah," as they say, matters were simplified by the fact that the slaves were concentrated in their own quarters on the large estates and plantations. The missionary, on the occasion of his periodical visits, would assemble all at Mass and instruction. His labors were ably supplemented by the zealous catechizing done by the lady of the manor and her daughters. In this way the slaves were taught their prayers and prepared for the sacraments; and tradition says that many of those devout and unlettered folk were readier with both prayers and catechism than is the average child of to-day, with the superior advantages of modern school education.

At evening the slaves were usually assembled with the master's family for "loud" prayers (*i.e.*, prayers in common), and where the mission church was conveniently situated, they were sent in large detachments by

land or water to assist at Mass on the Sundays and holy days.

One may still see evidences of the religious training given to the slaves before the war. The custom of a whole family going to "early church" or going "fasting" (synonyms for going to Communion) is sometimes carefully kept up by former slaves or their descendants. Every Sunday one sees at Mass old men and women above the three-score-and-ten limit, who have walked, or rather hobbled, through miles of wood and swamp to "come near to de Lawd."

For no reason will they miss their Easter or even their Christmas duty, as they still believe that such failure would put them out of their church.

During the Paschal season, the priest learns of the existence, in some remote corner, of many poor old cripples who are too infirm to come to church through the year, but who are sure to send for "the Father" to bring them their Easter Communion.

The simplicity and vividness of their faith when he approaches is certainly worthy of a better age, but it is still the product of the same blessed faith, ever fresh and always rejuvenating the souls that it possesses. Once on Ascension Day the writer was called to anoint one of these old-timers. She had lost all fear of death, and when the sacred rites were ended she breathed a loud and fervent prayer to be taken to heaven on the day when the Lord Himself ascended thither. Her prayer was not answered, but when her hour did come, her ascension could not have been long delayed.

Blindness or partial paralysis may come to aggravate the hardships of the poverty-stricken lives of these old negroes, but these ills only serve, in most cases, to make their patience and resignation to God's Will the more beautiful by contrast—like the lily in the marsh. A general term for their pains and ailments is "misery"; but beyond this their only worry is "wid de chaps"—*i.e.*, the grandchildren, who are too often allowed to grow up wild and careless, and wanting in respect for old age.

The "mammies" of slavery times were famous characters, but their ranks are thinning fast. Rarely will one now find the type that sits in her log cabin by the old-



NEW CHURCH FOR THE COLORED PEOPLE

fashioned open fireplace, smoking her pipe and tending the big iron kettle that swings by a chain from above. Fewer still are the patriarchs of ante-bellum days; for war, hardship and exposure have mowed them down.

Even the good old names, Silas, Sambo and Pompey are dying out. The old men were sometimes given nicknames that were not pleasant or complimentary. A few months ago, one of them who had been an expert fisherman died suddenly, and the report went abroad that "The Devil" had dropped dead. This reached the ears of a precocious four-year-old, who promptly renounced the resolution which had been forced upon him by his mother—not to swear!

Before the sixties, the slaves did not always have surnames, and we find such curious entries as the following in the church records: "Jim and Jinny, servants of X—, were united in marriage, with 'Becky' and Mrs. X— as witnesses." Gradually both slaves and freemen adopted the names of their masters, and that is why we find negro families bearing the names of the oldest settlers and pioneers. Strangely enough, distinctly Celtic names like Collins, Nolan, Kelly, Corcoran, Kilgore, Mahoney, etc., are held by negroes; while their original owners disappeared with the war of 1862 or shortly after that troublous period.

Emancipation made the labors of the missionary more difficult, for it broke up the slave colonies and settlements and scattered the freemen about the country. Some of these went to the cities and were, for the most part, lost to the Church. Those who remained generally continued in the employ of their former masters, and after a time rented farms as tenants.

The next step was to buy pieces of woodland and clear it for their own purposes. To-day one finds these small holdings everywhere, and not unfrequently even large tracts with dwellings that rival those of the white man—all the property of some thrifty negro farmer.

Along the rivers and tributaries during the oyster season the negroes join their white neighbors in dredging and tonging, or they man their own oyster boats. This employment is quite lucrative, bringing the oysterman from five to ten dollars a day when the season is at its height.

The majority of the race, however, keep to the more congenial home employments on farm and timber tract.



"TWO O' DE CHAPS"

There is a growing tendency to be free and independent of the whites, and some will suffer almost destitution rather than work or permit their children to work for them. It is proper to state that this race antipathy is not at all so

marked in Catholic congregations, where the whites regard their one-time serfs as fellow-sons of the Church Catholic, and where the black man kneeling at the same communion-rail beside his white fellow-Catholic, feels and knows that he is not merely tolerated there but welcomed.

Where city influence or some rare and isolated act of intolerance on the part of the whites has not irritated the colored Catholics, they are docile and helpful to their white neighbors, and willingly undertake the menial work at church festivals and suppers. To the priest they are as a class most submissive and reverential, willing to be guided and ruled by him. Whatever be their preference elsewhere, it is certain that in lower Maryland they would have none but white priests, and would look on a change as reflecting somehow upon themselves. Possibly this attitude might alter with changing times and circumstances.

Some reference was made in the course of this article to the proportion of Catholics in the total negro population. Compared with the entire population, the negroes in St. Mary's County, where the writer is stationed, number about two-fifths, or very nearly one-half. This proportion varies but little in Charles and Prince George counties.

In the missions of Charles County there is a peculiar race called "We Sorts," who are classed as colored but who claim to be of Indian origin. They associate together and inter-marry only with those of their own race. Their complexion is very light, and it is not unlikely that they are descendants of whites and Indians. Their name is derived from their protest against being classed as negroes—"We sort don't go with you sort!" As they will not go to the colored schools and will not be admitted to the white schools, they unfortunately remain very ignorant. In their homes and habits and manner of dress they closely resemble the white population.

A few settlements are entirely colored, and these are almost wholly Catholic, except where colonists from Virginia and the more Protestant counties farther north and west predominate. Holy Family Church in Prince George County is in charge of the colored people, and only a very small number of whites attend it. At St. Nicholas', in St. Mary's County, and one or two other churches elsewhere, the colored people are in the majority, while St. Peter Claver's, in the same county, is a distinctively colored congregation, the only one in Southern Maryland.

The organization of this last parish is almost complete, with sodalities, societies, choir for High Mass, etc. It is a convincing proof that the Catholic Church is truly the church of the colored man. Connected with the parish is a full brass band, formed and trained several years ago by one of the Fathers. Regularly the band turns out to discourse national music on the great holidays like Decoration and Independence Day, and more solemn music at church festivals and large funerals. Fortunately or unfortunately, the separate church system there prevailing has had a tendency to divide the color line more clearly; but it has had the advantage of giving freer scope to the religious inclinations of the parishioners.

Nearly every parish under the care of the Jesuit Fathers has its sodalities and confraternities for the colored Catholics, except where membership in the same is not restricted to the whites. In the districts dependent on Leonardtown there are three colored mutual benefit societies, two of them almost entirely Catholic. They are all in a flourishing condition, owning separate halls, and paying out considerable sick and death benefits for the relief of the suffering and the destitute. This is a feature for which the colored people deserve much credit, and it goes to remove the charge of thriftlessness that has long stood against the race.

These societies take formal charge of the funerals of their deceased members, and make a semi-military display as they march to the church with banner and drum, and file in with their striking uniforms. They take a prominent part also in the church festivals, which are a peculiar institution in these localities.

As a rule, with perhaps but one exception in the three counties named, the colored people hold these festivals apart from the white parishioners, and every negro is sure to be there, no matter how long and dusty the roads nor how busy the season of harvesting and hay-making.

Poor people! they have few amusements, and it is a blessing to have these festivals under the auspices of

their Church. With parties and oyster suppers in the winter months, the summer festivals serve somewhat to keep them together and away from the camp and gospel meetings of the sects. The cockle will ever co-exist with the wheat, and error sometimes spreads on the occasions of the camp meetings which appeal to the colored man's love of demonstration and religious enthusiasm.

Against the existing forces of Protestantism, the immigration from non-Catholic Virginia, the vices imported from the large cities, and the natural weaknesses of the race, the grand old Church holds her own bravely and steadfastly.

As is clear, this is not a missionary field in the same sense as elsewhere farther south, or even in a large city like Philadelphia, where Catholics do not number one per cent of the colored population. Give the colored people in missions like Maryland a share of priestly attention, show them sympathy, organize them and satisfy their love of music, ritual, and fervent preaching, and you will not only hold them and their children but reclaim little by little those of the race who are claimed by the sects.

May the Lord of the harvest hasten the day when the good seed may spread and grow and bring forth fruit a hundred-fold across the Potomac in fair Virginia, and in the vast fields southward to the Gulf.

Catechists in Uganda

By Bishop Streicher, A.L.M.

It is only a quarter of a century since our first missionaries penetrated into Northern Nyanza, yet the Church in Uganda to-day, notwithstanding the four years of probation required of adult candidates for baptism, numbers one hundred thousand neophytes and one hundred and thirty thousand catechumens. How has this rapid extension of the faith been achieved?

"*Spiritus ubi vult spirat*" would be, indeed, a sufficient answer.

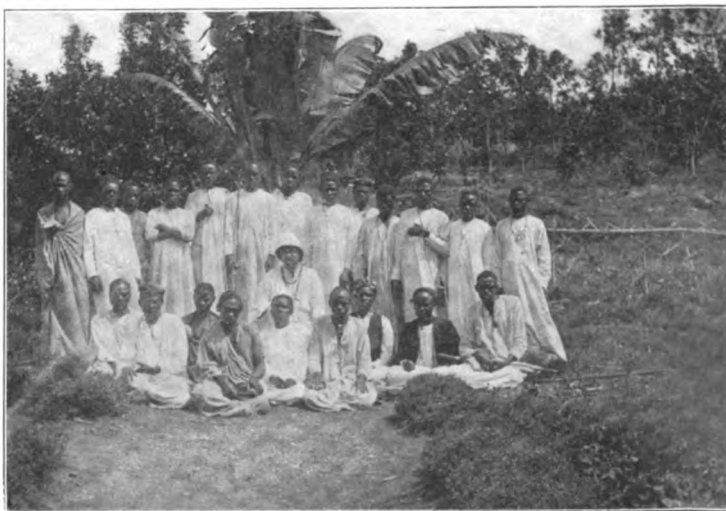
Of all human means that second the work of grace in souls, however, the best results are obtained by the formation of native catechists to assist in the instruction of their fellow countrymen.

The first Catholic missionaries in this land of Darkest Africa, while ministering alike to the great and the lowly, made especially strenuous efforts for the conversion of the influential men of the country, from the king down to the humblest village mayor. They rightly believed that once a chief was gained to God, his tribe would soon follow his example. Their wisdom was soon proved. The conversion of a certain number of chiefs occasioned a marked movement toward the Catholic religion among the peasant population.

Once this movement began, it was retarded neither

by the threats of the sovereign nor by persecution, for Uganda soon gave glorious martyrs to Christ. The people of three-quarters of the kingdom would probably have embraced Catholicity but for an unfortunate obstacle.

The country was divided by the authorities into Catholic and Protestant provinces. The latter thus became



UGANDA CHRISTIANS

the strongholds of heresy, and it was very difficult for our missionaries to enter them. The Protestant teachers, having acquired an influence over the chiefs of these provinces, threatened them with many disasters if they permitted our catechists even to live on their territory.

But Providence removed this difficulty. In the year 1899, Sir Henry Johnson, the British commissioner, in recognition of the services rendered by our missionaries to the cause of civilization, bade them choose, in whatever parts of the kingdom they might prefer, lands that would amount to a concession of thirty-six square miles.

In this manner nine hundred plots of ground of various dimensions came into the possession of the Vicar Apostolic, and to many of these different places he sent his catechists, who already numbered six hundred.

Thus it is that, in addition to the nineteen mission stations where the priests reside, there are now some nine hundred and sixty catechists dispersed throughout the protectorate.

It is easy to understand how they have facilitated conversions to the Church. Prejudice against our holy religion has disappeared as if by enchantment. Pagans and Protestants have come to know the true faith, and a single mission station has presented the consoling spectacle of from three to four hundred adult baptisms every six weeks. But who are the catechists and how are they recruited?

Sometimes a missionary notices at the instruction class or in the confessional a good, moral, tactful young man. If he has a wife, he is happy in his married life. The priest asks him if he would like to work for God, to become an apostle. The invitation is seldom refused, and the Church counts one more laborer in the great vineyard committed to Her care.

It is not necessary that the catechist be very intelligent provided that he knows how to read and write. His education will receive attention later. But he must be good and kind and affable to all. In this way, by making himself loved, he will teach those under his charge to love the Master whose Word he preaches.

If the young man possesses these qualities, he is taken to the district assigned to him and given a native hut in the middle of a banana plantation. His duty is to teach the people of five, ten, or perhaps fifteen villages.

They, in turn, treat him with respect and call him their "father." He, on his part, speaks of them as his "children."

It is the catechist who announces the Angelus in the morning and at noon and evening, not by the ringing of a bell, for there are no bells in these villages, but by the beating of a drum. When it sounds soon after daybreak, many of the Christians flock to the chapel to recite the morning prayers in common.

About eight or nine o'clock the catechist begins a little class at which twenty children or more are taught the rudiments of reading and writing. The catechumens, eager to learn, also come to him. Some of them study the Lord's Prayer, others the text of the catechism, so that they may be the sooner admitted to the regular course of instruction given by the missionary priests. This course is a special preparation for baptism and lasts six months.

Again, it is the catechist who places around the neck of the new convert the miraculous medal, the sign of his acceptance of the Christian faith, and inscribes his name on the register. The catechist passes the evening in visiting the sick in their homes. His charity in this respect makes no distinction between heathens, catechumens or Christians. To all who suffer he offers his kindly services, and often, as a reward for his zeal, he has the joy of opening by baptism the gates of heaven to some poor little child hastening out of this



BISHOP STREICHER, A.L.M.

world of pain, or to some grown person who, until that moment, had no knowledge of God or the happiness of belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ.

Nor is the catechist's ministry less fruitful among the Christians themselves. If a neophyte is at the point of death, the catechist is with him at the last moment and closes his eyes. Even the backsliders call him in when they are about to die, and implore his assistance. The following incident shows the strong faith of even those who have fallen away in practice, and the respect in which the office of catechist is held.

A poor Christian, unhappy in his married life, drove his wife out of his house. Going from bad to worse, from sin to sin, he no longer frequented the sacraments. At last, unable to endure the chiding of the priest, and in order more easily to satisfy his passions, he went to

live at a distance from the mission which he was never again to see. Nothing made any impression on him; the reproaches of his friends, the pleadings of the catechist were in vain.

For six years he lived in this state. Then he fell ill and, in a few days, was at death's door. In his extremity he called upon God and wished to confess his sins. But the priest was far away, and presently the dying man would appear before his Judge.

Repentant, he called the catechist and said to him:

"My friend, listen to me. I am going to die; I have offended God, who is so kind and good. Since I can not confess to a priest, I will make my confession to you, and you must repeat it to him. Tell him everything. Do you hear, *everything*."

The catechist received his confession, exhorted him to pray for perfect contrition, and comforted his last moments by begging God to have mercy on his soul.

On Sunday the catechist is not idle. In the morning he gives two instructions: one to the catechumens, teaching them the catechism, the other to the neophytes. In places where the priest can not go to say Mass every Sunday, after the recitation of the prayers for Mass by the congregation, divided into the two choirs, the catechist reminds his hearers of some of the truths of religion which they have been taught but may have forgotten. He also insists upon the importance of observing the Commandments of God and of the Church, the necessity of frequenting the sacraments, etc.

In the afternoon he leads in the devotions of the Stations of the Cross, and of the Rosary publicly recited. That our large churches are filled on Sunday is largely owing to the pious habit of Sunday rest and prayer inculcated among our Christians by the zealous catechists.

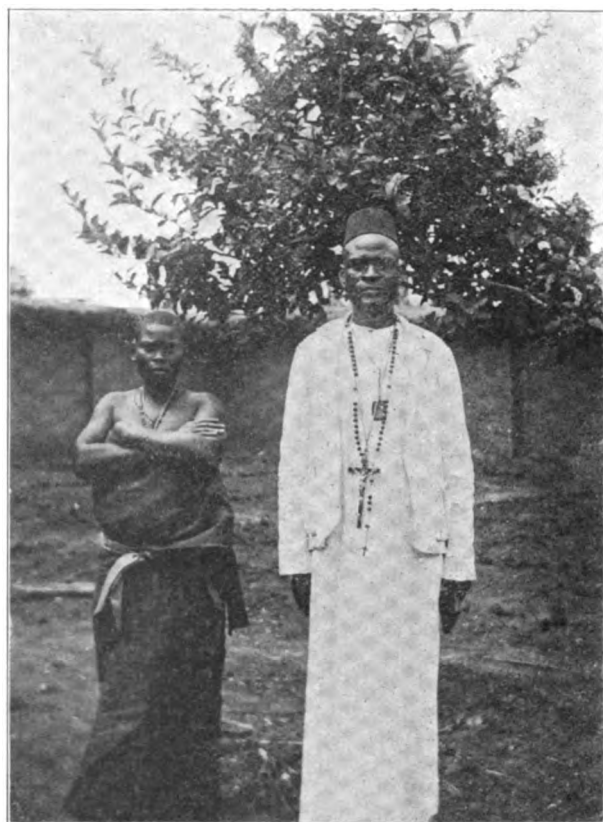
These devoted men often have a marvellous influence over those whom they strive to help. Sometimes a neophyte grows less fervent, less particular about the fulfilment of his Christian obligations. The missionary can not go after him, but he sends word to the catechist of the vicinity to bring the offender to the mission. This is usually accomplished with little delay, for the recreant is seldom so steeped in rebellion and vice that he will refuse to obey the summons of the priest.

Sometimes the Protestant teacher and the Catholic catechist meet. Then there is sure to be war, for the teacher is always inclined to dispute and argue over religion. One day a number of Christians, catechumens and pagans, hearing that a Protestant preacher was going to visit a certain Catholic chief, also went down to the chief's cabin. After having aired certain stock arguments against the Catholic religion, the teacher said to the catechist:

"And then, you Catholics are like the Mohammedans. Why do you wear such amulets as these rosaries, scapulars and crosses on your breasts?"

Turning toward the people, the catechist indignantly cried:

"Do you hear, my friends? This man calls our objects of piety, amulets." Then, addressing the teacher, he continued: "Tell me, sir, you who quote so much from the Bible—have you never read in St. Luke that



A NATIVE CATECHIST AND HIS WIFE

Our Lord said: 'If any man wants to be My disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me'? Do not the Europeans treasure the portraits of their parents? Do you call such portraits amulets? According to you the people from Europe are also Mohammedans and pagans."

The teacher had no reply ready for this logic, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, beat a hasty retreat.

The salutary effects of the catechist's teaching and example becomes manifest when the missionary makes his round of the villages. When he is expected, all the Christians, with the catechist at their head, go out to meet him. When they see him in the distance, all rush forward to greet him, while the music of the native drums and reed flutes and the joyous acclamations of the throng make up a noisy demonstration of welcome.

At last they meet the traveller. All crowd about him, each eager for a sign of special recognition; they congratulate him upon having accomplished his journey without any untoward adventure. There is a short pause. Then the missionary continues on his way, and the Christians follow, singing hymns until the chapel is reached.

Here, after a prayer, the missionary receives all who come to see him, with a kind word for each one. While he chats in a friendly manner with all, the catechist bustles about, arranges and rearranges, orders the chiefs with as little ceremony as he directs the peasants and, between times, tells the Father of certain Christians who are growing careless and are like to wander from the narrow way.

Sometimes it is the case of a man who is in no hurry to bring home his wife, whom he has sent to visit her relations. Again, several young men go hunting on Sun-

days without having heard Mass. Or a poor wife, deserted by her husband, has wandered away, no one knows where.

But, though the catechist thus reveals their shortcomings, the people seldom resent his zeal or bear a grudge against him for having accused them. They know this is his duty, and if they had been dutiful they would not have to suffer the humiliation of a public denouncement.

These instances prove the influence exercised by the catechist of Uganda and the great assistance he renders to the missionary, who accordingly is ever ready to give him prestige, and to stimulate his zeal if it should chance to languish. For this reason all the catechists belonging to a station leave their villages once a month and repair to the mission, where their difficulties are solved and they receive from the Father Superior the instruction and advice that they need.

More than this, a special institution has been founded for the training of some of the most intelligent of these catechists, who will later be given charge of twenty-eight advance posts established in the most populous parts of the country and dependent on the nineteen larger stations where the missionary priests reside.

The pupils of this school make a two years' course, during which they are well grounded in religion and receive an education that will give them a certain superiority over the people whom they will one day be called

upon to evangelize. This school will be described in a future sketch of conditions in Uganda.

The readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS would but imperfectly understand the zeal of the catechists if mention were not made of a special group who are doing a truly great work. These are the catechists stationed on the islands or in the villages near the Lake (Victoria Nyanza), who, for the love of God and the salvation of souls, expose themselves to the always mortal danger of the Sleeping Sickness.

From the first appearance of this dreadful visitation in 1902 up to the present time, the catechists, following the example of their priests, have given proof of a devotedness and a courage beyond all praise. None of these brave men deserted their posts, though they saw the Protestant teachers make off in terror.

Eighteen of our catechists have already succumbed to this awful malady. Twelve others, having seen their wives and children swept away by the disease, have come to serve in the three hospitals we have opened for the unfortunates afflicted with this strange illness.

The other thirty catechists continue their work in the contaminated villages. They know they can not escape the plague, yet they are content to toil on to the end. For as they have often told me, they will die happy in the thought that they are following the example of "the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for His sheep."

The Wainimala Villages, Oceanica

By Father Rougier, S.M.

Bishop Vidal and I, pressing on through the forest accompanied by the little black torch-bearers, sent to guide us, soon encountered Father Marzan, the good missionary of Vanuakula, who had come to meet us. After a glad interchange of greetings, and amid singing and joyous shouts, we were led onward to the Mission. The village gathered about it numbers four or five hundred mountaineer inhabitants, Christianized only a short time before. They knew but one song, but this they repeated again and again with the full force of their voices.

When the bishop appeared among this crowd of half-savage natives, who were squatted in an immense cleared space lighted by hundreds of torches, they broke into a cheer that was almost a howl. After the three cries usual at the offering of the whale's tooth, however, at a sign from the missionary silence reigned.

I was much moved, and it was from my heart that I replied in the name of Bishop Vidal:

"Dear people, the bishop is happy in having come to see you. He begins to think he will find more than he expected. You, the strong men of the mountains, will also, he is sure, become strong men in the faith. Ah, your whale's tooth is truly a splendid specimen."

Supper was then served. A bower of foliage had been prepared to shelter us from the heavy dews of the night. To it were now brought quantities of the *kar'a* roots and

great baskets filled with taros, a Polynesian vegetable, yams (a kind of sweet potato), pork, etc. These are the delicacies, the choice confections, the plum puddings of the Fijians. The missionary must have selected them, knowing the only things we could eat among the strange bill of fare of these people.

Under these circumstances and following the etiquette of a festive evening, we did not lie down upon our mats until ten or eleven o'clock. The night was tranquil, but the dawn was impatiently awaited by all. It was, indeed, a beautiful spectacle when, from behind the mists that until then had enveloped the mountains, the sun rose and shone forth upon hills and valleys. Below us, on a little eminence in the foreground, we saw the small white house of the Sisters. Here, near-by, was the church, extending its wings like a beautiful bird ready to shield and protect a large brood; then, on the other side of the hill, the school—the nursery of future generations of Christians. There was also Father Marzan's house, one of the most primitive missionary residences in the world. It is in fact only a cage, but a cage whose bird is not often at home. It shook beneath our tread that day. The bishop in his mitre could not enter it.

The next day baptisms were administered. The schools paid their compliments to the missionary's guests, and gave an idea of what this station promises to be in

the future. We were really amazed at all that had been already accomplished.

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The dawn had hardly come again, shrouded in the thick mists that prevail at that hour in this country, when the bishop and his party, with a following of thirty-two natives, climbed the path of the Waidina to the Wainimala. A white Catholic whom we met lent his nag to the bishop. But so steep was the way that soon the horse would have needed two pairs of hands instead of feet, and we returned him to the owner.

By evening, we arrived at the foot of bald Mount Nacou. The people who live at the base of this mountain are called by a name that means "eight times plundered," because they have been conquered by a more powerful tribe. We followed the course of the Wainimala River, a branch of the Rewa. This would lead us to the very centre of the island. To arrive there, however, we had a two days' journey afoot before us through many populous villages actually pagan, though Methodist preachers claim to have evangelized them.

Generally speaking, the natives received us with gladness; but usually, also, the representatives sent by the ministers to these villages, and paid to remain there by Protestant so-

cieties, are actively opposed to us. Nor do they hesitate to malign us by gross calumnies, which, nevertheless, sometimes take a comic form.

That day the black emissary of the preachers sent all the young girls of the neighborhood to dance with our thirty-two porters. One must employ a train of natives in travelling here. The porters were not very eager to dance. They had tramped for eight hours over the rough ways, and had a ten hours' march under the hot sun before them on the morrow.

Bishop Vidal left the disposal of the matter to me. Accordingly, I directed the dusky beauties to begin their dance alone. It was executed with garlands and resembled a European rustic dance. Soon the motions and the songs were simply a repetition. Then I cut them short, and a few words of thanks delivered us from the dancers.

By five o'clock next morning everything was astir.

We discarded whatever baggage we could possibly do without, remembering the long journey in prospect. Then the heavier part of the remainder of our effects was strapped to the backs of oxen, the beasts of burden here. Our morning devotions were over; we breakfasted. At last we were girded and ready to be off. "Forward, march!"

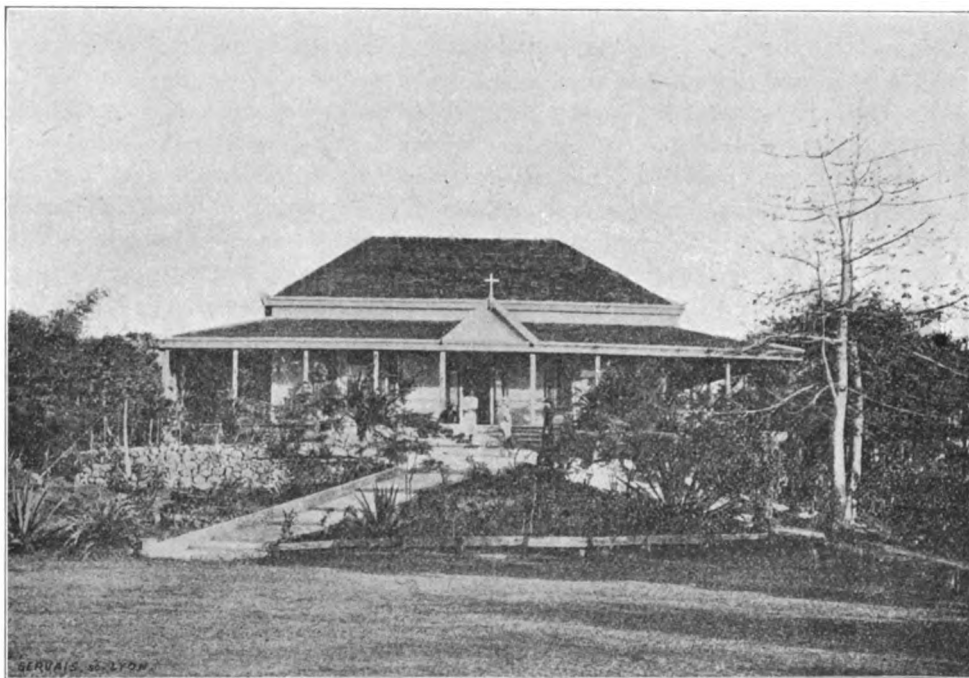
The bald mountain was before us, its massive head of stone overtopping the forest. We were to scale its heights. The road or path has been significantly named by the natives "The Dance of the Rats." Involuntarily, I thought of the oxen that carried our baggage. Poor animals!

The panorama from the summit of the mountain is magnificent. The island lies like a feather in a cap upon the sea, and beyond it, in the distance, other islands emerge from the surface of the ocean. Near-by the spectator is surrounded by the sombre foliage of the

forests, and no sound breaks the solitude save the cries of the rare birds that inhabit them.

In descending, we followed the course of the Waiga. This branch of the Wainimala has so contracted a bed that no boat can navigate it. The spring that is its source arises in an extinct crater. To this spot our route conducted us.

The heat of



MARIST MISSION AT SOUVA

the day was intense, and with joy we finally reached *Lago ni bokola* and plunged into the great forest of Viti-Levu.

Lago ni bokola is a celebrated locality in this country, and no native mentions it without a smile upon his lips. It was the place of human sacrifices, of cannibal feasts. Here are still to be seen the hearths and ovens where human beings were roasted. It is the saddest and wildest spot on the face of the earth.

But we pressed on; one can make good time when journeying in the shade of the great woods. Nevertheless, it took us five hours to cross the chain of mountains.

In leaving Waitabu, one takes the mule path, which may be traced by a greyish line amid the green. It was high noon, yet so dense was the foliage we could hardly see our way. We seemed to be walking through a subterranean region. The sun has never penetrated into the depths of these forests; but the traveller must not

delay here, the dampness is dangerous; he must hasten into the sunshine again.

At the highest point on our way a superb panorama extended before us. At an opening in the forest the Wai River, whose source is at *Na Drau*, falls in a splendid cascade. The sound of its dashing waters resembles distant thunder. Between the cataract and the path flows another branch of the river. Its course is like the romping of a capricious child. Its waters are white with foam, for the bed of the current is rocky and the stream is therefore not navigable.

Fish abound, however. A loach, a few small fry, and a kind of shrimp or prawn are almost always to be obtained. The eels found in these waters are very fine and are considered a delicacy.

It was two o'clock in the early morning when we reached the ford of *Bote Naulu*, "Patched Head." The *Muanaira* tribe inhabit this region. The promontory to the south is famous in the history of the Fiji Islands. Here the natives had allured the government army, and they awaited only the rising of the sun to attack and destroy it. Already they looked forward to a great cannibal feast. But when day dawned the hungry Fijians discovered that the army had, indeed, lighted its campfires and left them burning during the night, but the troops had retreated, thanks to the darkness and the woods. On this occasion, therefore, the cannibals had to content themselves with the flesh of swine.

In this village, last year, Father Marzan and I were stopped and ordered to return whence we came. Such orders we do not know how to obey. On this occasion of our visit with the bishop all the people came out to welcome us. Not that they were yet Christianized, but

they were at least well disposed toward the true religion, and it was a beautiful sight to witness how they were united in their efforts to worthily receive the bishop. They offered him *kava* and food, yams and prawns. They presented him with reed grasses that looked like gigantic spears of asparagus. We, on our part, scrutinized the people, whose eyes were riveted on us. Here the Fijian race is pure and free from all alloy. With regard to the appearance of the natives, the nose is well defined, slender at the root, not flat; the forehead is prominent and straight, not receding; the lower jaw projects; the entire frame is solid. We were face to face with the first inhabitants of Fiji; the race extends over the whole of Oceanica and mingles with all the population of the Pacific.

Father Marzan had gone on before us. We had to pass a tribe formerly hostile to the missionaries, but now friendly. These people had called their village by the pompous name of *Na Kokoroyawa*, "The Last Refuge of Courtesy." We were brought to a pause by an old dwarf, who awaited us on the grass, cap in hand. This was his only clothing.

We were conducted to a hut which we were able to enter only by bending almost double. When we were seated, the dwarf reappeared and with two steps and three turns offered us *kava* and baskets of taros.

During this time, our baggage was unloaded from the backs of the oxen, and our porters resumed their burdens. We were now only a half-hour's journey from *Mata Wailevu*, "The Great Source," and we had no time to lose if we wished to reach it on this day and in good weather. Usually on these excursions it rains.

Upon our arrival at Mata Wailevu the sound of the *tali* (wooden drums) announced that our approach had been awaited. At the end of the village street we caught sight of a white man in missionary garb. It was Father Marzan. Behind him advanced a band of children. In the little hands of one among them we beheld a marvellous whale's tooth.

"This is what they call a grand welcome," I informed the bishop. "Would it not be well to show appreciation of the greeting?"

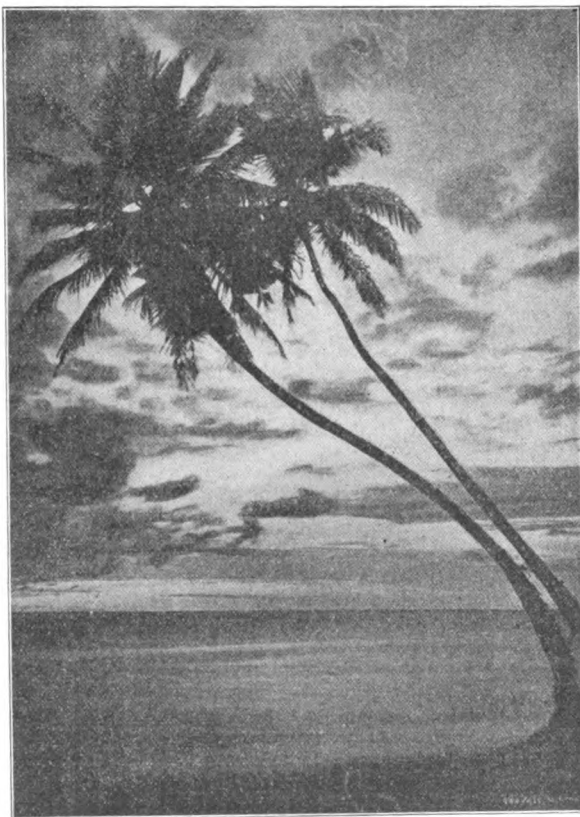
"But what shall I do, Father?" he asked.

"Enter the village in state."

The bishop was soon invested in his mitre, the episcopal crown, and we went forward. Soon, however, our little band was halted. An entire tribe barred our path. Its chief raised his whale's tooth like a censor and offered it to us. Then the crowd broke forth into a loud song and a unique procession began. To the bishop was accorded the right to lead the way; the populace pressed on after him. But it was impossible to keep the people in regular ranks; all wanted to see the bishop and his companions.

The natives broke branches from the trees and waved or cast them down for us to walk upon; they scattered flowers in our path; they continued to sing their song of welcome.

But when we reached the hut where we were to pass the night, the bishop was forced to take off his mitre, for the doorway was not high enough to permit of his



EVENING IN OCEANICA

entering while wearing this symbol of his pastoral authority.

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It was night; we had tramped for twelve hours with few intervals of rest. I threw myself upon a mat in a corner and was soon asleep. An hour later I was awakened. A substantial meal had been made ready for us. At the end of thirty minutes only a few fragments of it remained.

When a Fijian is frugal he is more frugal than four ordinary men. But when he feasts he eats as much as eight other men. It is interesting to hear the songs and the prayers that succeed a banquet. They are called the "Songs of the Well Fed."

The next day I had to preach. Then I was in my element. There are many topics that may be developed under these circumstances. We had before us, for instance, the stone ovens where, in recent times, human flesh was roasted. These ovens were still open and the stones were black and crimson. In one of them fourteen, and in the other twenty, native warriors had been roasted.

The stream that winds through the village had also flowed red with blood after the terrible defeat of the English colonial government and the Methodist sect. This is known in history as *Vatukuba*.

Among the people gathered around me at the Mass, all the men who had attained the age of thirty years had taken part in this struggle for the independence of their

country. They were savages, indeed, but they wished to remain free. Their territory might be called "the last refuge of patriotism."

At noon we pressed on farther into the gorges of the Wainimala. One must be familiar with the country to venture into such localities. In certain places the current of the river is so strong that it snaps the trees off at their trunks and bears them away as if they were so many matches cast into a brook.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the last of the Wainimala villages. We also had our converts along the way, especially at *Nasauvere*. This village is the residence of the great chiefs of the important family of Vunagumu, "the Stammerer." The principal chief came out to greet the bishop, who proceeded to enter this village in the heart of the island with formal ceremony.

But when the people saw him, vested with mitre, and crozier, and purple robe, they were beside themselves with enthusiasm. A thousand hands gathered flowers and broke off branches of the shrubs that grow everywhere in this country. All were pillaged, and the path before us, up to the very entrance to the cabin where the bishop was to be lodged, was strewn with triumphal branches.

One could not but think of the entrance of Our Divine Master into Jerusalem, and the cry that resounded from every side: "Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!"

A Modern Turk

By Father Kayser, A.A.

Brusa, a city situated at the foot of Mount Olympus, Turkey in Asia, and about forty miles from Constantinople, was, until some sixty years ago, obstinately closed against Western civilization, while the savage fanaticism of the Turkish population kept the Christians of the vicinity in constant terror.

The numerous "turbes," or tombs of heroes famous among the Turks, especially the mausoleums of the conqueror of Brusa, the Sultan Orkhan, the green "turbe" of the Sultan Mohammed I, etc., have made this place one of the holy cities of Islam, to which still flock immense crowds of pilgrims.

The Governor-General, Arif Pasha, devoted himself to the arduous task of opening this oriental city to modern progress. During a sojourn of several years in France, he had become thoroughly familiar with the language, manners, and customs of the French people.

Under his protection several French industries were established at Brusa for the culture of the silkworm and the manufacture of silk. A flourishing colony was, by degrees, thus formed and seri-culture made great strides.

It was time to think of establishing a mission station here. The Catholic settlers must not be left without any spiritual benefits. But it would still be very hazardous to send thither a Latin priest. The Sisters, with their

charitable works, must prepare the way for the missionary. The Sisters of Charity, therefore, took up their residence in Brusa. By their devotedness to the needs of all classes, not excluding the Mussulmans, they rapidly gained the esteem and veneration of everyone.

After a few months, the Pasha permitted them to open an orphanage and a school. On Sundays and holidays they worshipped and received the sacraments with the Armenian Catholics.

But the Catholics from France wished to have their own Church. They knew that the people of the Latin race, arriving directly from Europe, find the Oriental liturgies strange and, consequently, it is difficult for them to follow a rite different from that to which they have always been accustomed.

In the Ottoman Empire the law forbids the erection of any church or chapel without a *firman* (permission) from the Sultan. Moreover, in this city, one of the holy places of Islam, how many other apparently insurmountable obstacles would be likely to arise to prevent the building of even the most humble and unostentatious edifice where Mass could be said.

It was useless to attempt to obtain the *firman*. Refusal was a foregone conclusion.

Many times, however, had Arif Pasha given the

Sisters proofs of his benevolence. To his Excellency, then, they presented their request.

But the permission of the Pasha did not end their difficulties. He in turn, had to take into account the fanaticism of the "Ulemas" (theologians or doctors of the Mohammedan religion), who possessed considerable influence. The Vali believed, notwithstanding, that he could surmount the various above-mentioned obstacles. He called together his advisers and also invited the chief among the Ulemas to the council.

"You reproach the 'Guiours' (infidels who are not Mohammedans) of this city because they do not pray," said Arif Pasha, addressing the assembly. "This may be true, yet where can they pray? There is no place wherein they may worship; our law forbids the building of a church or a chapel without the permission of the Sultan, and it is our duty to respect and conform with this law."

"*Amin* — *Amin*," cried all present, in unison.

"Therefore the 'Frencks'" (so all Europeans were called by the Turks) "can not be permitted to erect a church or a chapel," continued the Pasha, "for this is forbidden by the law."

"*Chubhsiz!* It is certainly forbidden," answered the chorus of voices, with eager and insistent reiteration.

"Nevertheless," proceeded the governor, "I see nothing in the law with regard to a 'mesdjid' (an oratory). Is it not to be concluded from this silence, then, that the erection of an oratory is not contrary to the law? The Frencks wish to build a mesdjid. It seems to me that we can not oppose the execution of this pious design without the risk of drawing down upon ourselves the anger of Allah."

The permission to erect a mesdjid was accordingly granted. This edifice is none other than the pretty Latin oratory of Brusa—which, however, to this day is not officially known as a church.

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The city of Brusa is now connected with Moudania, its seaport, by a causeway about fifteen miles long. Moudania has not really a harbor but only an open, unshel-

tered bay. On account of the north winds, access to this bay is, for large ships, extremely difficult and sometimes impossible. In the latter case, the vessels take refuge at the end of the gulf, disembarking passengers and unloading merchandise at Guemlik, the ancient Kios.

Communication between this city and Brusa was, in the days of Arif Pasha, extremely difficult, because of the absolute lack of good roads. Here was another opportunity for the governor to carry out his ideas of progress.

By his order, there was prepared a plan for a great causeway, to begin at the Konak, or government building, in the heart of the city, and cross the Mussulman cemetery and the fertile plain to Guemlik. The Vali explained this important project to his united council and expected to obtain the consent of all present. But this time he was mistaken.

By a single word an old Iman defeated the plan of his Excellency. This word, "yassak" (it is forbidden), rallied all the council to oppose the measure.

In vain did the Vali employ all his efforts to change the opinion of the intractable Mohammedan priest. The only result was that instead of the word *yassak* the Iman made use of the still

stronger expression "*haram*" (profanation).

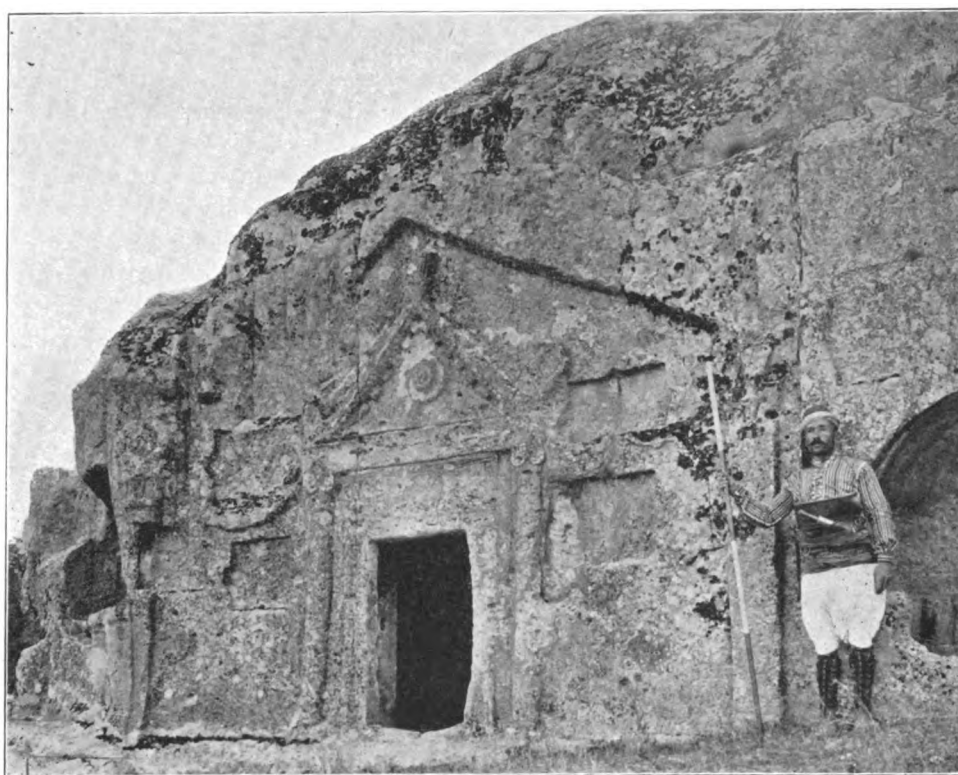
The cry of "*haram*" so impressed the assembly that no one wished to render himself guilty of assisting to pass a measure that among good Mohammedans would be regarded as a crime. Nevertheless, the Vali still hoped to conquer these fanatics.

Another Iman spoke.

"How can we consent to have the highway pass over the tombs of so many faithful Moslems?" he said. "What a disgrace it would be to us if the many Guiours who would travel on this great street should profane the memory of our dead!"

"*Haram! Haram!*" murmured all the assembly.

Arif Pasha realized that he could expect from such councillors nothing but fanaticism. He therefore pretended to be convinced, as if by an unanswerable argument, and ostensibly abandoned his idea.



A PHRYGIAN TOMB, ASIA MINOR

As a matter of fact, however, he had already thought of a means of conquering the blind opposition of his advisers whose minds were so perverted by superstition.

A few days after this memorable meeting, the Vali again called together his council. As on the former occasion, he opened the proceedings with an able speech. As a zealous Mussulman he expressed the greatest admiration for the Imans, "the holy and venerable men who, in the name of Mohammed, *Alciki Selam* (1) (peace be to him), teach all true believers the laws of Allah.

"I was greatly impressed," he continued, "by the pious reasoning of these men of God to prevent the profanation of the cemetery. So completely was I won to their point of view that I forever renounced my project, though the causeway would be such an advantage to our city. But, Mussulmans, learn now the will of Allah, for I have to make to you, in his name, a most important communication.

"Last night, in my sleep, I had a vision. A great number of the dead of Islam appeared to me. In the most touching manner they begged me not to give up my project, but to build the causeway without delay.

"When, astonished and dazed at such a demand, I begged for an explanation, the spirits of the dead replied that the highway would not be *haram* but *bérâket*, a blessing, for those buried in the cemetery. They had no fear that the *Guieurs* would profane the tombs. On the other hand, the frequent sight of these tombs would raise the thoughts of pious Mussulmans to the supernatural, and cause many prayers for the departed to rise to the throne of Allah.

"I have told you my vision. It is for you to decide what is to be done."

Scarce had the Pasha concluded when the council unanimously voted for the construction of the causeway. No one dared raise his voice in opposition to the wishes of the dead.

The work was begun as soon as possible, and the part of the route that lay across the cemetery was built with especial rapidity.

To this day may still be seen in the middle of this street a majestic cypress that formerly overshadowed the tomb of a celebrated sheik. Arif Pasha purposely spared this tree in order to perpetuate the memory of his revelation from on high and of his victory over the Imans and the Ulemas.

(1) The Mussulmans never pronounce the name of Mohammed or of any of the prophets without adding this or a similar form of benediction.



ANCIENT TEMPLE OF JUPITER

The governor general had a great esteem for the European costume. Not content with attiring himself according to the latest fashion of Paris, he sought to induce all the members of his administration, and all the Turkish population, to take this step in the way of progress, which, in his eyes, was of great importance.

In fact, he showed a veritable dislike for the ancient, oriental costume. The "chalvar," or wide trousers shaped like a sack, that were the pride of the Anatolian peasants, became to him above all an object of extreme aversion.

Moreover, he caused to be published throughout the city, this time without the consent of his council, who could not recall the announcement, that this obsolete article of clothing "offended all elegance."

No doubt the Turks on their part, especially the people of the villages, felt that nothing could equal the graceful form of their "chalvars," and could not understand why the governor wished them to wear the tight trousers of the "Frencks" which, because of their European origin, ought to be rejected by every true Moslem.

But the Pasha had resolved upon revolutionizing the costume of the country and, as usual, he was determined to carry out his wish. Was he not governor of one of the richest provinces in the whole Ottoman Empire?

Notwithstanding the fact that the wearing of "chalvars" had been repeatedly forbidden, they remained in evidence. Some energetic means must be employed to enforce the Pasha's will.

Thursday is the great market day in Brusa. On that day, from all the surrounding villages, the Anatolian peasants come in throngs to the city to sell or exchange the produce of their gardens and farms. Among this motley multitude, no one seemed at all disturbed by the prohibition of the governor, and the "chalvars" were everywhere conspicuous for their gorgeousness of color

and generous proportions. This flagrant disobedience was to receive summary punishment.

While these gaily attired peasants were engrossed with their bartering the storm broke. Soldiers, each armed with a formidable pair of shears, had, unobserved, taken up their position in different parts of the market. Hardly had the "telal" (public crier) announced the third hour of the day (nine o'clock in the morning), when a thousand cries of distress re-echoed from all sides.

"Väi! Väi! Alas, alas! My beautiful *chalvar!*"

The soldiers had promptly carried out the governor's order and cut off all the chalvars below the knees.

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The Roman emperors were, as is well known, always anxious to distract the people of Rome from political matters by furnishing them with many kinds of amusements. In their time immense sums of money were dispensed for magnificent public spectacles. Arif Pasha wishing, no doubt, to imitate the conquerors of the world in this respect, sought to delight the people of Brusa with similar entertainments.

He built a theatre, but it was not destined for the presentation of the insipid and obscene "*karagueuz*" which, in all the other cities of Turkey, by gross and broad farces, gained the applause of the ignorant and corrupt.

The theatre of Brusa was intended chiefly to delight the mind and exercise a moral influence upon the audience. But for this end, Turkish literature offered absolutely not a single drama. The Pasha decided to supply this want. Abandoning the administration of the province to his subordinates, he gave himself up with a zeal and enthusiasm worthy of a nobler writer to the translation of the comedies of Molière, and, imitating the example of this famous author, determined to appear personally upon the boards.

For the first performances, it goes without saying, the theatre was thronged to the doors. But the malicious allusions and turns of phrase that gave prominence to the works of Molière fell flat and senseless upon the ears of a people who had not sufficient cultivation to understand them. To the great disappointment of the governor and translator the audience decreased in number each evening. Arif Pasha thought of a remedy for this state of affairs. The *telals* were ordered to announce:

"People who go to the play will pay for one place. Those who do not go will pay double."

This was enough for the good Anatolians. They reappeared in great numbers at the theatre, and were prodigal of their applause, though they did not understand a word of what was said on the stage.

✱

The Christians scattered through the great province of Khuda are indebted to Arif Pasha for many important privileges. At that time they were not permitted to settle in certain localities of the district. Eski-Chehir was one of these places.

Ertoghroul, chief of a horde of Turkomans, had as-

sisted the sultan of the Seljukians, Ala-Eddin, to gain a brilliant victory over the Mongols. As a recompense, he had received in fief the territory of Eski-Chehir. His son Ottman, or Osman I, took the title of sultan and conqueror, El-Ghazi. He was the first emperor or sultan of the Turks, and the founder (in 1299) of the dynasty that still bears his name.

The city of his birth was, naturally, especially venerated by the Ottomans. This is why Eski-Chehir remained closed against the Christians. When, in travelling, they were forced by circumstances to stop at this town, they were compelled to lodge in a khan, or oriental inn, ill-kept and unclean, and were enjoined to depart as soon as possible.

Arif Pasha put an end to this rule, so prejudicial to industry and commerce. He permitted the Christians to acquire extensive lands in this territory, to trade in Eski-Chehir, and to have proper habitations therein.

Thanks to this liberal measure, in a few years they built up a new section of the town, which became the most flourishing of all, and was named for its founder, the *Arife Mohalessi*, or quarter of Arif.

Greeks, Armenians and, later, the Catholics, established their churches and schools in this quarter, and here, to-day, several of our missionaries live and toil for the salvation of both the Christians and the infidels of this city, which was so transformed by "a modern Turk."



A BUDDHIST MONK

Buddhism in Japan

By the Rev. A. M. Roussel

It would seem as if Shintoism, the essentially national religion, would have been able to prevent the introduction into Japan of every kind of foreign worship. Moreover, Shintoism was a cult well suited to the optimistic character of the Japanese, since it portrayed them as a divine people, naturally virtuous and superior to the rest of the world.

How is it then that Buddhism acquired a footing in this land of the lotus and soon completely dominated it—Buddhism, a foreign and pessimistic religion?

Shintoism, indeed, speaks to the Japanese heart and excites therein a patriotic pride. But it appeals neither to the reason nor the intelligence; its legends are void of all precepts relative to the important questions upon which the soul naturally demands to be enlightened. Nor, on the other hand, does it address the senses, for its worship, as primitively practised, prescribed a very frugal regimen, the same that the simple piety of the first rude conquerors established in the Yamato.

The emptiness of Shintoism rendered the novelties of Buddhism welcome to the Japanese. Buddhism presented itself bearing a philosophy subtle if not profound, as a food for cultivated intellects, and unfolded a system of exterior worship calculated to captivate the imagination and engross the senses of an unsophisticated people. This was enough to cause the gates of Japan to open before the new religion.

Its success was not, however, instantaneous. In the year 552 of our era, the ruler of one of the kingdoms of Korea sent an ambassador to the Emperor of Japan to offer him a so-called miraculous statue of Buddha, the sacred books and the implements of the cult. In a letter that accompanied these gifts, he extolled this religion as the best of all and recommended his royal ally to adopt it for the greater good of his empire.

The Emperor consulted his nobles as to whether the new religion should be adopted in Japan. The courtiers were divided in opinion upon the matter. Two political factions existed at the court; one now declared itself in favor of the new religion, while the other pretended to support the cause of the ancient gods of the country.

The struggle lasted forty years, with the advantage sometimes on one side and again on the other. It ended in a civil war that definitely gave the victory to the votaries of Buddhism. From that time the worship of Buddha spread and increased.

Prince Shotoku, son of the Emperor and Regent of the empire for nearly thirty years, undertook to direct the movement. He invited to Japan from the continent of Asia learned Buddhist monks, who explained the doctrine to the Japanese and taught them to build the temples, make the statues, and practice the worship of Buddha. Moreover, he sent young Japanese to Korea and China, that these students might be instructed at the fountain-head of Buddhism. At the time of his death (A. D. 621) there were already forty-six Buddhist temples and more than eight hundred monks of the new

cult in Japan. Shotoku may be considered the founder of this religion in the realm of the Mikado.

Buddhism introduced into Japan the arts, sciences, and civilization of China, and the methods of government pursued in that country. It also led to important changes in the social and political life of the empire. About A. D. 700 the custom of cremating the bodies of the dead began to prevail. This was the beginning of many new practices that had to do with the worship of the dead. The fear that the primitive Japanese had of continuing to occupy a house in which one of their family had died, by degrees disappeared, and with it the customs of a nomadic life.

Each emperor ceased to abandon the capital chosen by his predecessor. The traditions of the pre-Buddhist period point to fifty-eight different localities that had successively served as the capital of the empire. In 710, however, a great Buddhist monastery having been founded at Nara, the imperial residence was established there and remained fixed for seventy-five years, or until the time when it was definitely installed at Kyôto.

The emperors favored the diffusion of Buddhism by every means in their power; namely, by the building of large and magnificent temples, the erection of many statues, the multiplication of Buddhist books, privileges accorded the monasteries, etc. And all this they did without scruple in defiance of their so-called divine ancestors, the gods who made Japan.

On one occasion, nevertheless, when they wished to raise at Nara a gigantic statue of Buddha fifty-three feet high, they hesitated, and a Buddhist monk repaired to the Shinto temple of Isis to consult the Sun-goddess in regard to the project. The reply was favorable, and the *Daibutsu* of Nara was then erected.

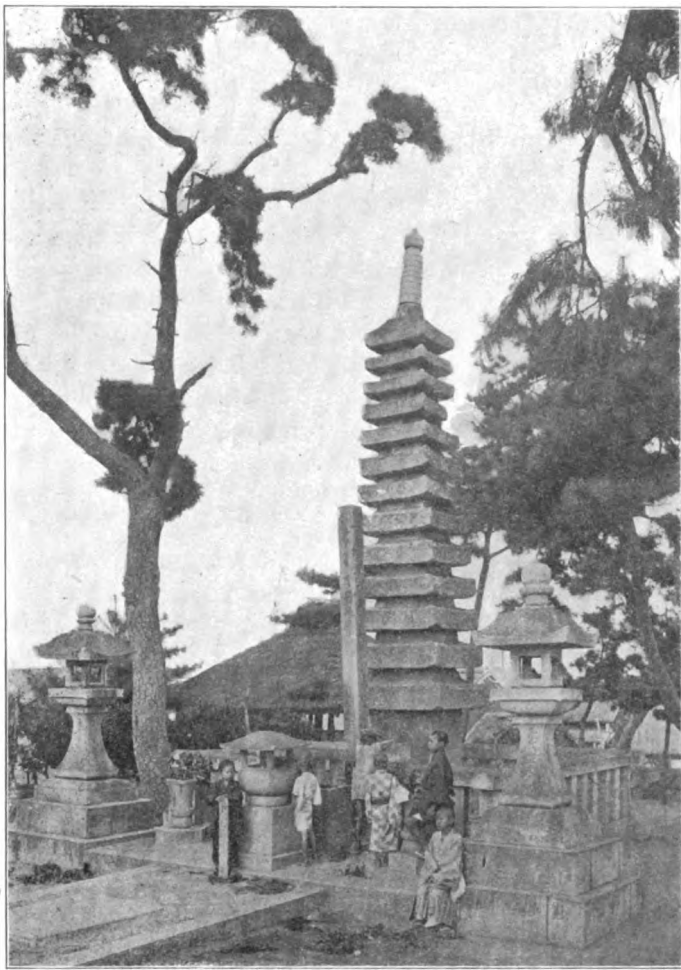
Finally, in 754, the imperial court officially adopted the religion of Buddha. The Emperor Shomu, who had already abdicated, his daughter Koken, who reigned as empress, the princes of the royal family, and more than four hundred nobles and high officials made a solemn profession of Buddhism under the direction of a celebrated bonze, or monk, who came from China.

Koken, at the same time, issued a proclamation forbidding her subjects, under severe penalties, to kill any animal. The Japanese, therefore, were forced to change their diet.

Kwammu, the founder of Kyôto, was the last emperor who bore the Shinto title of *Sumera* (he who governs under heaven). The bonzes persuaded him to adopt, after the manner of the Chinese, the name of *Tenno*, Divine Ruler, or King of Heaven, which is still the official title of the Mikado.

At the same time, the posthumous honorary titles of every emperor of Japanese history up to that date were fixed according to the regulation of Buddhism. Until then each had been known by the name of his capital, or his personal name.

Thus Buddhism, penetrating everywhere, encroached



KIYOMORI TOMB, JAPAN

upon everything. Moreover, a new idea, that was to lead to grave political consequences, was introduced by the bonzes. The Buddhist monks persuaded the emperors that they would gain great merit and attain to the glory of Buddha himself, if they would cast aside the cares of authority and abdicate the throne to become monks, and pass the remainder of their lives in the seclusion of a monastery.

This custom of abdication, established in the eighth century, continued for twelve hundred years. Even more than the lack of a fixed rule for the order of succession to the throne, the system of abdication contributed to lower the sovereign dignity and to make the emperor of Japan but the shadow of a monarch.

In fact, the emperors usually abdicated before having attained mature age, sometimes in their first youth, so that there have been known to be two or three ex-emperors living in the same Buddhist monastery, the throne meanwhile being occupied by a child. Then either one of two things happened: the retired sovereign continued to rule from the depths of his retreat, without the exterior marks of authority and power, or the court was given up to intrigues among the nobles, who struggled one with another for the real supremacy. The final result was the entire and definite usurpation of the government by the military class, that is to say, the installation of the Shoguns, who ruled Japan during seven centuries, until the imperial restoration of 1868.

The practice of abdication also passed from the court of the emperors to the families of their subjects. For Buddhism preached everywhere and always the vanity of life and the idea of early retirement from duty. In all classes of society, the heads of families quitted active life within a short time after they had entered it. At forty years of age a man was old; at fifty he was no longer good for anything.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the various unfortunate consequences that sprang from these new customs imported by Buddhism. If it did not transform the Japanese nature, Buddhism cast that nature in a new mould whose deep imprint remains ineffaceable. The parent idea of Shintoism alone survived, yet only as a spark of fire may live among the ashes on a hearth-stone.

It was really a spell, an anæsthesia that Buddhism cast upon Japan. In one hand the new religion brought to her the most precious elements of Oriental culture, but with the other hand it hypnotized her and paralyzed her power to soar upward and take advantage of this civilization.

✱

What was this religion that acquired so swift and lasting an influence over Japan? We will not here enter into a long explanation of the doctrines of Buddhism and their innumerable variations. The writings of those who have made it a special study abound with such information. We will only mention certain points, to illustrate how entirely the religious conceptions of the Japanese differ from ours.

It is generally known that Buddhism came into existence in India in the sixth century before Christ. Sakya-Muni, son of a rich and powerful lord, left his palace, his wife and his young child, became an ascetic, renounced the privileges of his caste and travelled through the country discussing philosophical questions, in the manner already common in India.

He pretended to have attained to second sight, to the supreme solution of the enigmas of the world, and professed to give the true explanation of the riddle "man" and of the universe. His disciples became sufficiently numerous to form a society of monks, who spread his doctrine throughout India and Indo-China. Buddhism penetrated into China in the first century of the Christian era, then into Korea; finally it reached Japan.

But, in the interval of twelve centuries that elapsed between the period of Sakya and the introduction of Buddhism into that country, the original doctrine became divided into the Buddhism of the south and of the north, and this latter branch underwent many alterations.

Already the Buddhist sects transplanted from China to Japan laid stress only upon the texts written down several centuries after the death of the founder. In Japan, also, the sects, formed so long after the time of their master, had little resemblance in doctrine to the tenets attributed to him at present in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Notwithstanding this and all its superficial transformation, the fundamental principle of Buddhism has remained the same and has exercised a deep influence

upon the spirit of all the nations it has conquered. Though the forms of worship proposed to a simple people, incapable of philosophical speculation, have become frankly polytheistic, the Buddhist conception of the world, and of the nature and destiny of man, has continued to impress and lay hold of the Oriental mind.

In the time of Sakya the philosophy of the Brahmins had become pantheism. The popular religion of the Hindus was idolatry, and society found itself divided into castes separated from one another by impassable barriers. Upon these three points the teaching of Sakya was a reaction against Brahminism.

In regard to man, the question that Sakya desired to solve was not "For what end was man placed in this world, and what should he do to attain this end for which he was created?"

He considered the problem differently.

"How is it that man exists; whence come his miseries and how can he free himself from them?"

The suffering inseparable from individual existence. This was the only thing that Sakya seemed to see in the world, and a great pity for the woes of poor humanity awoke in his heart.

"Since to exist and to suffer are the same, individual existence is the cause and the source of suffering. Existence itself is then the great evil; the sole means to deliver oneself from suffering is to cease to exist."

It may be remarked that it is not the problem of moral evil, of sin, that Sakya considers, but only the miseries

of life in general. The problem of evil is in Buddhism only an incidental and unanswered question.

While the Christian prays to God, "Deliver us from evil," and tries, on his part, to rise above the evil about him in order to attain the end designed for reasonable creatures, the Buddhist eludes the problem and cries out, "Deliver us from existence."

But this is not so easy. To leave this present life, to die, is not to free the human soul either from suffering or from existence. Buddhism begins with dissolution and says that individual man is simply a phase of transitory phenomena.

When people speak of the soul, it is because they are deeply and miserably deluded; because no principle of higher action resides in man; in him are found only ephemeral phenomena resulting from the agglomeration of elements that constitute the individual.

"The great illusion of people in general," said Sakya, "is, then, to deceive themselves by certain appearances into

believing in the existence of a soul and the power of a real and permanent personality. This illusion is the source of all evil, for it produces an invincible desire to live, that is, to continue to pretend to a personality. Therefore, so long as this illusion lasts, while this attachment to an individual existence remains unabridged, individual existence and its inseparable companion, suffering, can not cease, and can not be left behind."

How would existence then continue? This is for us,



A COLOSSAL STATUE OF BUDDHA

who are not Orientals, one of the most obscure points of Buddhism. *Attachment to individual existence reproduces existence*, inevitably, indefinitely, for so long as it is not destroyed by a clear understanding of the universal illusion.

Such is the formula. But, as that which we call soul is only a fiction of a perverted mind, it is not here a question of metaphysics. As nothing exists of an individual after the dispersion of his elements, claims the Buddhist, there is no soul than can transmigrate from one body to another. That which transmigrates is solely the balance of the good and bad deeds of the life that is just finished and of former lives.

A certain order, called "the law of cause and effect," regulates and directs this transmigration. The illusion and the attachment to individual existence having persisted in a certain man until his death, the residue of his merits and demerits will find it necessary to realize the conditions of a new individual existence.

In other words, under the impulsion of attachment to existence, life is infallibly reborn. As to the condition of the new individual, this will be determined by the acts of those who preceded him in the series upon which he enters. For example, the burden of demerits left by the scoundrel will give place to the existence of an unhappy individual whose life will be full of punishment. On the other hand, the practice of the Buddhist virtues will be the seed of a superior being, nearer perfection than man.

It will be seen that the controlling chain of these successive existences is an idea of moral retribution. But this idea is incomplete, and inefficacious because the nature of sin and the moral law is perverted, since the identity of the individual disappears in the passing from one life to the other.

Buddhism supposes six classes of existence acted upon by its great law of cause and effect. Only one of these categories presents life under more happy conditions than humanity. It is to this life which admits of many degrees, that Sakya relegates the gods of Brahminism.

None of these existences, however, no matter how long, or perfect, or happy it may be, is immortal. Gods, men, animals and demons are of the same nature. That is to say, they are always simple aggregates of phenomena, more or less allied, but still outside of the term final.

In fact, the series of existences does not end until the attachment to life has been destroyed by the enlightenment of Buddhism. Only a clear understanding of the illusion in which the beings are plunged will put an end to the vortex of existence and thus deliver from suffering.

This enlightenment is precisely the state to which the Buddhas have attained, and among the others, Sakya-Muni. Already, for them, individual life and therefore the source of suffering has ceased; they have entered into absolute and permanent repose in the differentiated existence.

This the Buddhists represent by a celebrated comparison. The existence of individual beings, they say, is like

the waves of the sea, that succeed and reproduce one another on the surface of the waters. Each wave is different from the wave that precedes and the wave that follows it. But this ephemeral and apparent individuality is not real in itself; the only reality is the ocean. The waves disappear one after another until, finally, none remain. The ocean is the same, but the waters are united in an unbroken calm.

This simile does not explain the mystery, but it is the nearest approach to an explanation that Buddhism can find. Is not this very like pantheism? Nevertheless, the Buddhist philosophy falls short of pantheism as we understand it. The idea of an absolute and universal essence in which all others participate in a certain mysterious manner is one of Buddhism's chief tenets, but this it does not dare to develop. Like all human philosophies, it seeks to reconcile the finite and the infinite; but it does not present the pantheistic idea of God.

Buddhism rests upon the transcendental and indefinable idea of a universal differentiated essence wherein, only, it finds permanence, the extinction of suffering, and repose.

Buddhism can not conceive, and rejects with all its strength, the Christian solution of the problem of the life. It makes no distinction between matter and spirit, regarding both as mere phenomena. It offers no belief in a human soul that always retains its consciousness and personality, and does not accept a God supreme, personal and active. With it, all determinate individuality differentiates with others, and is transitory and imperfect. Buddhism envelops in a thick mist qualities that belong to God and to men—a distinct nature, attributes and dignity.

These philosophical considerations are abstract and difficult. But unless they are dwelt upon, at least briefly, how can the mental state of a Buddhist country be depicted, how can the reader understand the difficulties encountered by the Catholic missionary, when he seeks to present the Christian idea to the people?

Surprising as it may seem, to the souls steeped in Buddhism, the Catholic doctrine in its simplicity and majesty is more difficult of comprehension than their strange religion is to us. Among the Japanese, twelve centuries of Buddhism have enwrapped their intellects in so dense a fog that the sun of Christian truth, instead of making all things clear, blinds the eyes accustomed to the darkness, and we shall see further on what Christianity might become in their hands.

Buddhism is, then, an atheistic philosophy. On one hand it offers the theory of fatalism to account for the sufferings and miseries of life; on the other it teaches that man, without lightening the burden of this suffering, passes, by his own volition, from the vortex of individual existence.

Man, and man only, is the author of his own deliverance. The teaching of Sakya is but a sign-post that points out the way to life's pilgrim, but gives him no other aid. For this teaching positively excludes all higher succor.

(To be continued.)

More About the Dyaks

By the Very Rev. Edward Dunn, Prefect Apostolic

The Dyaks possess no idols, but have great faith in charms, which they always keep with them. These amulets consist of curiously formed bits of wood, bone and pieces of stone, whose virtues, the people say, have been made known to them in dreams by the spirits. The omens are taken chiefly from the cries of certain birds, and by these prognostications the Dyaks regulate their work on the farms and their route when travelling. They believe in a future existence beyond the grave, in a gloomy abode called Subaian, where the conditions of life are much the same as in this present world, and where death is twice suffered. Then the soul returns to earth in the shape of dew, and entering into the ears of growing rice, is again absorbed by the human system.

The sacrifices and invocations made to the spirits take place chiefly after the harvest, when two months are spent in the festivities accompanying the religious ceremonies. One village after the other has its religious feast, to which the inhabitants of neighboring villages are invited. It lasts a day and a night, sometimes longer. Most of the day is spent in cock-fighting, and the whole

night in a drunken bout, an intoxicating liquor made from rice being consumed. Strange to say, except during these annual festivals, the vice of intemperance is almost unknown among them.

The Dyaks have their medicine men, who, on the receipt of a handsome offering, profess to charm away disease, to discover lost property and bring to justice culprits guilty of theft. Some of these native, so-called, physicians dress like and adopt the manners of women, but these are not numerous. The medicine man is one of the missionary's greatest adversaries. He uses all his influence, which is considerable, to oppose conversion, and is frequently the occasion of converts falling back into their old heathen practices in case of sickness. For instance, an agonized mother is watching the death struggles of her dying boy; the medicine man comes to offer his help and sympathy; he recognizes the cause of the sickness and possesses the charm that will surely re-

move it and save the life of the dying child—so speaks the tempter.

These, then, are some of the obstacles to the conversion of the Dyak. He must give up his annual feast, his charms—often handed down for generations in the family. He must break away from the influence of the ubiquitous medicine man. When he becomes a Christian, the fact that he continues to live in the village house with the pagans is a source of continual danger and temptation to him. The Dyak custom of frequently moving the site of their village from one locality to another in search of new farming ground greatly increases the difficulty of watching over the Christians, and is a frequent cause of their falling away. For in-

stance, the inhabitants of our first Christian village at Bawan, mentioned above, by 1888 were scattered among the heathens of four different localities.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH—EFFORTS TO IMPROVE AGRICULTURE—THE SARI MISSION RE-OPENED.

As a remedy for this evil often incident to the migratory habits of the Dyaks, it was proposed to

introduce among the Christians the cultivation of coffee and a proper system of rice farming. If the soil was once made valuable by cultivation, the people would become attached to it and would settle into thriving Christian communities. This important work was entrusted to a lay brother of the Society of St. Joseph, Brother Theodore. Under his able management, several small coffee plantations were laid out in the course of the years 1886-87, and these were divided among the young Dyaks attending the Kanowit school. A small rice farm was also started, but had to be temporarily abandoned for want of funds.

There were now over one hundred Christians in the mission, and an appeal was made in England for funds to erect a church at Kanowit. Up to this time, the mission house had been also chapel, school and presbytery. Father Jackson's appeal met with a generous response, and the October of 1887 saw the opening of a



HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO

substantial church, large enough to seat four hundred people. It is built entirely of the hardest and strongest wood in the country, known in Europe as iron-wood, and considered as durable as stone. The length is seventy feet, the breadth forty-seven, and the height of the roof forty-seven feet. The front of the church, which looks towards the mouth of the Kanowit, is flanked by two octagonal towers sixty-three feet high. The roof is supported by eight pillars of iron-wood, about a foot in diameter and twenty-six feet high. The Gothic pointed arch is used in the construction of the doors and windows.

Reader, suppose yourself to have passed over the thousands of miles that separate you from the mission. You are on the broad waters of the Rajang, which you have ascended for more than eighty miles, and your boat, propelled by a stout crew of natives, is fast approaching Kanowit on the right. The morning mist has sufficiently risen to enable you to see the government fort and the long row of houses of Chinese and Malay traders which line the river's bank below the Kanowit. These are soon passed and, with a ringing shout and a sharp whack of his paddle against the boat's side, the leader of the crew urges his men to fresh exertions, the boat shoots round a sharp angle, and you find yourself in the clear water of the Kanowit.

On the right is a small range of hills some two hundred yards from the bank. As you advance they seem to become higher, and to approach nearer to the strand, until they terminate in a triangular peak that, rising from the water's edge, completely shuts out the space inclosed between the range and the river from the surrounding country. The narrower portion of the land thus shut in is the mission ground, about ten acres in extent. The first object that catches your eye is the mission house, looking bright and fresh in its coat of whitewash. Further on, perched on a hill, is the new convent that awaits the arrival of the Sisters of St. Francis; still beyond, but most conspicuous of all, is the church. Standing boldly out upon the river bank, it directly faces you. The mountain, with the alternate light and dark green of its waving foliage, forms a beautiful background, against which the pointed gable and graceful towers of the building stand out clear and distinct. As you study the fine proportions of the structure and contemplate the towers, whose white crosses glitter in the full flood of the morning sun, you begin to understand what the missionaries of Kanowit felt on the day this church was dedicated, and you join in their gratitude to the many kind friends whose charity has rendered possible the erection of this simple Christian monument in the wilds of Borneo, amid the forests where but yesterday roamed the Dyak head-hunter.

But the flag that flutters in the breeze from one of the towers recalls us to the event of the day. Boat after boat comes up the river, until a complete flotilla is collected in front of the mission house. Here and there, about the grounds, are groups of Dyaks dressed in their best; the brass ornaments of the women and the bright-colored head-dress and waist-cloths of the men give a holiday appearance to the scene. The sun is now well

up in the heavens, and as you see the missionaries who are to take part in the procession assemble in the chief room of the house to vest, a feeling of uneasiness comes over you, as if there were something wanting.

What can it be? Oh, yes, the bell. The sacristan must have forgotten his duty. At the opening of the first Catholic church in Borneo, surely the bell will ring out joyfully, carrying the happy tidings far across hill and forest and along the broad reaches of the river. You glance toward the towers with impatience.

They are almost strong enough to carry the chimes of a cathedral, or so the missionaries think. You wait, expecting every moment to hear the rich peals burst forth. Lo! At last Brother Theodore's hand emerges from the sacristy window, and the thin, plaintive tones of a pie-man's bell echo across the hundred paces that separate you from the church. Poor towers, what a humiliation. How is it that they do not totter and fall to the ground? No, only the proud are crushed by humiliation. The towers, though mute, continue to point heavenward as grandly as before, ever repeating in their silent way the great lesson, through sorrow and through joy—"Ad majorum Dei gloriam." (1)

The procession starts in this order: the thurifer, followed by the cross-bearers and two acolytes; then the banner of Our Lady, the choir, the banner of St. Joseph, and, last of all, the missionaries.

As the clear voices of the schoolboys who compose the choir rise upon the air, chanting the "Our Father" and the Creed in their native tongue, you join in the procession and add your voice to the singing of the children. In the church all the benches are thronged, and a large number of the congregation are seated on the floor in the native fashion. The pagans, of whom many are present, as well as the Christians, observe the greatest decorum; all are evidently impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. There are also to be seen among the throng several Chinese Christians, who, as carpenters, worked on the building during its construction.

After the asperges the Mass begins, the Very Rev. Father Jackson celebrating, assisted by Father Keiser as deacon, and Father Dibena as sub-deacon. The choir children sing, with all the enthusiasm of their little hearts, the plain chant Mass, "in festis solemnibus," Brother Theodore acting as cantor.

And now, see how St. Joseph exercises his hospitality in providing a mid-day meal for his Dyak children, many of whom have come from afar. See the fine, large roast pig, the fowls, the piles of rice ladled out with paddles. One hundred and fifty guests are present at the feast, and, not to trouble the saint to supply plates, forks and spoons for so many, Dame Nature comes to the rescue with banana leaves and dusky fingers. In the afternoon there is as usual the public recitation of the Rosary and Benediction. At the close of all the exercises, the Chinese set off quantities of fire crackers, to the delight of the Dyaks, who by this time are going down to their boats. These craft soon push away from the shore, one after another, and speed down or up the river, carrying the

(1) The next year a fine bell was presented to the church by a client of St. Francis.

great news of the day to those who have been forced by circumstances to remain at home.

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This same year St. Clare's convent was built and, on the seventeenth of October, two Franciscan Sisters arrived at Kanowit. In the meantime, the Sari Dyaks, who had been the first among these people to offer hospitality to the missionaries, were not forgotten. The arrival of Fathers Reyffert and Dibona in the Rajang rendered possible the opening of the Sari Mission.

In the course of 1886 two stations were opened in the lower Rajang by these Fathers, one at Sari and the other on the banks of the Serekei. When Father Dibona was recalled to Europe, Father Reyffert bravely continued alone the work of these two stations until the cholera, in 1888. Hearing that the epidemic had broken out among the people of Serekei, he hastened thither to assist and, if God should so decree, to die with the stricken natives. For several weeks he attended the sick, consoled, and often baptized the dying. At this time he had the sorrow of closing the eyes of a young Dyak who had been his faithful and sole attendant. Thus far the missionary himself had escaped the contagion. One evening he was attending a sick boy whom he had instructed and baptized. Frenzied by the terrors of approaching dissolution, the poor child clung to the Father, and it was not until the sufferer's head had sunk in death upon the breast of this faithful friend that the missionary could disengage himself.

Wearied, and with the chill of illness upon him, Father Reyffert returned at evening to his lonely hut, to say his office and prepare his simple food. He knew he had contracted the disease. So rapid was its progress that in the morning he had scarce strength enough to crawl back to the Dyak long-house to obtain assistance. One-fourth of the people had been carried off by the scourge. Most of the survivors who were strong enough had fled to the woods. A few old men and frightened women alone remained to administer a little nourishment to the sick, and to drag out, and hide away among the decayed leaves of the jungle, the bodies of the dead.

For three days the missionary lay between life and death, struggling with the dread disease. Separated from a fellow priest by a hundred miles of swamp and jungle, without medicine or physician, his only sustenance was a little rice and water which the Dyaks occasionally brought to him.

But God protected the life that had been so generously offered to Him. Father Reyffert gradually recovered and, after six days of convalescence, managed to make his way back over ten miles of jungle path to look after his people in Sari, about whom he felt anxious.

A few days after Father Reyffert's departure from Serekei, the Dyaks who still resided in the long-house were scared well-nigh out of their wits by an apparition that appeared on the ladder leading into their dwelling, the figure of a man with a flowing beard. Was this the cholera demon returning to slay them? No, it was only Father Jackson come to seek his sick missionary. He was nearly famished, for he had passed through a hundred miles of cholera-stricken country, and wherever he

had applied for provisions he had either been turned away with threatening gestures or fled from in terror. Having calmed the fears of the poor Dyaks, and obtained from them a little rice, Father Jackson went on to Sari, where he remained until Father Reyffert's shattered health was restored.

RICE FARMS—HEAD-HUNTERS—PRESENT PROSPECTS.

During the years that followed the cholera outbreak of 1888, several circumstances occurred to retard the progress of mission work in the Rajang. Inter-tribal wars unsettled the people, and malicious rumors were spread against the missionaries. It was said that at their bidding the devils of cholera, smallpox and failing crops roamed through the country.

The coffee plantations did well for a few years, then came the leaf disease and a great fall in prices. These misfortunes destroyed the industry. But the chief evil of all for the mission was the moving of the sites of the villages, for this scattered the Christians and caused them to mingle among natives who were still pagan. To enable the missionaries to follow these migrations of their flock several new stations had to be erected.

The necessity of introducing among the Christians a proper system of rice farming, so as to check their migratory habits, now forced itself upon the missionaries, and an appeal was made for funds to again take up the farm



A DYAK FAMILY

work attempted in 1885, but abandoned for want of means. At length, through the generous assistance of many kind friends, sufficient money was obtained to open a model rice farm at Kanowit in the year 1890.

British North Borneo is inhabited by a race called the Dusuns, among whom several thriving missions were established simultaneously with those among the Dyaks. The Dusuns are a gentle, industrious people and the best rice farmers in the island. They use water buffaloes for ploughing, and have a good system of irrigating their fields. From these neighbors, buffaloes and the necessary farm implements were purchased, and two of their young men were brought to Rajang to superintend the undertaking.

More buffaloes had to be obtained in 1892, and again in the spring of 1895, and, up to that time, two thousand dollars were expended in the work with the following results:

1. A model farm where the schoolboys received technical instruction in farm work.
2. Eight Christian families were started in farming at Kanowit and at Buwan, several of them having purchased buffaloes of their own, the rest using those of the mission.

By that time, 1895, fifteen Dyak families had settled down near the Kanowit church, and the number of Christians in the neighborhood was two hundred and fifty.

This period of prosperity, however, was not to last long. A succession of untoward events, in spite of every effort of our missionaries, resulted after some years in the destruction of the rice farms.

Among other evil propensities of the Dyaks is an innate passion for head hunting. Although many attempts have been made by the government to put down inter-tribal warfare, and that with considerable success, the Dyaks still preserve in their villages the ghastly trophies of by-gone victories, and are only too glad when occasion offers to add to their number.

In 1895 a war broke out between the Dyaks and the Badangs, a tribe inhabiting the central highlands of Borneo. For six months the Rajang was practically denuded of its male population—all, young and old, having gone on the war-path. Thus every industry was thrown to the winds for the sake of the coveted trophy.

The fact of preserving the head of an enemy as a trophy of prowess in battle, when regarded superficially or at a distance, as an ancient custom followed by the savage warrior may not be considered very shocking. But when the abominations which the practice entails are looked into, the brutalizing effect of the custom becomes only too evident.

On the return of the above-mentioned expedition, a war boat containing trophies stopped at the mission landing. Hearing that there was a little captive on board, I went down to the water's edge to see what, to me, was an object of both sympathy and curiosity, for it was my first opportunity of meeting one of the Badang tribe.

The captive was a little girl of three years, a pretty child, very light with almost flaxen hair. Hanging before her, so near that she could have touched it with her baby hands, was the head of a woman, blackened and

charred by fire. The horrible thought struck me—"Was this the head of one of the child's relatives?"

As though in answer to my unspoken question, an old warrior, who was sitting near, laid a hand on the child's curls, saying:

"This is my young captive." Then, with a grim smile, pointing to the trophy, he added, "And this is her mother's head."

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As these war boats passed the various villages on the way down the river, the women came down to the strand and counted the ghastly trophies with exclamations of joy. It is but fair to say, however, that when they found a child captive they caressed the unfortunate little creature and sometimes shed tears over its forlorn condition.

Another of these children, a mere baby, was brought to the mission, and soon after baptism went to join the angels in Heaven. It had been brought hundreds of miles from the center of Borneo, according to the design of Providence, apparently, just that it might be saved by the regenerating waters. The mother was slain during the sack of a village. A young warrior took the babe from her arms as she lay dying, and for weeks, on the long journey to his home, tended it with a mother's care. Provisions ran short; many of the young man's comrades, exhausted by illness and starvation, lay down in the jungle and died. But our warrior did not abandon his small prize, whom he fed on berries and wild fruit. Thus, in his frail canoe, down rapids and past cataracts, he brought the little one safe to the mission.

After this war a strong tide of emigration set in, and thousands of families left the Rajang to settle on the banks of the Bintulu, the Saram and other rivers to the



SISTERS' CONVENT AT KANOWIT

northeast. The unrest caused by this exodus had scarce subsided when a powerful Dyak chief, living near the Dutch border, broke out in rebellion against the government. There are many difficulties attending warfare in the fastnesses of the tropical forests.

As Kanowit was on the confines of the disturbed district, the mission suffered much, and its work has been almost at a standstill for the last three years. Yet, during all this time, the natives have never injured the missionaries or the property of the mission. By the tact of the Rajah and his officials, this uprising has, thank God!—been brought to a close, the native chiefs having consented to make peace.

Our Kanowit missionaries must now renew their courage and start afresh. There are still two hundred and eighty Christians at the mission and a small school for boys. Within a few months the Sisters will return and re-open their convent. It having been found that the district is well suited for the cultivation of Para rubber, a

nursery of the trees has recently been planted. Our missionaries will do all they can to encourage the people to take up this promising industry.

What will be the future of the Dyak race, and what the result of the civilizing influences at present brought to bear upon these people, it is hard to forecast. Certainly, however, they are worthy of all the energy and zeal that the civil and spiritual organizations in the country have at command.

The Dyaks, in spite of their many shortcomings, are a fine, energetic people. They number some two hundred thousand in Sarawak territory, or one-third of the population, and, unlike some of the smaller tribes, they are on the increase. When all this is considered, is it too much to hope that the government, supplemented by the efforts of the missionaries, will do for the Dyak what the United States and the missionaries are doing for the Filipinos, who, a few centuries ago, were the same head-hunting savages that are now being tamed in Borneo?

MISSION LIFE AND NEEDS

The letters from the mission field published in this section were lately received at the Central Direction or some of the diocesan offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They will serve to show the needs of the missions and the results already obtained or hoped for, and also to express the gratitude of the missionaries to their benefactors. Appeals for help from missionaries will be entered here, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will gladly forward whatever answers readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may wish to give to them.

FROM SISTER MARY BENEDICT, LA PLONGE, SASK., CANADA.

"In July, 1905, in response to an appeal from Bishop Pascal, our little band of Missionary Sisters left Lyons, France, and, after a month's journey by steamer, rail, wagon and canoe, reached Lake La Plonge, which is veritably in the wilderness and thirty miles from Cross Island, the center of the Mission. Here we have a school of forty pupils, children of the mountaineers and Cree Indians, and we live absolutely alone among these people, having for our neighbors the wolves, lynx, bears, elks, and the caribous, which the natives kill in great numbers, in order to supply themselves with food.

"We are distant by a fifteen days' journey from Prince Albert, but our provisions must be brought from there and, as transportation triples the original cost, we are forced to deprive ourselves of many things deemed necessary in more civilized lands.

"Our little Indians live chiefly on fish. If the hunt is good the hunters sometimes bring to us a quarter of bear's or deer's or caribou meat. The winters are very long here; sometimes the thermometer reaches 55 degrees below zero.

"We are greatly in need of help in our work among these Indians, for we are very poor."

FROM REV. ANGLUS BLESSER, O.F.M., AMERICAN MISSIONARY ON THE WAY TO CHINA.

"On the deep and dark blue ocean, Oct. 25th.—Thus far our trip has been uneventful—no storm, no illness. We are due at Shanghai on November 5th; at Singanfoo, the goal of Father Doolin and myself, a few days before Christmas. Then I shall be able to send a longer letter to CATHOLIC MISSIONS. I have a portable altar and we celebrate Mass in our cabin almost every morning. This opportunity is a great consolation to us. There are seventeen Protestant missionaries bound for China on board the ship; almost all of them are women."

FROM REV. F. J. AELEN, MADRAS, INDIA.

"About a month ago, Bishop Aelen, Father Merkes and I paid a visit to one of my most distant parishes, Olleroc, where the bishop was to give Confirmation. No ecclesiastical dignity had ever before visited the village. The Christians of Olleroc belong to the lowest caste of Pariahs, but notwithstanding this the mayor of the place sent his own carriage to meet the bishop, who was received in solemn state with a band of music and fireworks. Many years ago, all the Christians left the town with the exception of one man, who was to guard the church. Now there are about fifty Catholic Pariahs in the place, and these have faithfully adhered to their religion though they live among a heathen population, and a missionary can visit them only a few times a year.

"I ask the reader for a little prayer for the Christians of Olleroc, for their perseverance. A prayer also for the surrounding villages in order that they too may come to appreciate our Holy Faith. Up to the present time, no one in the whole district has ever asked for instruction."

FROM BISHOP ALAIN DE BOISMENU, M.S.C., MAFULA, NEW GUINEA, OCEANICA.

"Missionary Brothers, who devote their energies in part to tilling the soil, and have some knowledge of trades, are greatly needed here. At our stations the rude buildings do not grow of themselves; the potatoes upon which we live must be planted and the ground kept free of weeds.

"The natives are like children. We teach them to work, but, while employed they require the constant presence of the missionary to direct and encourage them. Therefore, in the foundation and maintenance of the stations, the Brothers could do a great work. As there are none, the priests have to supply the need, attending, not only to their sacerdotal duties, but acting as excavators, carpenters, builders, and farmers. This double

work, though absolutely necessary under the circumstances, is wearing, continual, and takes much time from the special labors of their office. The heroic soul of Bishop Verjus, the founder of our Missions here in New Guinea, was thus oppressed and his ministry hampered. Seven years of such physical and missionary toil ruined his health and led to his early death. Thus was sacrificed a life most valuable to the apostolate."

FROM BISHOP STREICHER, OF THE WHITE FATHERS, RUBAGA, UGANDA.

"We have nine hundred and sixty-five catechists, whom we greatly depend upon to spread the Faith among the natives of Uganda. These catechists having been carefully instructed in the Catholic religion, go about the country teaching it to the people, thus making many converts whom the missionaries otherwise could not reach. As much of the time of these native teachers is taken up in this way, we have to help to support them by paying the hut tax imposed by the government, and a sum that exempts them from working on the roads opened by the Europeans. Now, with a large share of our resources from France cut off, I shall be forced to dismiss a large number of these catechists, and the work of evangelizing the natives will suffer unless we receive some other aid."

FROM THE REV. AMBROSE GONZAGA, VADDY, MALABAR COAST.

"Soon after I took charge at Vaddy, a fire broke out in the village and swept away a hundred houses. A few months later there was incessant rain, the sea was stormy and the tide rose so high that our Church of St. Anthony (which was two hundred years old), the parish house, the school, and hundreds of huts of my poor parishioners were washed away. These people live mainly by fishing; a minority have cocoanut plantations. There are few fish in the waters at present and the fishermen have no craft to go out for them. There is, therefore, general famine and starvation. I do not aim at rebuilding the church or parish house at present, but we must have the school to keep the small government grant that I obtained with great difficulty. If you will recommend my suffering flock to the charity of friends of the missions, I shall be very grateful."

FROM FATHER CLEMENT, GALLIPOLI, TURKEY IN EUROPE.

"Our mission is indeed in need of practical sympathy, for the people of this country are incomparably poor. When the winter comes this poverty will be changed to misery. The dryness of the past season withered the crops before they ripened. Many of the peasants did not reap half they sowed. As the harvest constitutes the principal resource, when it fails there is nothing. Our chapel, where our converts assemble, consists of two poor rooms. We took down the partition that divided them. To make a worthier dwelling place for the King of Heaven and

earth money is required, and the only way a missionary can get money is to collect it from the zealous and charitable. I try to collect it, therefore, but to help our poor and enlarge our chapel we need a thousand dollars. We hope some of the friends of the missions will be so generous as to assist us a little."

FROM FATHER BOURLET, P.F.M., MUC-SON, MARITIME TONQUIN.

"I have left my old post at Ban Nghin to come to Muc-Son. This is a country of mountains. At present famine reigns here. One sees hundreds of beggars, clad in rags, emaciated and wasting away. They drag themselves miserably from house to house, asking for food, until at last they fall exhausted by the wayside.

"Daily, numbers of them besiege my door. The Christians are my first care, for they are my spiritual children. I also try to help the poor pagans, but I can do little among so many who need aid. Ah, if I were only rich! How many souls there are to be saved; how many human beings in misery, there are to be assisted and encouraged. Among you are kind people who do not forget the missionaries struggling in the distant fields of the apostolate. May they remember my humble mission at Muc-Son."

FROM THE REV. EUGENE BOYER, P.F.M., BUDAMANGALAM, HINDUSTAN.

"My district was recently stricken with the cholera, which sowed misery and death in a number of villages. Smallpox also made its appearance. As if to prove to me, however, that the hour of supreme affliction and trial is God's hour, just when the scourge was most severe (in one day I had administered Extreme Unction to ten cholera patients) aid came to me and my poor people through the charity of friends of the missions. There is, nevertheless, still much to be done. At present the long-hoped for rain is beginning to fall. Ah, if it were a shower of gold, how much good might be accomplished here!"

FROM FATHER LECOCQ, C.S.SP., NGAZOBIL, SENEGAL.

"The Congregation of the Holy Ghost has here a Native Seminary, the Novitiate and Mother House of the Native (Negro) Sisters, called the Sisters of the Heart of Mary, orphanages for boys and girls, and an agricultural colony. Missionary Priests, Brothers and Sisters employ themselves in the religious, moral and material education of this little world.

"The soil is fertile, but its cultivation is attended with difficulties, due to the high temperature, the lack of water for irrigation, pernicious insects, and above all, by the invasions of the locusts. The latter trial was especially severe this year when for a month we beheld these terrible legions over-running our plantations and gardens, devouring everything. They are brought by the wind, and the wind finally sweeps them away. But as they devour the harvest, many of our poor people are left without food or resources."

MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES

The Right Rev. Monsignor O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, has been appointed Titular Bishop of Sebaste. Pope Pius X has appointed Monsignor Thomas F. Kennedy, D.D., rector of the American College, Rome, Titular Bishop of Adrianopolis.

CANADA

The Congregation of Propaganda has decided to raise the Vicariate Apostolic of Saskatchewan, a district comprising the Northwest Territories of Canada, to a bishopric, to be known as the Diocese of Prince Albert. Monsignor Albert Pascal is to be bishop of the new See. He is an Oblate of Mary.

EUROPE.

MISSIONARIES OF THE SACRED HEART The Very Rev. Father Chevalier, Founder of the Congregation of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (of Issoudun), died Oct. 21, in his eighty-fourth year, at Issoudun, France, where he was Curé for many years. He was expelled from his presbytery, shortly before his death, by

the French Government. The Congregation founded by him now counts 800 members, including an archbishop, three bishops, and a prefect apostolic.

AFRICAN MISSIONS OF LYONS At the General Meeting of the Society for African Missions of Lyons, presided over by Cardinal Coullié, the Rt. Rev. Paul Pellet, Bishop of Retimo, Vicar-General of the Society, and formerly Vicar-Apostolic of Benin, was elected Superior-General of the Society to succeed the Very Rev. Joseph Augustin Planque.

AFRICA.

TRAPPISTS IN AFRICA Among the Trappists, who are engaged in the work of evangelizing the natives of Darkest Africa, there are 60 priests, 30 choir Religious, 245 Brothers, and more than 400 Sisters. The Trappist priests have baptized 16,000 people, and have 1,970 catechumens. The schools of the Order are attended by 1,627 children.

CONGO FREE STATE The Very Rev. Michael Donsen, Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers in the Congo Free State, died on September 30. In this country there are five missionary steamers, four owned by non-Catholics. The Catholics have one, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

MOROCCO The hostilities in Morocco against the Europeans have ceased, but it is not yet clear whether Mulai Hafid intends to make a lasting peace with the white men, including the missionaries, or raise the country against them.

ASIA.

BURMA The Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph's, at Mandalay, recently received the decoration of the K. I. H. medal, conferred on her in this year's honor list by the Viceroy of British India, in recognition of her distinguished services to education. The presentation was made at the convent

by Sir Herbert Thirkell, Lieut.-Governor of Burma, in the presence of Bishop Foulquier, Vicar Apostolic, a number of the Catholic clergy, and the Sisters of the community.

MISSIONS IN THE ORIENT The Missions of the Friars Minor have 35 Chinese priests, the Dominican, 18 Chinese, and 158 native priests of Tonquin. There are 38 native priests in the Belgian vicariates of Kansu and Mongolia, and 68 in those evangelized by the Milanese missionaries. In the Jesuit missions the native element is represented by 244 priests, of whom 87 are Jesuits.

OCEANICA.

HAWAII Father André Burgermann, who died recently at Honolulu, was the assistant and successor of Father Damien in charge of the Lepers at Molokai.

NATIVE PRIESTS The Marist Fathers have, in Oceanica, seven native priests and one Seminary with 32 ecclesiastical students.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

In this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS the most important missionary magazines are reviewed, those published in the English language having the preference as being more accessible to the majority of our readers. Attention is directed to articles, pamphlets, and books bearing on the missionary question in order that the friends of the missions may be kept informed of the progress of the Church among infidels, heathens, and all outside the fold.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith (December) contains a Report of the Allocations made to the Missions by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in 1907. The total amount distributed by the Society was \$1,205,385.55. Of the dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, etc., that received help, forty-eight are in Europe, one hundred and twenty-three in Asia, sixty-seven in Africa, twenty-four in Oceanica, and thirty-six in America, making a total of two hundred and ninety-eight. Twenty dioceses of the United States, including our territorial possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies, were assisted to the extent of \$37,130. To this figure must be added a sum of \$15,330.67, representing special donations forwarded from the central office directly to a number of American Missions. The amount of \$52,460.67 is, therefore, the allowance of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to the missions of the United States, from January to December, 1907.—"The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart" (of Issoudun) is the December chapter of the series,

"The Societies of Catholic Missionaries," and the apostolic labors of these zealous Fathers in Oceanica are graphically described.—"A Glance Over China," by Bishop Hofman, O.F.M., encouragingly compares the present religious state of the Chinese Empire with the conditions fifty years ago.

The Good Work (November) is published by the New York Diocesan Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the interests of the missions. The editor says: "It is almost incredible what can be accomplished in the majority of our missions with even a little money. Five dollars a month will keep a chapel and pay the salary of a native catechist for a year in some parts of China. In others, ten dollars a year will pay the salary of a catechist who, in the absence of the priest, preaches to the congregation assembled in the chapel on Sundays and holydays."

The Annals of the Holy Childhood (November) gives an account of the

distribution of the Funds of the Society in 1907. The report shows that the resources of the "Holy Childhood" during the past year exceeded, by two thousand dollars, the alms gathered in 1906. Nevertheless, there has been a falling off in France, by reason of the burden cast upon the people by the law of separation of Church and State.

An additional impetus to the Catholics of France to make still more strenuous efforts in behalf of the missions will, perhaps, be found, however, in the fact, quoted by Mgr. Demimuid, President of the Central Council, that in Germany, during the Kulturkampf, the amount collected annually by the Society of the Holy Childhood, instead of being lessened, was increased, so that at the end of the persecution, in 1889, the sum was double what it had been at the beginning of the struggle. Moreover, the impulse then given to the work in the German Empire has steadily continued.

This number of the little magazine also publishes missionary letters from Father Tisseraud, of Wenchou-Tche-

Kiang, China, and Father Bresson, of North Nyanza, the latter describing singular phases of the "Sleeping sickness." There is, too, a pen-picture by a Sister in Mauritius, of the native children in her care.

The Messenger (December), in "The First English Catholics in America," reviews the first volume of the new work, by the Rev. T. Hughes, S.J., on "The History of the Society of Jesus in America," which deals with the Jesuit mission of Maryland in colonial days, and shows Cecilus Calvert, Lord Baltimore, as by no means the hero he is so frequently painted.

In the November *Messenger* the consideration of "The Present Status of the Catholic Indian Problem," which is the very soul of the missionary problem, is continued by Rev. H. G. Ganss, in a comparison between the Catholic and Government Indian Schools, with the addition of a few practical suggestions. However praiseworthy the attitude of the Administration toward its Catholic Indian wards, sympathetic as are its relations with the Catholic Indian Schools, the Government School can only partially meet the requirements of the Catholic conscience, because of the absence of any definite religious teaching in its system. The Catholic Indian School demands our generous support. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith among Indian children should become a national organization, with membership in every Catholic home. The Indian problem is drawing to a close. As a national problem it remains unsolved. Commissioner Leupp declared that "the day of the reservation is passing, and the future of the Indian lies in individual effort." The abolition of the reservation means the extinction of the Indian as a race. The concentrated efforts of the missionary and teacher should be, then, to fit him for amalgamation with the mass of the people. Another generation will close the last chapter of the Indian as a Nation.

Anthropos (December) announces that, from January, 1908, it will be published at Modling, near Vienna, Austria, instead of, as heretofore, at Salzburg. A distinguished critic accords to this valuable polyglot magazine high rank among Ethnological Reviews of the best order. That this well-deserved praise will be still further justified is guaranteed by the list of articles to appear in the pages of *Anthropos* during the coming year.—In the current number the sketch in English by Ralph A. Durand, notes the effect of "Christian Influences on African Folk Lore."—"Madagascan Manners and Customs," by the Rev. Paul Comboué, S.J.; "An Ancient Manuscript on the Todas," edited by the Rev. L. Besse, S.J.; "Am-

manite Popular Philosophy," by the Rev. L. Cadière, P.F.M., and "Maladies and Remedies of the Fijians," by the Rev. E. Rougier, S.M., are the new treatises in French.—Father Dautzenberg, C.M., writes in Spanish of "The Dialects of Central and South America," and Father Egidi, D.D., M.S.C., in Italian, on "The Tauata Tribe, British New Guinea."—In German, "The Tribes of the Kameroun" are described by the Rev. G. A. Adams; Rev. W. Schmidt, the erudite editor, concludes his study of "The Sounds of Speech," and Father Meier, M.S.C., closes his series on "Myths and Traditions of the Admiralty Islands."—The serials in French on "The Thays," by Father A. Bourlet, and "The Beliefs and Practices of the Malinké Fetiches," are also concluded. The illustrations of the number are up to the usual superior standard of the magazine.

Extension (December). "How I Spent Last Christmas" is a collection of incidents of the Feast of the Nativity, as celebrated at isolated mission stations in our western states, related by the zealous, hard-working missionaries themselves. "The Description of Christmas Among the Indians," by Rev. J. Cataldo, S.J., and the festival as observed by a priest on the mission in Texas, are particularly interesting.

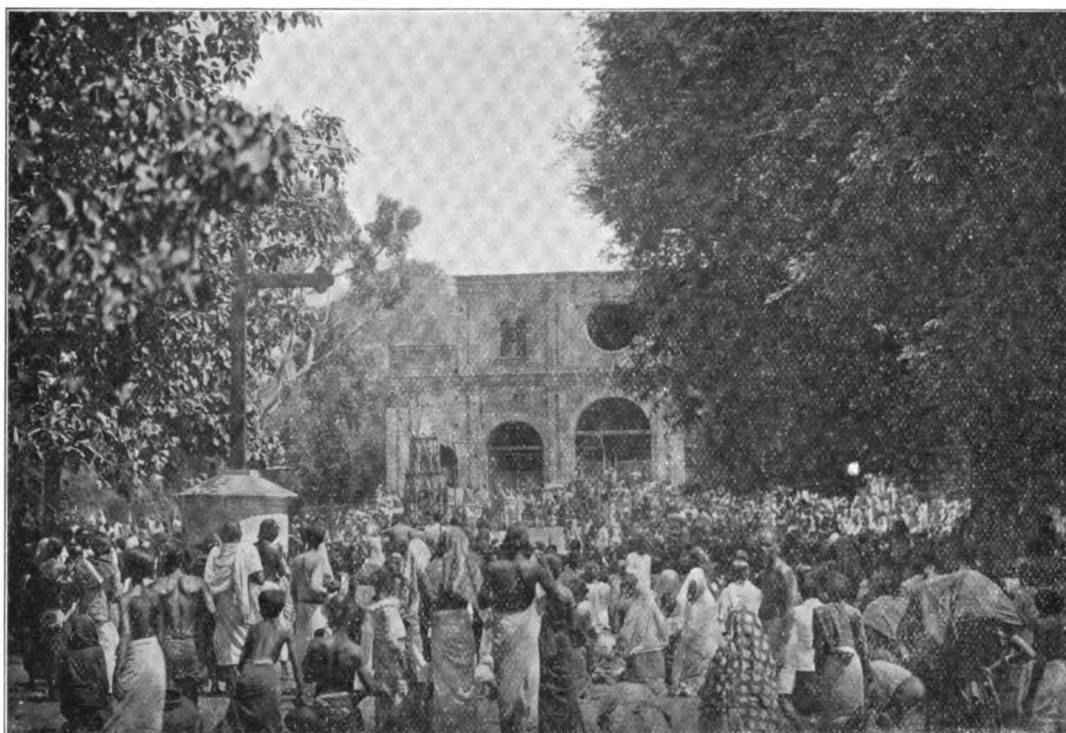
The Indian Advocate (December), continuing its valuable historical series on "Catholic Missions Among the Indians," in this issue treats first of the early missions in New England, beginning with the attempt by the Jesuit, Father Biard, at Mt. Desert, Maine (1613), in connection with a French military post. At St. Francis' Mission of the Falls of the Chaudière, Quebec, and, two years later, at Sillery, were gathered many Indians of the New England tribes, driven from their hunting grounds by King Philip's War. The celebrated Father Sebastian Rasle began at Norridgewock, on the Kennebec, the work that is so inseparably connected with his name, though the mission was already founded, and nearly the whole Abnaki tribe was Christian. Proceeding to the history of the Interior States the writer tells of their first missionary, Father Juan de Padilla, who gave up his life for souls on the Kansas prairies in 1524. Then follows a brief summary of the work of the Jesuits in this region, including the labors of the great Marquette. Less familiar is the story of the missions of the Columbia regions, among the Flatheads and Nez Percés, which concludes the sketch.

St. Joseph's Missionary Advocate, London (Winter Number), tells of the second band of Redemptorist Fathers who have gone out to the immense diocese of Cebu, P. I., where Bishop

Hendrick is fighting an up-hill battle to keep the faith alive among his people. What has become of the Dominican and Augustinian priests who, a few years ago, were quietly shipped from the Philippines to Spain? Archbishop Harty gives a partial but very touching answer to the question: "The old priests of the religious orders, returned to Spain, are living in retirement," he said in a reply to a journalist. "I visited their monasteries on my way to America. Many of them had spent from twenty to forty years, and one had toiled for fifty-three years in the Islands. In one monastery at Barcelona, there are thirty-seven of these priests. I spent three days with them, and their appeals to be taken back, that they might resume their work, moved me deeply. But their time for work is past, for the average age of these missionaries is seventy-five years. Their devotion to the spiritual needs of those to whom they had ministered was very beautiful. Their questions were—'Are the people attending the services of the Church?' 'Are their children baptized?' 'Are they receiving proper instruction?' 'What kind of lives are they living?' Material conditions were forgotten in zeal for the souls of the people."

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London (November).—The history of the Catholic Missions in the Samoa Islands is continued by Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., and Father Lebreton, O.M.I., pursues his apostolic journey "Across the Mountains of Basutoland." The Sanars of India are described by Father Deniau, missionary at Coimbatore. Of his flock, Father Deniau says: "It is sometimes imprudent to threaten a backslider with the punishment of Heaven, for if the man's ox should die, or his house take fire, or he should be stricken with disease, the people would not fail to hold the missionary responsible for these misfortunes."—Rev. S. Bizeul, S.J., writing of Catholic Missionary Work in China, and the Education of Children, says: "Our schools in China in no way resemble European schools. Less attention is paid to order and discipline. One has to take into account the customs of the country. The children must be pleased, and happy to come to us. A little over-severity would drive them away."

The Salesian Bulletin (November).—The initial article is an editorial on the decree, recently ratified by Pope Pius X, for the introduction of the cause of the Beatification of the Venerable Dom Bosco. There is another instalment of "The Apostle Among His Companions," recollections of the childhood and youth of the holy founder of the Salesian Congregation, and the incidents of missionary life in Patagonia are edifying and instructive.



A Festival in India

Catholic Missions

Editorial Notes

A Great American Missionary

A FEW weeks ago there died in Baltimore a priest whose name is probably unknown to the majority of our readers. Though he had lived more than fifty years in that city of many Catholic associations, he, perhaps, was not acquainted with fifty individuals there, or in the whole United States, outside of Church circles. Nevertheless, few men have done as much as did this true apostle for the conversion of Americans to the Catholic Faith.

We speak of Father Dissez, the late Director of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Father Dissez came to this country, as a member of the Society of St. Sulpice, to devote himself to the formation of the American clergy. Never was a man more faithful to his vocation. During his long life at the Seminary he seldom left its precincts and, probably, never addressed an ordinary congregation. It has been estimated, however, that, in his half a century at St. Mary's, he trained fifteen hundred priests. Many of these have already been summoned to receive their reward. The others may be found in every diocese of the country, and a number of them have attained high position and dignities in the Church.

Father Dissez was not merely an able professor. He taught by example as well as by precept. Who can measure the salutary influence he exercised over the fifteen hundred priests who, as ecclesiastical students, were under his care, whom he inspired with zeal and piety and taught the practice of all apostolic virtues, forming their minds and hearts after the Divine Model, Christ. To-day there are, perhaps, hundreds of thousands of Catholics throughout the land who owe the blessing of conversion, or the advantage of

being ministered unto by a pious and devoted clergy to this man, whose name they have never heard. May he rest in peace! The sentiment of all who ever approached this great American missionary is beautifully voiced by Archbishop Ireland:

"In the death of Father Dissez the Church of America sees a Saint transferred from earth to heaven."

Father Donovan

IN the death of Father Donovan, for the last three years Superior of St. Joseph's Society, the cause of the Negro missions has sustained a serious loss, and the colored people of this country have been deprived of one of their best friends.

Father Donovan was, verily, an apostolic man, and had only one aim in view, the conversion of the race to whom he had devoted his life. He was a most successful missionary because his heart was in his work. He really loved the poor, ill-treated, despised Negro of the South. He loved him for the love of Christ, and because he saw in him his brother in Christ. This is the secret of Father Donovan's success in the mission field, as it has been the secret of all successful missionaries. May his spirit animate all the members of the family of which he was the head, and to which he has left a remarkable example of missionary zeal and virtue. R. I. P.

Philippine Missionaries

THE charitable people who helped to send missionaries to the Philippines, a few months ago, will be pleased to read the following extracts from a letter we have just received from the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate at Manila:

"Thanks to the generosity of your Associates, the Mill Hill Fathers have reached the Philippines and are already at work in the Diocese of Jaro. Never could I hope to see a better set of young priests come out here to help us in this arduous work. The dear departed Bishop Rooker, a martyr indeed to his zeal, is looking down from heaven with joy and surely obtaining many blessings for the generous benefactors who have contributed towards bringing out more priests to his beloved diocese. . . . Please let our benefactors know how greatly their generous charity is appreciated. . . ."

Father Verbrugge, the Superior of these Fathers, writes us, also. After mention of the great difficulties and hardships encountered by the new missionaries, he adds with truly apostolic confidence: "But God has never failed us in His Holy Providence!"

Indian Missions

WE greatly regret to hear that the various appeals in behalf of the Indian missions, made by Father Ketcham, Director of the Indian Bureau, have not met with satisfactory results. May the present year be more fruitful! The cause of the Indians is a sacred one. They are the wards of the nation and more especially of the Catholics in America. For only from the members of the Catholic Church can they expect the means of conversion, or of the preservation of their belief and practise of the true religion.

Our Society has always been interested in the Indian missions. It assists a number of them. Last year the Jesuit missions in the Rocky Mountains received \$3,605.00 from the Propagation of the Faith, the Alaska missions, \$4,234.00, and those in Oklahoma, \$2,657.00. Most of the allocations made to Western dioceses, moreover, are intended for their Indian missions. We shall be pleased to transmit any offerings our benefactors may wish to make to their Indian friends.

Our Methodist Brethren

WE fully agree with the "Pittsburg Catholic" who says in an editorial: "Our esteemed confrères are disposed to poke fun at the Methodist brethren over the monies they are spending to pervert Italian Catholics. There is nothing funny in the matter; it has altogether a serious side for us. Our duties are thereby more strongly emphasized, and the question becomes paramount, Do we, as far as we are able, live up to our duties?"

Lovers of the Cross

By the Rev. J. F. Matrat, P.F.M.

The diocese of Nagasaki numbers several communities of Japanese Christian virgins, whose especial vocation is the work of instructing the native women and children in the truths of religion.

The first convent of these devoted teachers was founded at Motobari, a village situated in the heart of the Christian district of Urakami. An early one, also, is Tasaki on Hirado Island, a locality where, for twenty-five years, I labored as a missionary. Having watched the beginning and development of this latter establishment, I will now describe its aim and work, for the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Father Pélu was the first missionary who, after the resuscitation of the ancient Church of Japan, in 1865, took up his abode permanently in the Hirado district.

This was in the spring of 1878. From among the best of the native men and women of the vicinity, who had been already converted and trained at the Mission of Nagasaki, he formed a band of catechists. These devout Catholics were of great assistance to him in his ministry among the new neophytes, and in extending the faith among the pagans.

The missionary soon realized, however, that the women-catechists, living in their families, had much less time at their disposal than the men, and also lacked the liberty of action necessary for their work.

Resolving, accordingly, to unite in communities the most capable and zealous of these young women, who had chosen a life of virginity, he founded two convents, one at Kurashima, an island near Hirado, for the southern territory of the district, and the other at Tasaki, for the northern part. We need only mention the first, which is both successful and prosperous. This article will, as I have said, be devoted to the second.

In those days, as at present, Catholics were fairly

numerous in Tasaki. Its situation on Hirado Island, in the neighborhood of several other Christian villages, rendered it an excellent choice. Hibosashi would, indeed, have been more central but, for various reasons, the installation of the community in a city was deemed unadvisable.

This vicinity, too, is the chief center of the "separated" Christians of the island. These are the descendants of the ancient Christians, who have preserved certain vestiges of Catholicism.

The women-catechists first assembled at Tasaki, on the eleventh of October, 1880, in a room given up to them by a Catholic family. Here they lived until the fifteenth of the following March, when they removed to an old house bought for them by Father Pélu.

They were now able, as far as their great poverty and the exigencies of their quarters would permit, to hold catechism classes and gather together, from time to time, newly-converted young girls, in order to instruct them in the duties of the Christian life.

So many pious Japanese women hastened to join this community that soon the house would not accommodate them.

Father Raguet who, in September, 1882, had succeeded Father Pélu, began to build for the Lovers of the Cross (which was the name they had chosen) a new convent on the site of the former residence of the missionary.

Here they established themselves, in October, 1886, and their previous dwelling became the orphanage of the Holy Childhood.

As during the preceding year, however, the parish and missionary residence had been transferred from Tasaki to Hibosashi, the catechists found themselves more than two miles distant from the church.

In the beginning, they did not possess so much as a small piece of land that they could cultivate. They lacked even the necessary furniture and utensils for their house-



LOVERS OF THE CROSS AND ORPHAN CHILDREN



PRESENT HOME OF LOVERS OF THE CROSS

hold. For a while they were supported by their relatives. Seeing that they could not continue to live in this way, they determined to maintain themselves.

After having obtained a few household goods and measures of rice from their families, they set to work, making ropes of straw which they carried into the City of Hirado and sold. They wove cloth, rented land and cultivated it, and often toiled by the day for the Christians and even for the pagans.

To the latter, indeed, their conduct was a veritable sermon. Over and above all, the greater number of them taught the catechism and visited the sick.

Notwithstanding their efforts, however, they could earn but little. Occasionally, the missionary aided them but, as they never complained, their need was often unknown. At other times, having scarce enough for his own necessities, he could not render them much assistance.

The first years of their community life were indeed year 1882 and 1883 were famine years, during which the poor women went to sleep, supperless. Moreover, the years 1882 and 1883 were famine years, during which the Lovers of the Cross had to supply food for three children belonging to poor Catholic families, five young "separated" Christian girls, who were preparing for baptism, and two catechists who came to Tasaki to visit the missionary.

When their guests had finished a meal the members of the community took what was left, and sometimes had to be content with only a very meagre repast. Sometimes, in the evening, they were compelled by necessity to go without food.

Neither Father Pélu nor Father Raguet ever knew the full extent of the misery they endured during these first years. I only learned it a comparatively short time ago from the Superior, who smilingly spoke of it to me, adding that she and her companions did not regret having passed through these trials.

Despite this great poverty, their number continued to

increase. At present, the community consists of twenty-six women-catechists; of these three are still only novices. Now, they have ground to cultivate and several little rice plantations. It was Father Raguet who, in 1888, bought for them their first land.

This missionary, who had been the vicar since 1882, was transferred from Hirado to another post, and I remained to replace him. The good Father, however, continued, from a distance, to interest himself for the benefit of the Lovers of the Cross, and it was through the assistance he obtained for them that they were able, a little later, to buy other ground. Unfortunately, they have not yet sufficient for the support of the community, for in Japan the land is divided into extremely small patches.

In 1902 a number of the readers of the French edition of *Catholic Missions*, published at Lyons, sent me a generous alms. I was thus able to put into execution the project of which I had long dreamed, namely, to build a larger convent for these Japanese virgins, for the structure in which they lived was now much too small to accommodate them. Above all, it was impossible to assemble there the Christian women and children in order to teach them, the catechism, the catechumens, that they might be prepared for baptism, and the younger girls, both Christian and pagan, that they might learn how to sew.

The work of building this residence was twice interrupted, but it was, finally, completed in July, 1905. Installed in their new home, the Lovers of the Cross celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their foundation. Alas, hardly was the convent finished, when in the short space of three weeks it was successively damaged by two typhoons, the cyclonic wind storms of Japan.

The havoc wrought by these storms, which were of extraordinary violence, was in part repaired, by degrees, where the necessity was most urgent; but I am still awaiting the means to make other important repairs that should not be postponed.

It would be well, also, to build a small chapel beside the new convent. The lack of resources compels me to delay this work for the present.

Since the twenty-fourth of September, 1906, the Bishop of Nagasaki has permitted me to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in a room of the convent. He could not have accorded me a greater favor.

Our Lord is not neglected in this humble oratory. These Japanese virgins, who have dedicated their lives to His service, visit Him frequently and pray especially for their benefactors.

Daily before the tabernacle, also, they beseech our Divine Master to grant them the graces necessary to enable them to toil with unflagging zeal, and with fruit, for the propagation of the faith among the pagans and

separated Christians, and for the instruction of the new Catholics of the district.

The especial vocation and object of the Lovers of the Cross is to explain the catechism and the Catholic religion to mothers of families, young girls, and aged persons, to instruct and train children in the Christian life, not only girls but boys, until they have made their first Communion, and to prepare catechumens for baptism.

They also visit Catholic, pagan and separated Christian women and children who may be ill, prepare dying Christians to receive the last sacraments, and sometimes administer baptism, in cases of immediate danger of death, where it is impossible to summon the priest.

This is the work that was laid out for them by their founder, Father Pélu, and this the work they have done from the beginning and will continue to do, so far as their great poverty will permit. At present, they also hold a catechism class for the aged every Sunday.

For several years two of these catechists have lived, respectively, in two large villages of separated Christians, and have devoted all their efforts to bring these poor, mistaken people to the true religion once fervently practised by their ancestors.

A third has, for some time, been stationed in the City of Hirado, where we have now a little center of twenty-eight Catholic families. A fourth lives in a distant settlement that the missionary is able to visit only at long intervals. Still another toils in the Kagoshima district. All these consecrated catechists return, from time to time, to the community, remain in the convent a few days, and then go back to their posts.

Since the Lovers of the Cross work with so much success for the propagation of the Faith, I am anxious to help them to establish in their new convent two free schools, one for fine needlework, dressmaking, and embroidery, and the other for the instruction of deaf-mutes.

The school for needlework they, indeed, started, some time ago, but, having among themselves no skilled teachers in the higher branches of this art, they were forced to temporarily discontinue their classes.

Two members of the community were, however, sent to the schools in the city, where they obtained their diplomas as competent dressmakers. They will, in the near future, I hope, reopen their school for the Christian and pagan girls of Tasaki and its environs. Many of the young pagans will, no doubt, in this manner be converted to the true faith.

Four years and a half ago, I sent another member of this congregation to the government school for deaf-mutes at Tokyo, that she might learn the most approved and successful method of teaching these unfortunates. I hoped that upon her return she would be able to found a little free school for the Catholic, separated Christian and pagan deaf-mutes of the district. The latter are entirely neglected.

Alas, this catechist had scarce finished her course of training when she contracted a cold at Hirado and, after an illness of only a few weeks' duration, she was called by Our Lord to Himself.

Her last moments were very edifying, as her life had

always been, and I am sure that, in Heaven, she prays for her former fellow-workers, the Lovers of the Cross, and obtains for them many blessings.

Because of her death, the foundation of the school for deaf-mutes has been unavoidably postponed for several years. From the ordinary point of view and considering the expenses to be provided for, I might say it may never become a reality. This projected school must be free for the greater number of the pupils. Abundant resources are, consequently, necessary to maintain it; and I have none.

Nevertheless, it appears to me that this work is necessary, and therefore that God wills it shall be established. If this is so, Divine Providence will come to our aid and send us the means to carry out our project for the amelioration of the spiritual and temporal condition of the deaf and dumb of this part of Japan.

Although the teaching of the catechism is the especial object of the Lovers of the Cross, a number of them have no opportunity to pursue this mission. They toil in the fields, at the loom, or other occupations, in order that the community may become, by degrees, self-supporting.

They, however, follow the same exercises of piety as their companions who are engaged in more direct missionary labors, and pray for them and for the Catholics, separated Christians, and pagans of the district.

Others again can no longer work, for they are broken down by age and the privations of the early years of the foundation. Humanly speaking, they are a burden to the community. But, as they endure their sufferings and infirmities in the spirit of true Lovers of the Cross, they



LOVERS OF THE CROSS

help to render fruitful the work of the younger members of the congregation, and draw down upon them the blessing of God.

The religious rule of this little group of pious women was not definitely formulated until February, 1897. According to it, the Bishop of Nagasaki is the Director of the congregation, which is subject to his authority, as its head. Every three years the Lovers of the Cross elect a Superior and two assistants, who do not enter upon their duties until the election is approved by the bishop.

This Superior and her assistants are required by the rule to confer with the missionary priest, who is the superior of the district, in the appointment of the catechists who are to work among the Catholics, separated Christians and pagans. For the rest, the community follow a rule of life that the missionary can not change without the consent of the bishop.

The Lovers of the Cross rise daily at 5 A. M. and, after morning prayers, devote half an hour to spiritual meditation, which is succeeded by the recitation of the rosary. Three-quarters of an hour are then given to study. Breakfast is at 7.15 A. M. When the frugal meal is over, each member of the community goes to her work.

At a quarter to seven in the evening they make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Seven o'clock is the time for supper, after which there is a short recreation. Three-quarters of an hour of study, again, and a spiritual reading, in common, complete the day. At nine o'clock night prayers are said, there is a short reading of the points of the meditation for the next morning and, at half past nine, the community retire.

When any of the Lovers of the Cross can not follow the exercises of piety with the community, as often happens to the catechists and those in charge of the orphanage,

they perform these duties at the earliest possible opportunity.

On Sundays and, also, on the days when Mass is said in their little oratory, the Lovers of the Cross assist at the Holy Sacrifice. On other days of the week only six or seven of the community attend Mass at the church in Hibosashi.

Every First Friday, Mass is celebrated in their chapel and they all receive Communion. The greater number approach the Holy Table two or three times a week. They make an annual retreat, for which those who are stationed at different posts return to the convent.

To become a member of the congregation, the aspirant must have spent two years in the novitiate, be at least twenty-one years of age, and must be accepted by the majority of the community, who vote for or against her admission.

The Lovers of the Cross wear the usual dress of Japanese women. Nevertheless, they rightly consider themselves religious.

It is true, they do not take the vows of poverty and obedience, but individually they possess nothing. When they receive clothing or other presents from their relatives, before putting these gifts to use they must ask permission of the Superior, who generally grants it but may refuse if she thinks well to do so. No member of the community is free to choose her own work. Each one must accept the task imposed upon her. And all obey the rule and the Superior.

Thus they, in fact, practice with uncommon fidelity the virtues of poverty and obedience. Almost all of them take, also, a temporary vow of chastity. Finally, their lives are very laborious, and their food is that of the poorest people in Japan. It consists almost wholly of potatoes. The rice raised on their little patches of ground they keep for the sick.

An Indian Mission

By the Rev. P. de Rougé, S.J.

My mission among the Indians of Okenagon County, Washington State, was begun several years ago. The land whereon it is situated was at first only a wilderness of sage-brush; there was not a house, not even a fence for many miles.

My first log-cabin was the chapel as well. By degrees, however, I was able to build a small church and start a school. Time passed. My assistants and I were in great poverty, often not knowing where to obtain the next meal. The Indians showed an excellent disposition and were eager to have a good school, but this seemed almost impossible because of the expense.

Providence came to our aid. Sometimes on the very day when a bill was due, and we had no means to pay it, the mail would bring a little offering from some unknown friend, who had heard of the mission and its needs.

Soon we were able to build a little more, to take in more children, to pay a teacher, etc.

Yet we had no source of income to depend upon for the immediate future. That we are able to keep up the mission and school seems a miracle from day to day.

The majority of the Indians of this locality have been ruined by contact with and the bad example of the white men. Fire water has been their undoing. They no longer heed the missionary's exhortations. To save the children and train up a new generation is now our chief hope.

We have the school, but its support depends almost entirely upon charity. If we do not take the children they will be lost to the Church. They will also sink to the depths of vice and degradation.

The children of the white settlers have to be cared for in the same manner. The majority of these settlers, com-

ing upon new lands, after having built a house and fenced in a little ground, have no money left.

They have no church. The visiting missionary says Mass in the house. The children do not receive the proper instruction. The only schools they have are the miserable country schools, where the few things taught, in a perfunctory manner, are not of the least practical value to them, and they never hear anything about God. For instance, one day a lady teacher, in such a school, brought the backbone of a pig, from which to teach physiology to the children.

St. Mary's is the only Catholic school within a radius of

How many pupils ought we to care for here, thus probably saving them from perdition? One, two, yes, at least three hundred.

At present our buildings, if on one line, would occupy a space about four hundred feet long. We have three teachers, a small farm and a garden. The buildings are kept very clean, but everything is absolutely plain and simple.

I write hundreds of letters asking for help. Sometimes, in answer, I receive twenty-five cents, occasionally five dollars. The smallest alms for the work is gratefully received.

Each month we make a novena with our pupils for the



INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST

more than a hundred miles. It must be a boarding school on account of the distances from which the pupils come.

Our first aim in this school is the mission work among the Indians. It is the best school also for the white children. If they are not brought up at a Catholic school, having no other means of becoming informed with regard to their religion, they will hardly remain Catholics.

The school must have signal advantages, in order that there can be no excuse for not sending the children. It must be better than the government schools, established for the Indians, as well as superior to the little public schools offered to the children of the white Catholic settlers. Yet, on the other hand, the terms for tuition must be extremely low; otherwise parents would object and be unable to afford to send their children.

benefactors of the mission, and many holy communions are offered for the intentions of these good friends. During the novenas we, also, beg St. Joseph to send us means to continue the work. Thus it is that still, notwithstanding our many difficulties, the school goes on.

The Evil One seems to try hard to stop the work, to prevent the children from being sent to us. It is sad, indeed, to behold many Indian and white youths of this region already gamblers, drunkards and lost in immorality. It is, on the contrary, very consoling to see our boys going every week to Holy Communion. Sometimes they ask permission to go oftener. No one ever misses the communion of the First Friday, and many make the Holy Hour before the Blessed Sacrament in the night.

Why should not this good work be extended? Why

should not many more poor boys be cared for here, and protected from the bad example and crime so rife in these pioneer districts? The boys who are with us show much good-will; it is easy to direct them in the right way.

I have said that I write many letters and a few bring encouraging answers. The greater number, however, are never answered at all. If people would only realize the good they could do by helping this school, our situation would be made less difficult.

My poor boys! I proposed to them to come with me and cut our fire-wood for the winter, telling them that

in this way we might lighten one item of expense. They agreed at once. The good-will they put into their toil and the courage with which they kept at it, would have touched the hardest heart.

Then, when the task was over, they thoroughly enjoyed an exciting game of baseball.

They have all come back after the holidays, because they wanted to come. They like their school, and if they persevere they will be fine young men.

May the charity of old and new friends, able to help in the work of training these youths, send us aid, in the name of the Sacred Heart.

The School at Nsambya

By Mother Paul, O.S.F.

This season (December) reminds me of our near approach to African shores, four years ago. After one month in the steamer, we were indeed glad to walk again on the broad, firm earth, and to be near enough to a church in Mombasa to hear Holy Mass on the feast of the Epiphany.

The interesting journey from the coast to the shores of Lake Victoria, Nyanza, the exciting trip over the turbulent lake, and the experience of being carried in our canoe right up on dry land by the dear enthusiastic natives, all proved but a preparation for the life we came to live for God and our Holy Faith in Equatorial Africa.

Our interest in the work increases daily, and it is good to see the little children coming to us now, with no sign of the terror they manifested when first we made our appearance here.

After five months' study of Luganda, the Sisters had sufficient knowledge of the language to make themselves understood, and school work was at once begun. Sixty

timid little pupils presented themselves, and I felt a pang in my heart for calling them away from their bird-like, free life in the open sunshine, to spend regular hours at tasks difficult to them, in the school rooms of mud-plastered walls without other adornment than the gaudy picture of Our Blessed Lady, and the wild flowers the children never failed to bring daily for its decoration.

With all this dreary bareness, there was an immeasurable attraction to each one of them, viz., to learn the wonderful lessons of Our Lord's life upon earth, and the teachings of the Church. Their faith is beautiful in its simplicity! Their eagerness to learn the alphabet and finally to read, that they might thus understand more of their holy religion, made them regular and attentive,—even greedy for the opportunities the school presented.

One Sister attempted to give object lessons for a few minutes daily, but the children listened with evident disrelish to what she was saying. At last, one bolder than the rest said to her:

"We beseech you to tell us of Jesus Christ and our religion, and to cease telling us about the things that are of this earth."

The object lessons were at once given up, to everybody's satisfaction. The most coveted riches here consist of a rosary, crucifix and chain, and these are in no way meaningless ornaments to our pupils. No subject so enthralls them as the stories of the Old and New Testaments, and the early Christian Martyrs.

The Missionary Fathers have chosen for the patrons of their people early saints, whose names are not now so frequently heard in European and American home-circles.

Occasionally these have the good effect of making us merry, as many names are not easily pronounced by the natives. When children come to be "written down" as new pupils, and give such names as "Kery Ketua" (Perpetua), and "Polykolopi" (Polycarp), one has to smile! Ask anyone of those who



A UGANDA HUT.

come to the school to tell you the history of his saint, and he will be quite ready and able to comply with your request.

The children are prepared for confession and holy communion. The missionary examines and passes the successful ones. Thus far, four hundred and eighty-seven children have been instructed and prepared for the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.

When Confirmation has been received, the children consider themselves graduated and, it is thenceforth very difficult to induce them to come to school. They argue that it is necessary for them to go back to the distant villages to tend the herds of sheep and goats, and allow a smaller brother to come here to the mission for religious instruction.

Food is not plentiful here where many are gathered together, and each one longs to go back to his or her own humble family hut and garden and flocks.

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home" seems to be as true with regard to these dear natives as with others who live in the Nsambya Mission! Yet they, for the great cause, are willing to suffer deprivation, at least for a certain time.

However, we have the happiness of receiving frequent visits from our former pupils. Once a month, on a given date, they come back for a few days' preparation for confession, and to receive Holy Communion together in a body.

This is a great event. The word goes round from village to village and, after many reviews of past lessons, told over on the roads, the children meet here. A special roll-book is kept, and a good mark is given to each one when the young people come in for the monthly confession. We have been able to keep track of the majority of our past pupils in this way, and to send messages to those who have failed to come. Excuses are sent in from

many who report from far off districts, to which they have gone for a time.

The last great act of preparation in school is the order to go to the river and wash themselves thoroughly, and to wash their piece of cloth, or *kanzer*, that is the only clothing of the Uganda native. In most cases we are positively sure that this is the bath of the month. Indeed, if the children are asked why they do not bathe, they will indignantly reply that they *did* wash themselves

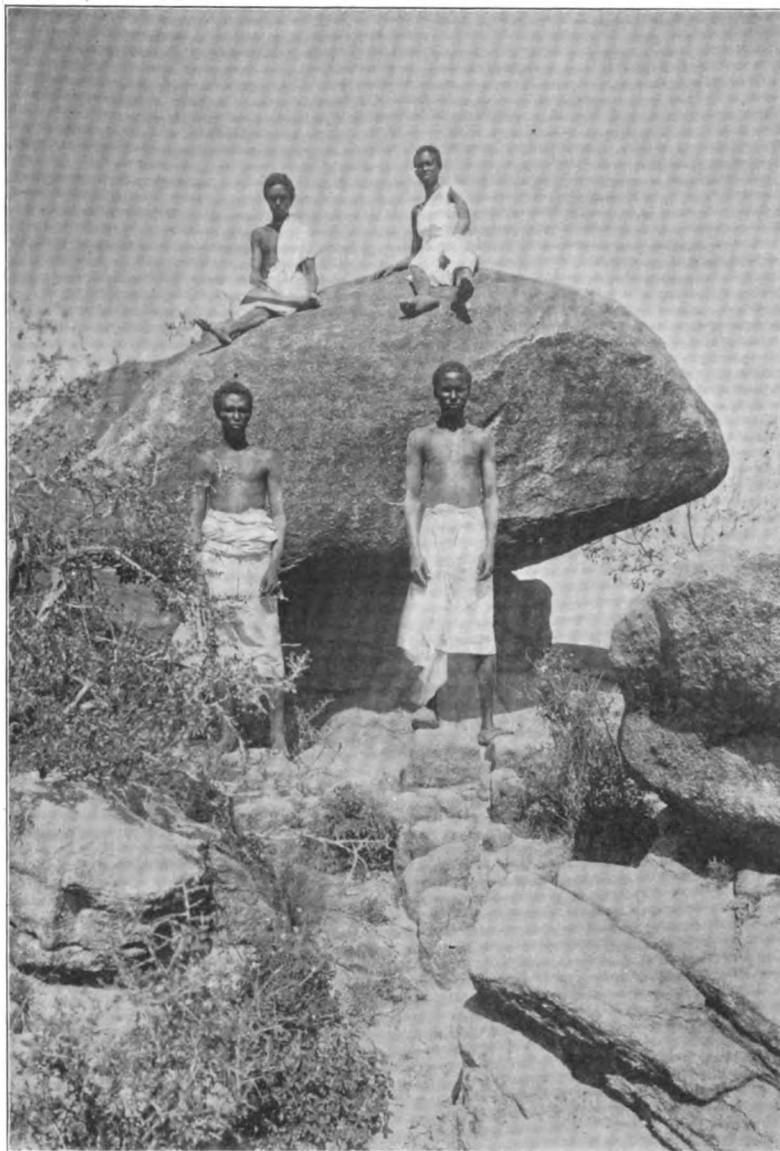
on the day they last went to confession. In some cases that occasion is found to have been two moons instead of one moon ago, so the delinquent stands convicted of a double fault.

But the improvement is very marked, and the Reverend Fathers are well pleased with the dispositions and intelligence of our charges.

Soon after our arrival here, I came upon a copy of a Protestant paper, *African Tidings*, or *Tidings from Africa*, in which missionaries had their home-letters printed. I saw that certain missionaries received special help from home, or from parish churches, and between them there seemed to be genuine sympathy and a regular interchange of letters. At once I was seized with a longing to receive adoption and support, and to have my ap-

peal made known to the friends of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. Since then the supplementary pages of the *Annals* have made me its most grateful debtor.

As I write this, I have in view a spot which is of interest to many of my country people. Formerly it was the Court of King Mutesa and the place where, in 1875, the New York *Herald's* messenger—Henry Morton Stanley—was received by Uganda's King. On that hill the King, through his interpreter, told Stanley of his desire to know something of Christianity, and it will be of additional interest to our people at home to learn that it is now the site of a most flourishing Catholic mission.



IN THE HEART OF AFRICA



MOTHER PAUL'S CONVENT

Just below it lies the site chosen by King Mutesa's successor and which is still the residence of the exiled King Mwanga's little son, the present King of Uganda.

According to an ancient custom, upon the death of the King his successor chose a new site and built up his own "Virbuga," or capital.

After the settlement of the differences between the first Catholic missionaries here and the Anglicans, Bishop Hanlon, with four Fathers from Mill Hill, came out to this country, and since then the natives know how to define religious and political bodies,—a very vexed question with them until 1895.

Bishop Hanlon's vicariate embraces the class of Baganda known as "Bakopi," or peasants, and so we have only the poor for our portion. We count among our members no great chiefs whose salaries from the British Government constitute them a power in this land.

The Fathers have to make long and frequently perilous journeys to win and instruct the timid country-people, who are still in apathetic enjoyment of the heathenish rites and traditions of their forefathers. Many of the old people run away in terror and hide themselves, and to all the entreaties of the Christian natives who accompany the missionaries these frightened old children moan and plead with their fellow Baganda to send away the white man who has come to *eat* them.

It takes a long time to persuade them that they are *not* very appetizing mortals, and that the missionary couldn't be paid to accept a native as his daily food, no matter how temptingly the Baganda might be served up!

It is a work of noblest Christian patience to win these people and, if possible, do more than to instruct the older ones in Catholic faith and practices. Ages of darkness, ignorance and every form of superstition must be taken into account in our dealings with this class. As in all lands, our hope lies in the rising generation. The difference one generation of Christian education has made, between the old people and the young ones of this day, is immeasurable!

Faith, grace, perseverance, the sacraments—all these are words absolutely new to the natives of Uganda, and it is very difficult to find in their own language terms to

convey true ideas of all that these words mean in the new life opened up to them by baptism.

One is impressed with the abundant gifts of God to these dear souls. He only could enlighten and establish them in their love of Him and their obedience to Holy Church.

Attached to this one mission are over six thousand good, practical Catholics. The children and the sick are the Sisters' special charges. We are devoted to both and, in our work, attain most consoling results.

Upon our arrival we found a considerable quantity of bricks. The school building was of reeds and mud. The one we first used having been destroyed in a cyclone, was replaced by means of the gift of money sent us from New York. After three and a half years of occupancy,

however, it is beginning to lop over side ways, and we must build a more lasting structure of the sun-dried bricks.

The temporary dispensary and infirmary we have used from the beginning, is now replaced by a fine, new building of adobe bricks with good cement floors, iron bedsteads, and other "Yankee notions" that will make our terinites and other wood-destroying insects *gnash their teeth* and wonder what has come to Africa!

We have only earthen floors in our convent, but thus far we have kept out the ants, though another sort of boring insect has reduced the interior of all the wood work to a fine powder, and the surface is now hardly stronger than paper. We can manage for a few years more without extensive repairs. But the school we greatly need, and if our friends in America help in that work with the glorious generosity they showed in assisting us to erect our new infirmary building, there won't be many volumes of CATHOLIC MISSIONS printed before I can report that our school building is as substantial as the infirmary.

At present we have not one desk, not one chair—even for the Sister. Our school consists simply of four walls with a thatched roof, and openings that we speak of as "doors and windows," though there is no sign of either one or the other. All the children squat on the grass-strewn floors, or sit outside in the bright warm sunshine they so love.

When God calls me away from here I want to point to something worthy of my country. The people are here, dear, simple souls for whom Christ died. They are not less worthy of our care than those who can help themselves, and yet who are provided with good buildings and every inducement to improve themselves, spiritually, morally and physically.

Our children are most willing and so easily satisfied, with, for instance, one safety pin as a reward for four weeks' regular attendance at school. A rosary is the prize for six months of diligence. The truth I am most anxious to impress upon my compatriots is this: These people have no one else on earth to look to for help other than to the readers of this, my appeal for the Baganda tribe of Equatorial Africa.

A Bonze's Day

By the Rev. M. Lazard, P.F.M.

At the first faint ray of dawn, when the cock begins to crow, the bonze rises. During the months of September and October, in commemoration of the retreat of Buddha, the Buddhist monk must leave his cell long before sunrise and ascend to the summit of the pagoda (temple) to pray.

In Cambodia, Indo-China, the summons of the tam-tam or drum that calls all the people to religious exercises, re-echoes through each village. It is a lugubrious sound, especially at night, and sadly reverberates in the missionary's heart, while, at the same time, it suggests to his mind serious, and often melancholy, reflections.

I shall never forget the impression it once made upon me. The experience was one of the most striking of my apostolate. I had left Phnom-Penh to pay my respects to the queen-mother at Udong, the former capital of the kingdom. My boat arrived at the landing-place of Compong-Louong, long before daybreak, yet I heard in the distance the sombre notes of the tam-tam and the voice of prayer.

I landed, made my way through the darkness and, ere long, found myself before a pagoda. Climbing the steps that led to the building, I walked up and down upon the terrace, awaiting the coming of the day.

Presently, through a chink in the door of the temple, shone a beam of light. I pushed open the door. What a scene was before me!

I beheld a vast interior supported by painted columns of many hues, a great altar gleaming with myriad lights and, upon this altar, a colossal golden statue of Buddha.

On the floor before this image a score of worshippers, clothed in rich, saffron-colored garments, lay prostrate in silent adoration.

That was a gloomy day for me, and my prayers were very humble. I understood at last the extent of the difficulties that our missionaries have to contend against in the Orient, and the great obstacle to the conversion of the naturally religious people of these eastern lands to Christianity.

In Cambodia, Siam, Laos and Burmah the solitary missionary can make little headway in the evangelization of the population. Alone, among the many pagan pagodas, confronted with an appearance of asceticism venerated by the people, he can not acquire much influence over their minds or hearts. To achieve any important results, we need in these countries Christian monks to replace the bonzes in the esteem of the natives.

At sunrise the bonzes leave the pagoda, take their large beggars' bowls and, in single file, the chief bonze at the

head of the procession, proceed to beg their pittance.

In every household, aroused at the sound of the tam-tam, a supply of the whitest rice has been already cooked. The monks, with eyes modestly fixed upon the ground and glancing neither to the right nor left, silently and decorously make the round of the village.

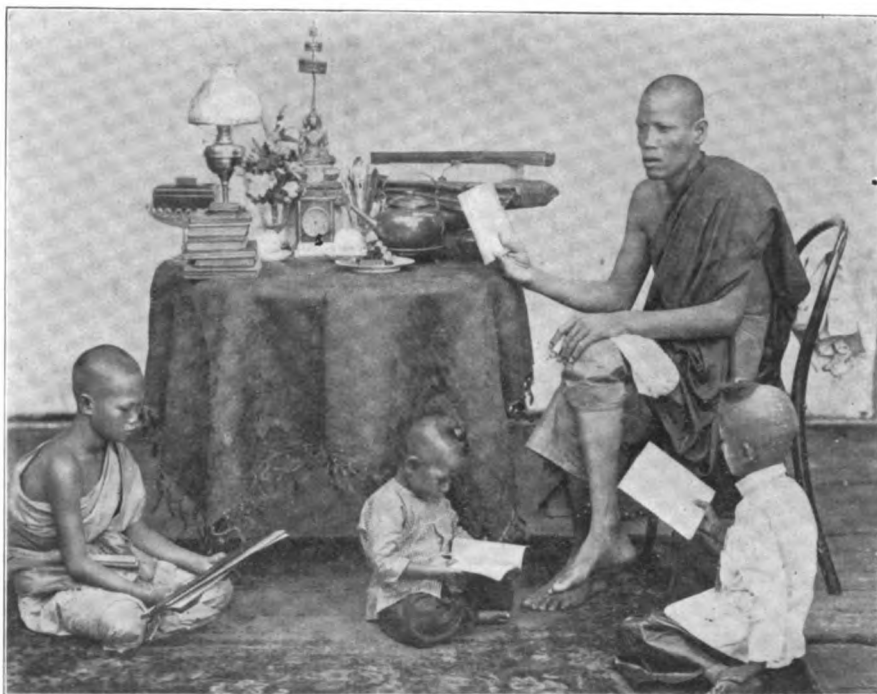
As the leader of the little company pauses before each house, the door flies open, and a young girl, an old woman, or perhaps the mother of the family, steps forth, carrying a great dish filled to the brim and a long spoon.

She prostrates herself in reverence and then, still kneeling, casts into the bowl of each bonze, as he passes before her, a small quantity of rice from the dish, while he, without raising his eyes to her face, murmurs a prayer that her good deed may be duly rewarded.

When all the bowls are filled, the mendicants silently retrace their steps in the same order. The bonze students, or novices, who are not yet initiated in all the duties and practices of the older monks, await their masters at a corner of the temple garden, which is surrounded by a wall and overshadowed by the trees of the road.

The novices take the bowls and carry them to the cells. In the meantime, the monks, having entered the inclosure, line up in a double row, and separate a little, leaving every two together. Then all kneel, facing one another, and each confesses to his brother, that is, to the companion opposite to him.

This is the fraternal correction of the bonzes, the Buddhist confiteor. The formula in the Pali tongue, a dialect of the ancient Sanskrit and a dead language, except when used in the Buddhist texts and worship, is not in the least understood by these ignorant votaries of the prevailing religion of the Orient.



A BONZE AND HIS PUPILS



BEGGING BONZES

This early morning spectacle—the group of monks clad in gold-colored robes, wending their way amid the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, the opening door, the alms so willingly bestowed, the aspect of humility and devotion,—presents a picture of the Far East that is not soon forgotten.

During the day, the life of the bonze is not that of an ascetic monk, however, but of an idler. About eleven o'clock he makes a meal of the rice begged at sunrise.

The remainder of the time he spends in smoking, and amusing himself. Frequently he chats with the loiterers of the village.

In the evening he refreshes himself with fruit, or drinks the milk of the cocoanut. Sometimes he visits his colleagues in other pagodas. This is, in fact, his favorite diversion.

Such is the existence of the bonzes. Doubtless they give a little instruction to a few children, but this teaching is limited to reading and writing. Usually the children are gathered together, and the older pupils teach the younger.

If this exterior worship, this austere mien, were sincere; if this picturesque morning scene were the true manifestation of the virtues it pretends to represent, one might pity these so-called monks who, ignorant of the language in which they pray, do not even know the inci-

dents of the life of the mere mortal, like themselves, whom they adore.

Sakya Muni was only a man. His life was good; his morals were pure; his precepts, excellent. Never did he call himself a god. His disciples deify and pay him divine homage. This is their great and deplorable mistake.

I appreciate the influence of Buddhism upon human society in the Orient. I even admire certain of its precepts. It is, I admit, a kind of natural religion which has obtained its precepts, morals and liturgy from contact with the true religion revealed by God.

But, to compare Buddhism with the sublimity of Christianity, Buddha with Christ, and the sayings of Buddha with the last words of our Lord upon the Cross, would be, indeed, blasphemy. To place the charity of Sakya Muni above the charity of our Redeemer, is something no one has dared.

In Cambodia, Buddhism was preached later than in the other countries of the East. Here it is supposed to be most orthodox and pure. Its clergy are more numerous here than in other Buddhist lands. The last census gives the number of bonzes in Cambodia as thirty-four thousand, four hundred and sixty-eight.

Like all religions that are merely human institutions, Buddhism, after its days of early fervor, entered upon its decline. For many long years it remained almost stationary; finally its decadence began, and it is now dying out in many places. In India, the cradle of Buddhism, and in Annam this cult no longer exists. It is disappearing from China and Japan. In Laos and Siam it is scarce alive, and its impending demise is prophesied by students of the religions of the Orient.

We have followed the bonze's day to its close. We must, also, note certain indications of weakening in the rule by which he is supposed to be governed. His robes, at first of cotton cloth, are now often of silk.

Formerly a Buddhist monk never went out to beg without his hand-screen. Now he seldom carries it, and he no longer veils his face when he prays. He is even more ignorant than the bonzes of olden times and more indifferent in regard to teaching the young.

Once the monks would not accept money from anyone, now they sometimes receive it, not for themselves, they say, but for their monastery. Ex-voto offerings and special gifts to the temples are at present rare. It was, at one time, the custom for the monasteries to admit lay visitors who, robed in white, recited the prayers with the monks; but this practice has been almost discontinued for lack of applicants.

The Cambodian monks are said to be well disciplined and have a good reputation throughout Indo-China. But in Laos and Siam the morals of the Buddhist priests are easy, and scandals among them are more frequent. At Angkor-Vat the bonzes are noisy, gay and roistering; and at Stung-Streng they have a flippant air and manner that would not be tolerated in Cambodia.

Silk Culture in Shan-tung

By the Rev. M. Maynard, O.F.M.

Shan-tung is noted for the quantity of raw silk that it furnishes annually to all the silk manufactories of the world. The southern and western parts of this province have thousands of silk culturists, but Lin-k'in is the chief center of the industry in the Chinese Empire.

Valleys and mountains are covered with mulberry trees. The nature of the soil marvellously favors their growth and the luxuriance of the foliage upon which the silkworms live. The trees put forth their first buds about the end of April or the beginning of May. The appearance of the leaves coincides with the hatching of the larvæ.

The mulberry tree bears foliage twice during the season. Fifteen or twenty days after having been completely denuded, it buds again and becomes practically a new tree. It does not cease to put out leaves until the autumn.

From the beginning, the silkworms are fed on the tender mulberry leaves which are minced into tiny bits for them. For about three weeks they do not require much care, but the leaves given to them must always be cut into small pieces.

Up to this time they are not very voracious but, presently, a change may be observed. The silk (seri) culturist now makes haste to prepare a special place for them, or at least new mats. More surface is needed, for the worms have grown large and fat.

To take care of their silkworms, the Chinese will give up all thought of food or sleep, and for a short time they work all night. From one end to the other of the rooms at their disposal they erect shelves upon which to spread the mats.

When they *do* sleep it is on the floor under these various temporary quarters, built for their strange lodgers. Or again, sometimes, to get at their own resting-places, they have to crawl over the silk-worm mats.

When the worms arrive at the last stage of their

development, night after night the seri-culturist must be at work feeding them. The man who has a large supply of mulberry trees in proportion to the number of silkworms he is raising, does not have anxiety as to how he shall provide for their nutrition.

But his less fortunate neighbors have to hustle about during the day, and frequent the various markets of the neighborhood, sometimes travelling from twenty-five to forty *lis* (a *lis* is about two miles) to secure the necessary quantity of leaves to feed their worms. Moreover, the

leaves can not be procured several days in advance, for they must be fresh.

During these eight or ten days, all the people, men, women, and children, are occupied, either directly or indirectly, with the care of the silkworms. If a foreigner enters a seri-culturist's house, at this season, he is astonished at the scene before him. I am able positively to assert that I have distinctly heard the sound emitted by the worms as they devour the leaves.

After all, this is not surprising, for in comparison with the dimensions of the room, the number of worms is sometimes very large. Here are fifteen thousand, perhaps there forty thousand, and yonder sixty thousand, all within a 9 x 12 foot space.

The life of the silkworm is divided into five stages, each one separated from the preceding by a change of appearance. About the thirty-fifth day, from the time it was hatched, the worm ceases to feed, and raises its head as if in search of something. If taken up it shows two or three swollen rings around its body, and between these rings may be seen a fine thread of silk, just beginning to form.

The silk-culturist now prepares, outside his house, huts of whatever shape he prefers. Some of these huts are facsimiles in miniature of Chinese homes; sometimes they are round and conical. As the majority of the people have



A CHINESE LADY AND HER SERVANT

not sufficient land for their huts, they build them in the streets and open spaces of the village, and the general effect is very curious.

These huts are usually constructed of sorghum cane and thatched with straw. The interior is arranged in shelves or tiers made of the cane, on which millet straw is strewn.

The evolution of the worms is at an end. The sericulturist removes them to the huts, where they spin their cocoons. Sometimes three, five, or as many as fifteen thousand are placed on one shelf. When the hut is filled, it is tightly closed by being covered with straw mats. In this way the silkworms are protected from the heat of the sun, as well as from rain and wind.

A few hours after they are thus imprisoned, they begin to spin. First the worm fastens the end of his thread to a bit of straw or cane, then, turning his head from side to side, he draws out the thread, continually winding it around his body. After four or five days the cocoon is finished and the worm becomes a chrysalis.

The silk-culturist casts aside the mats, opens the huts, and takes out the cocoons one by one. This is a very wearisome and delicate task, for care must be observed, that the cocoons may not be crushed.

Then they are picked over. For the reproduction of the silkworms the finest cocoons are selected, namely, those that are firm, strong and dry.

Two weeks after the formation of the cocoon, the chrysalides chosen for reproduction are transformed into butterflies which break through the thin tissue and thus escape from the cocoons.

The butterflies deposit their eggs upon sheets of paper prepared to receive and preserve them. Each cocoon is said to yield, on an average, three hundred eggs. The larvæ adhere to the pieces of paper, which the Chinese hang up in their houses until spring, the season when preparations are made for the hatching of the new silkworms. The transformation of the chrysalides into but-

terflies is sometimes accelerated by sprinkling salt on the cocoons.

The other cocoons are placed in large jars to have the silk gathered from them, later.

After the grain harvest, in China, that is, about the last of June, the Chinese build a kiln or furnace under a shed. Upon this furnace is placed a large chaldron made of beaten iron.

The time for the silk gathering and winding has come. A fire is made in the furnace and water is heated in the chaldron. When the water reaches a certain temperature cocoons are thrown into it, until the chaldron will hold no more. The hot water shrivels the cocoon and frees it from its outer coat, which is of little value.

The boiling is followed by the beating, which consists of striking the cocoons floating in the water with a sorghum stalk (Chinese sugar cane) or a piece of stick, which the beater holds in his left hand, while in the right he wields a kind of comb, with which he gathers the threads of silk. These adhere to the comb and at last he holds all the cocoons suspended.

He passes them to a second laborer, who takes the bundle of threads in one hand and, with the other, draws the cocoons toward him. This he continues to do until the threads are clean and free.

Then, taking half a dozen of the cocoons, he passes their threads over the bobbins, little iron rings upon a rod placed horizontally before the worker.

Each rod has three bobbins. After being wound on these, the silk is rewound on small wooden wheels, and then upon a round piece of wood. This double operation is to give lustre to the silk. As this is not yet enough, the worker reels it again.

The threads thus gathered are called raw silk. The people of Lin-k'in do not go any farther than this in the manufacture of silk.

During a working day of twelve hours, the laborer gathers or winds about two Chinese pounds of silk. Before being taken from the reels, the silk is allowed to dry; then it is made into skeins, and is ready to be sold.

The quality of this silk,—which is usually of a golden yellow color, though sometimes greyish,—is excellent. It is carried to market in small quantities at a time. Perhaps the reason for this is that many robbers infest the roads on the eve of market day and on the day itself.

The great silk market is at Ts'ing-tcheou-fou. It is held every fifth day during July and August, and afterwards less frequently until mid-November, because of the autumn harvesting.

The venders repair to the market in little companies from each village, in order that, being together, they may resist the robbers, if attacked on the way. Sometimes they journey thus twenty, fifty, or a hundred *lis* to sell their silk.

The price per pound varies from day to day according to the quality and quantity of the silk



WINDING SILK

to be sold. This year the average price was a sum equivalent to about three dollars a pound.

It is well known that, up to the present time, the Chinese have been the most conventional of all peoples.

What was customary in the age of Confucius was, until recently, still the order of the day.

But now, China is awakening to the fact that she has much to learn from Europe and America with regard to agriculture and manufacture.

Accordingly, a society has been formed for the improvement of sericulture at Shan-tung.

Representatives of this association, after studying the ingenious methods employed in the raising of silkworms in India, France and Italy, have opened a school of sericulture at Ts'ing-tcheou-fou, and placed at the head of it Chinese sericulturists noted for their long experience and success. This school has many pupils.

Thus do the educated Chinese of to-day avail themselves of every means to advance the interests of China

and their compatriots who have been so long bound by old customs. Various trade and agricultural schools, where Western methods will be taught, are also projected by individuals of this intelligent nation. May this movement toward widening the horizon of the natives of this great empire of the Orient be favorable, especially for the extension of Catholicity among them.

Readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may have part in this labor of evangelization, by helping me to improve the temporal well-being of the Christian orphan boys whom I am training to support themselves.

So the missionary works. While caring for the physical needs of his charges, he instructs the soul. I have to build a home and trades' school for my orphans in Southern Shan-tung, to prepare a place for the raising of silkworms, and for weaving. I must also establish carpenter and tailor shops, and a foundry. Who will help me to keep these boys together until they are strong in the Catholic faith?

Eskimo Feasts, Customs, and Magic

By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I.



ESKIMO FATHER AND CHILDREN

I will describe only two feasts, one of fish, in the summer, and the other a banquet of raw and frozen meat, in October.

I was personally invited to the feast of fish; it was a long time since I had eaten anything; moreover, it was the hour for dining; one must try to please people; it was an excellent opportunity to learn more of the language. I accepted the invitation.

In my ingenuousness, I believed myself enough of an Eskimo to share the meal of my people. I entered the dark hut. The company were lying flat on their stomachs around the dish. In the soup, and among the remains of

a former repast, swam two white fish, boiled whole without having been either dressed or scaled.

One of the convivial group cut a fish; another snatched a portion of it; a third, struggled for and secured the piece, tried it with his teeth and threw it back into the dish.

Then followed a silence. The jaws of all worked voraciously. Of a sudden, the lips half opened, the teeth closed, and a shower of scales and crunched fish-bones was cast from the mouth of each of the party in the direction of the dish. The soup splattered all over.

At the same moment, the hand of one guest plunged into the soup. The same impulse seized upon all. Another searched for and found a stray bit of fish, jesting at the

ill luck of a comrade, who had cast it away with the scales.

With astonishment, I watched the savage scene. Four heads bent together over the soup, which disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. The diners drew back with a long sigh of satisfaction. A child poured more soup from the kettle into the dish, and the scene was repeated.

Water to drink was then brought, and the rude bowl containing it was passed from one to another. The bill of fare was now exhausted; the meal was finished. With full stomachs the merry-makers separated. They had left their own firesides (so-called) to assist at and partake of this banquet.

A FEAST OF RAW AND FROZEN MEAT

It was now November. One day I went, by request, to visit a sick man. Having entered the hut I paused, for a moment, amazed at the spectacle that greeted my eyes. On the earthen floor lay a skinned caribou carcass. It had not been divided nor had the antlers, even, been taken off.

Excitement reigned among the people present. They forgot the sick man. The caribou carcass was cut open. To pierce the stomach of the slain "big game," and thus season the meat, is deemed indispensable. The congealed blood that surrounds the heart and lungs is another necessary condiment.

The feast began; but a detailed description of it would be too revolting.

DISPOSITION OF THE NATIVES

What was to become of me here, surrounded by these uncouth pagans? The mountaineer guides had scarce

left me, when my tent became thronged with these people. From morning until night they plied me with many questions.

"Do you come from beyond the sea?"

"Yes."

"In your country do they make guns, and powder, and cloth?"

"Yes, and they grow tobacco."

"The all-powerful 'Yes' seemed to hypnotize the Eskimos. Again and again they put to me the question, 'You come from the country across the sea,' just to hear once more the magical affirmative.

"Your father is still living?"

"I have no longer a father or a mother. I have only brothers."

"Will they come to our country?"

"No; it is too far from where they live."

"But you will return to them?"

"I think not. I have come to stay in this country for a while."

"You will need great courage. We may not be able to leave this region to go to the land of the white men. What have you come to do among us?"

"Listen to me well. Here is your country; you have nothing, no powder, no tobacco, no candles. The white men know the whole earth and they say that, of all tribes, you are the worst off. Up to this time, the white men whom you have seen have bought your furs; they have given you powder and tobacco in exchange; but they have never lived among you. No one has ever told you what is right and what is wrong. If you shoot the caribou it dies, the flesh is eaten, and that is all. But with mankind death is not the end. You are very miserable, but you are not dogs. You are men like the whites. If you live justly you will be happy in another world. If you do evil you will be still more wretched than you are here. I have come to tell you what you ought to do and what you ought not to do. If you heed my words, you will be happy after death. Every year I shall come back and stay with you a while, and I think other white men will soon follow me to your country. They will bring you comforts, and teach you to better your condition. In this way you will be happier, even in this world. If you do not listen to me, you will gain none of these advantages."

Such was my answer to the many interrogatories of the Eskimos and, at the same time, my first sermon to them. It was translated to the young people, who did not understand the jargon of the mountaineers. It was commented upon, criticised, no doubt, for they talked a long time among themselves. Then they returned to the attack.

"Who sent you to us?" they asked.

"The great priest who is the head of all this country."

"Did he tell you to come alone?"

"No; but I was unable to find mountaineers who would come with me. They were afraid of you, and said you would kill me."

"Were you not afraid?"

"You could kill me with a gun or a hatchet, even as you kill the caribou which is much stronger than I am, but you can not kill me by sorcery. That is an evil thing;

it is good for nothing. I am not afraid. I have come to see how you behave toward the white men."

What were the thoughts of these pagans? I could not surmise. One of them, however, engaged to furnish me with fresh meat. Another young man agreed to teach me the Eskimo language. From him I learned what they said about me. The old men said:

"We must not kill this stranger, for he is alone among us. If we kill him, his people will come to avenge him, and the white men will drive us from the face of the earth."

They asked me one day if the missionary would put people to death if they refused to listen to him. I explained that the missionary would do nothing to harm them. They were satisfied and, from this occasion, redoubled their attentions to me.

The days and weeks sped quickly away, too rapidly, indeed, to suit me. I employed all my spare moments in writing, taking little rest. A furious earnestness possessed me. I was eager to learn the language in as short a time as possible.

Every night I went over all my notes and worked on the dictionary that I am making. I say, the night, but the word is not exactly correct. I wrote in my tent until sunrise, but, during these hours of study, I needed no artificial light. At this season of the year, in the Eskimo country, it is always day.

The rays of the sun, reflected from the ice and sand, produced an intense heat. At other times we had a recurrence of winter. The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth of June brought a great tempest from the North. The rain turned to snow that soon became a foot deep. This snow lasted for several days. The ice lasts until the middle of July, and snow remains on the slopes of the hills until the end of that month.

I will speak now of the short summer and the return of the cold season. The first storm of hail and snow occurs about the eighteenth of August. This snow soon disappears, it is true, but from this time the nights become colder and the stagnant water of the marshes begins to freeze.

By the first of September the lagoons are covered with a thin ice, which sometimes melts but, if this is the case, new ice presently forms. In mid-September all the little lakes, that have no swift stream as an outlet, are locked in ice. The other lakes are open for another month.

At the time of my stay among the Eskimos, winter was soon upon us. From the sixteenth of October we were able to cross the great lake on the ice.

The lax morality of the savages of warm countries might lead to the supposition that the climate has much to do with the strength and intensity of the passions. From this standpoint the missionary might expect to find angels in this wilderness of ice and snows.

Alas, human nature, corrupted by sin, is much the same the world over. The family life of the Eskimos is simply indescribable. The child, from its infancy, breathes an atmosphere of, and is nurtured in, vice.

The preachers of Atheism and Naturalism, the slayers of priests and missionaries, should visit this region, if

they wish to see the nature of the human species, uninfluenced by any idea of the supernatural or any religious restraint. They would see, indeed, and, thereafter, thank God that they belong to a world civilized by religion.

Among the Eskimos the status of the married woman is that of a slave. The husband often calls his wife "dog." Last summer, a woman of the Eskimo village was at the point of death. She breathed with difficulty, and her emaciated frame was frequently contracted by pain. Her husband, who for many months had mourned the death of his son, beheld the agony of his wife with supreme indifference.

The people about continued to laugh and amuse themselves in the very presence of the dying woman. I begged them to be quiet, and reproached the older ones for their conduct.

"Why," they answered, "it is only a woman!"

This reply drew from me a somewhat harsh sermon which disconcerted them a little, but did not, I fear, change their ideas.

Near our camp I noticed a tomb whose stones had fallen away, leaving the corpse exposed to view. The dogs might have devoured it. I covered the body carefully, and told the natives what I had done. A burst of laughter greeted my explanation. I repeated it, thinking I had not expressed myself well and they did not know what I wished to say.

"Oh, yes, we understand," one of them exclaimed, at last. "But what matter about the tomb? It is only the grave of a woman!"

The name "dog," given to a wife, is not merely a reproach but an accusation. The Eskimos, when speaking of their brothers still farther north, sometimes say: "They are real dogs." They also often declare that some neighbor "has acted like a dog."

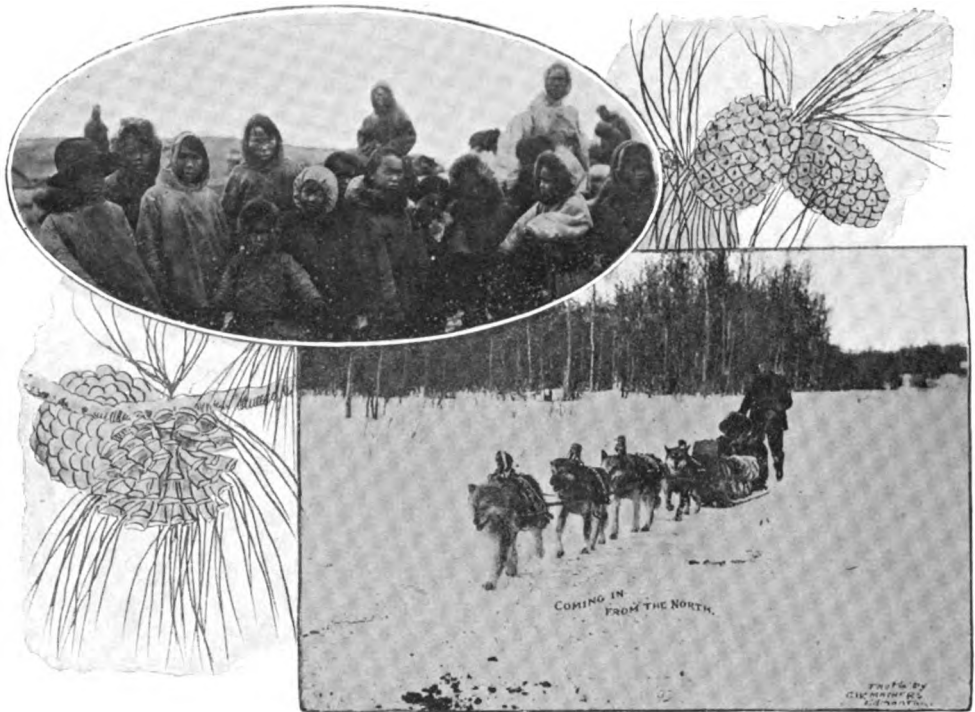
One day, disgusted by their misconduct, and tired of hearing their coarse speeches, I made use of their own term of disapprobation.

"Go away," I cried to one of them, "I came here to see men, not dogs."

After that he did better. I lived for five months among the Eskimos, but I never set foot in one of their huts without being formally invited. They soon learned, also, that they must behave decorously and speak properly in my presence.

ESKIMO MAGIC

One may say that magic, or sorcery, takes possession of the Eskimo at his birth and remains with him until death. All the Eskimos are, to a certain extent, sorcerers. They admit that they succeed sometimes with-



COMING IN FROM THE NORTH

out having recourse either to incantations or the divination of dreams, but they never do anything contrary to the mandate of the spirit they have evoked, or have even interviewed in a dream.

What is the magic of the Eskimos, and what are we to think of it? The following is an incident from my own experience, in the month of July, nineteen hundred and six.

The young man whose charge it was to furnish me with food became much attached to me. He built a canoe for me, and began to construct a hut where I could live comfortably, he said, during the winter. So well did he work in my behalf that, relying on his industry and good-will, I gave myself no uneasiness with regard to the future.

Suddenly, this good friend fell ill. His head ached violently. I tried remedies, but the case was curious. The only efficacious panacea was my presence. When I approached him he was better and resumed his work. If I left him he became maddened with pain.

It was the season when the Eskimos of the North come to visit my people and barter with them for a little powder and tobacco. Ere long, they arrived in great numbers. Each one wished to try magic to save the young man who, when he was well, had so faithfully cared for me. I, of course, strongly opposed their diabolical practices, but in vain. As they produced no effect, however, the chief of the tribe, who is also the head sorcerer of the country, was, unknown to me, summoned without further delay.

He did not come. The sick man called me and begged the favor of sleeping in my tent. I granted his request and had him brought to the tent. When installed there, he quickly recovered his senses and began to rest quietly. At mid-day he asked for food. He was happy, and declared the missionary to be stronger than any sorcery, saying "the Father" would cure him.

That same evening, the chief arrived. After being told

of the singular malady he remained silent. The young man's friends, dreading the sorcerer's anger, offered him presents of furs, hatchets, traps, etc., and besought him to have recourse to his art. The patient was taken to him.

"The souls of the dead torment this man because he has made use of an object that belongs to them," said the sorcerer.

The sufferer had fashioned my canoe out of an old sledge that was once used by an Eskimo who had died in the spring. This rash act was, in the estimation of his fellows, the cause of all the trouble. Everything must be made right with the spirits before they could be successfully evoked. My good canoe was condemned to the flames.

The people began their incantation. No woman is permitted to take part in this chant, which is sung by the men in chorus. All at once, a terrible cry re-echoed through the hut. I did not know whence it came, nor do I now. It was like nothing human but might, perhaps, be compared to the savage howl of a wolf. Outside, the dogs raged, and filled the air with their yelping.

With haggard eyes, and foaming at the mouth, the sorcerer, in turn, uttered several wild shrieks, and then fell into a trance. He was possessed by the spirit, which is always represented under the form of a dog, at least so say the Eskimos and the mountaineers. For the latter sometimes appeal to the sorcerers to be cured of their maladies, and they, too, have seen the spirit evoked.

The magician was now unconscious, lost in a strange sleep. He articulated slowly, but it was the spirit that spoke with his voice. I understood the words he uttered, yet could not comprehend their significance. My name was so often on his lips that those who assisted at the ceremony showed surprise and a certain disappointment.

Presently, the chant was taken up again. The scene was at an end. The sorcerer would not awaken until sunrise. Then, only, would he learn what he had said and done on this occasion.

The spirit had been, apparently, in a bad humor. The young man's friends knew no more about his strange malady than before. They had only been told that the soul of a certain defunct neighbor was hungry for tobacco. The next day, accordingly, they placed tobacco, pipes and tinder upon the tomb of the departed.

As for me, I reflected that perhaps the proximity of a priest had troubled the spirit a little. I had not been a member of the group gathered around the sorcerer, but the hut where the ceremony took place adjoined my tent, and I had left it open.

The next night the magician again ventured into the land of the unknown. His costume gave him no concern, for he was nude. He sent me word not to go out, because the spirit was afraid of me and dared not approach, still less communicate with him, while I was abroad.

I returned the answer that I was not accustomed to go through the camp in the evening, but that I was entirely free to do as I chose.

Soon, as on the preceding night, I began to hear the shrieks and howls. Suddenly, these changed to exclamations of clamorous joy that contrasted, sharply, with the cries of pain from the sick man, who had recovered consciousness after the excitement of the previous evening.

At midnight two men came to my tent. They informed me that my friend was going to be cured. The spirit had revealed to the sorcerer that an Eskimo of the North had cast a spell over the invalid.

"The sorcerer will seek the evil magician," they said. "When he finds him, he will stab him three times, with a great knife that is now thrust into the earth beside the seer, and is red with blood. The sick man will rise from his bed as soon as his enemy expires."

The next day was devoted to rejoicings. The sufferer was left alone; lying on the ground. He raved, and in his madness would fain have murdered everybody. But, above his moans and shrieks rose the laughter and songs of the merry-makers.

Hardly able to restrain my indignation, I went to the assistance of the patient. He looked fixedly at me, a shudder passed through his frame and, presently, he recognized me. Yet his words were wild; he appeared like one possessed by some evil influence. He knew no one but me, and furiously attacked his little children, threatening to strangle them. During the day his condition remained unchanged.

With the night came a third trial of magic. The people were told they must leave this camp.

"An evil spirit reigns over it," said the sorcerer. "The sick man will be cured as soon as he changes his place of abode."

I could stand no more. Several mountaineers had arrived at the camp, the caribous having already begun to move southward. We ought, indeed, to be on the watch for them. I went to the sorcerer-chief.

"Where are you going to take the sick man," I demanded, "and how will you manage? You can not take him in one of your small canoes."

"That is true," he admitted. "Ask the mountaineers to lend me a canoe."

This was just what I wanted. I would thus be with the patient in the mountaineers' canoe, and might be able to alleviate his misery. The next evening I learned with surprise that the Eskimos had decided to break camp at two o'clock. While we were on our voyage, the sufferer died in great agony.

Such is one instance of the exercise of Eskimo sorceries. During my stay among the pagans, I never saw one of the predictions of the sorcerers realized, whether it concerned the Eskimos themselves, the mountaineers, or the caribous. Yet the natives have a stubborn faith in the prophecies of their magicians. So invariably is this the case that, one day, everyone set out to search for two travellers that a sorcerer had, in a dream, descried roaming in our latitudes. Needless to say, no travellers were discovered.

Must it be concluded, however, that all this sorcery is only imposition, and the sorcerers are charlatans who take advantage of the credulity of the ignorant? I think not.

Letters of an American Missionary in China

By the Rev. S. Espelage, O.F.M.

Last year, I related in CATHOLIC MISSIONS an adventure that befell me during a journey inland, to Wang-gia-tza (Ung-gia-tza), in this interesting land of China, so well termed "the Flowery Kingdom."

In my recent excursions to the interior of the vicariate I encountered no such dangers. My position as teacher of English in our college at Wuchang exempts me from many of the hardships and trials that are usually the lot of the missionary, especially in the foreign field.

During the year we had one hundred and ten pupils enrolled on our school list. Sixty-eight of these were students of English. The average attendance for the study of French was about thirty and for English forty.

The majority of these youths and lads were pagans of the higher ranks of native society, being the sons of mandarins, or of wealthy merchants. To obtain, at least, an indirect influence over the intelligent and thinking Chinese and, through their respect for Christianity, to impress and evangelize the populace is the object of our college.

This means of presenting the faith to the people at large is regarded as so important that two missionaries, who might otherwise be employed in the more direct work of the apostolate, have been assigned to the duty of instructing in the school.

We have two classes for both English and French. The lower are conducted by Chinese masters, who have an excellent knowledge of these languages.

Immediately after last Easter, however, our classes were interrupted for a month. Father Amadeus de Merona, O.F.M., the professor of French and director of the college, and I were, within the space of three days, both stricken down with smallpox.

Thanks be to God, in Hankow our mission has a good hospital in charge of the Canossian Sisters of Italy, with a staff of three European physicians.

In May, we were able to take up school work again, and the classes were continued, notwithstanding the intense heat, until July 6, the date appointed for the close of the term.

Vacation having arrived, I resolved to spend five or six weeks in the country in order to avoid the enervating sultriness of the city, and to recuperate for my autumn and winter work. Also to continue the study of the Chinese language.

Missionaries who are sent out among the people, soon after their arrival in China, acquire the spoken language much more readily than those who, like myself, are appointed to positions at headquarters and are able to communicate with their colleagues in Latin, if they have no other language in common.

A young missionary who, when just from Europe, finds himself in some out-lying mission of the vicariate, with only one associate, a European or Chinese brother-priest, no doubt suffers cruelly from loneliness in this isolation.

At times, he may be left entirely alone amid the utterly strange people and scenes of the country; as, for instance, when his fellow-missionary is hastily called away to minister to a dying neophyte, or must make a round of visitation to the scattered Catholic villages in his spiritual charge.

But, at the end of a year, when the new laborer in the apostolate returns to headquarters, for the annual retreat, he has attained a sufficient knowledge of the Chinese language to be able to hear the confessions of the natives. Often, too, he can even preach a little in this difficult tongue, of which he understands enough to be able to hold communication with the people with regard to the every day affairs of life.

Thus, two missionaries who came to China later than myself, know and speak the language much better than I do.

Nevertheless, by the grace of God, I have made a little progress. On the feast of St. Joseph, circumstances required me to make my first attempt at hearing confessions in Chinese. Since then I have, on various occasions, heard about one hundred and fifty confessions. I have preached three times.

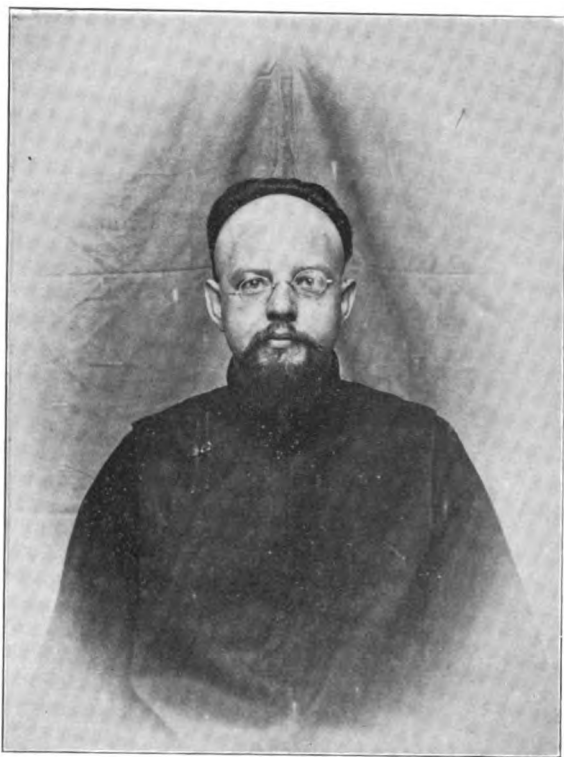
But, to return to my vacation. After the feast of St. Bonaventure, early one morning I boarded a small steamer that makes a daily trip up or down the river Han, a distance of three hundred and sixty *lis*, or about one hundred and fifty miles.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the large, walled city of Hanchwan, where I was hospitably entertained by Father Remigius Gortle, who has been a missionary in China for nearly thirty years.

The next morning, a three hours' journey in a Chinese boat brought me to Hoangiasan, where I was to spend my vacation. The chief object of interest in this place is a beautiful church, whose history is somewhat remarkable.



COTTON PICKERS IN HUPE, CHINA.



FATHER ESPELAGE IN CHINESE GARB

This sanctuary of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary was built by Father Gortle in fulfilment of a vow made by him while in imminent danger of being put to death by his pagan persecutors.

Father Remigius was, I understand, the first missionary who came to China from the United States. Born in Westphalia, Germany, when a youth he entered the Franciscan Order. At the time of the *Kulturkampf*, being compelled to leave his native land, he went to America, where he finished his studies and was ordained priest in St. Louis, Mo.

Shortly afterwards, in 1881, he came to China, and was, later, followed to this mission by his two brothers, the Rt. Rev. Athanasius Gortle, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of North Shen-si, and the Rev. Capistran Gortle, O.F.M., missionary apostolic in the same vicariate.

The Rev. Francis Xavier Engbring, O.F.M., a native American who died at Hankow in 1897, was also sent to China from the Franciscan headquarters at St. Louis, which thus has the prestige of having sent the first four missionaries to China from the great American republic.

About ten years ago, Father Remigius was in a remote part of Northwest Hupé. Here the pagans stirred up a persecution against him, and he was forced to flee for his life.

Closely followed by his pursuers, he sought refuge in the house of a good old woman, who was, however, not a Christian. Eager to save the kind foreigner, she hid him under a bed.

But his enemies soon heard he had entered the house, and they presently broke in the door.

During the terrible moments of suspense that ensued, the missionary made a vow to the Blessed Virgin, promising to build a church in her honor under the title of

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary," if she would deliver him from this danger.

His prayer was answered. Although the wild pagans thrust their swords into the very bed beneath which the fugitive lay concealed, they never thought of looking under it.

Having ransacked the place thoroughly, as they supposed, they went away, for a time, and in the interval the Father escaped through a window.

His persecutors, assured by others that he was in the house, returned to it and renewed their search. Being still unsuccessful, they set fire to the cabin, crying:

"Now, he must either come out or be burned alive."

So expeditious were they, that the old woman who had sheltered the missionary had not time to run out of the hut, and the poor creature perished in the flames.

She was already a catechumen and, since God is never out-done in generosity, no doubt her great act of charity was either rewarded by the grace of baptism of desire, or her holocaust was accepted as a martyr's baptism of blood.

In the meantime the missionary had, unnoticed, gained the open fields. Here he lay for some time hidden in the bush, until a Christian of the neighborhood found and conducted him to a safe retreat.

Father Remigius reported this experience and his vow to the vicar-apostolic, Bishop Carlassare, who promptly gave him permission to build the church, assisting him, moreover, with financial aid and making the plans for the edifice.

Having collected an encouraging sum, the good Father began, four years ago, to build the promised shrine to Our Lady of the Rosary. The pious Christians and fervent catechumens of Hoangiasan gladly gave their help in hauling the lumber, etc., and the structure was, in due time, completed at a cost of eight thousand *taels*, or about five thousand dollars, United States money.

It is a large and beautiful church and, outside of Hankow and Wuchang, there is none finer in the vicariate.

In erecting it the bishop and Father Remigius desired, not only to fulfil the latter's vow, but to make this shrine a votive sanctuary, whither the Christians from all parts of the vicariate might be attracted and, thus, be taught to place their confidence in Our Lady in the manifold dangers and trials of life.

The selection of the site was particularly fortunate. Hoangiasan is a small peninsula formed by a deep, blue lake, which extends about it on three sides in the form of a horseshoe.

The land side presents a fine panorama of mountain ridges. The highest peak is crowned by a Buddhist temple and a monastery for the bonzes. The other hills are uninhabited.

The Christians among the population of this peninsula are, naturally, happy in the possession of the imposing church of Our Lady. In a country like China, where the houses of even the wealthy are often only one-story shacks, this shrine, built in the form of a cross, 125 feet long, 70 feet wide at the transepts, and 60 feet high, must become famous, for its stately proportions, at least, among even the pagans of the province.

Connected with the church is a home and school for orphan and other boys, the sons of Christians and catechumens. The pupils number one hundred, and are taught, in part, by native masters. They learn to read in the difficult Chinese books. The missionaries, or others appointed by them, instruct the children in their prayers and the catechism.

All who live in the school recite the whole rosary of fifteen decades together every day, and a love for its mysteries is inculcated by the teachers. Adjoining the shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary, also, is the convent of a nascent religious society of Chinese Nuns.

The large number of souls attracted to virginity in the Catholic Church, and in this fold only, is one of the evidences of its truth. In the very old Christian communities of this vicariate, some of them dating back two or three hundred years, there have been, from the beginning, pious women, self-dedicated to a life of chastity and good works. Virgins they are called, even in the Chinese language, and they are of great assistance to the missionaries, especially in catechizing members of their own sex.

At the present time, in every Christian settlement of importance in China, two or three, and sometimes a larger number, of these devoted souls are to be found.

Having remained for a few years under the instruction of the Sisters at Hankow, where they learn how to teach the Christian doctrine to others, they return to their homes trained in the duties of the life they have chosen for themselves.

They live with their parents, working in the fields and in the house like the rest of the family, without any exterior distinction.

In several vicariates a number of these "virgins" have been gathered into sisterhoods, with a rule and government similar to those of other religious communities, and only such changes as the peculiar conditions of the country require.

It is such a sisterhood that Father Remigius has just established at Hoangiasan. He will, as soon as sufficient funds are obtained, build here, too, a school where girls and women catechumens will be taught by the Sisters.

Last August, on the feast of the Assumption, the good missionary baptized seventy-one catechumens. About half of this number were women who had been thoroughly instructed by one of these consecrated virgins.

The Rev. Victorien Fernandez, O.F.M., is in charge of the church, orphanage and school, and the Sisters' community at Hoangiasan. On account of the importance of the post there are no out-missions connected with it, so we see here, at Hoangiasan, one of the rare examples in China of a resident pastor.

The missionary in the Celestial Empire, usually, is the wanderer who, in by-gone days in the United States, used to be called the *tramp priest*; one who has no settled place of abode, but travels through the country from village to village.

The office-room of Father Fernandez might well be named a dispensary. At all hours of the day it is besieged by the natives, Christian and pagan alike, who come to beg for quinine or other medicines, of which the good Spanish priest always keeps a supply in stock.

Knowing that the Catholics receive and care for numbers of the abandoned children of the Chinese, many pagans, rather than kill those of their girl-babies, whom they deem superfluous, send them to the missionaries. A nurse must be engaged for each one of these waifs, generally at the cost of a dollar a month. While I was at Hoangiasan, Father Fernandez baptized and provided for six of these little castaways.

During my short visit, also, we had occasion to save a woman's life. Adjacent to Father Fernandez's house lives a pagan family. In China when sons marry they bring their wives to reside in the parental home, and thus, frequently, three or four generations are found living under one roof.

The family I have mentioned includes the parents, two married sons with their wives and children, one unmarried son, and a young daughter. They are very poor and, in the winter and spring when the price of rice was so very high, they often did not have enough to eat. Yet, this was not the famine district.

In times of scarcity, in these large families, those who suffer most are the women, particularly the daughters-in-law. The poor creature to whom I refer was continually cursed and maltreated by her husband's brother.

One evening the climax in these stormy domestic relations was reached. The dusk was just setting in when Father Fernandez and I were startled by a loud call.

Rushing out of the house, we saw two women struggling in a pond that is situated near the church. At first, we thought one woman was trying to drown the other, but we soon discovered that, on the contrary, one was trying to drown herself, and her companion was endeavoring to prevent the mad act.

The would-be suicide was in a frenzy, but our man-servant, who had hastened to the spot, helped to drag her out of the water, and carried her to her home.

During all this time the brute who had driven her to this desperate attempt to take her life stood at a distance, calmly looking on, but moving neither hand nor foot to save his unhappy sister-in-law.

Many as are the evils and crimes of our Western civilization, they are far exceeded by the cruelties practised in heathen countries.

Near the church in Hoangiasan lives another pagan



FRANCISCAN TERTIARIES IN CHINA

family. Recently, the head of this household had a quarrel with his daughter-in-law. In his anger, he dragged the unfortunate woman to a near-by pond and threw her into the water, holding her under the surface until she no longer struggled. Then he ran away and hid himself. Fortunately, one of our Christians heard the sound of excited voices and the woman's screams, which were suddenly followed by an ominous silence.

Understanding the ways of his countrymen, he feared a tragedy and hurried to the spot whence the cries had proceeded. In so doing he displayed a high degree of courage, for to interfere in family affairs is a dangerous proceeding in China.

This old man and hero is named "Happy;" but in the language of this country, the word "happy" signifies only "dark-skinned." "Happy laoye, dark-skinned mandarin," is the full nickname given to our brave Christian.

When he reached the place of the struggle, the man had gone and the water was quiet. "Happy" waded into the pond and succeeded in finding the drowning woman, who was already senseless. He carried her to his house, revived her, and kept her with his family for a day, during which he succeeded in patching up a peace between her and her family, so that she could go back to her children.

If the woman had died, the government and people would have done nothing to punish the murderer. The quarrel was a family affair, and the head of the household has supreme authority.

Should we not be thankful that we were not born in a pagan land like China, where so many atrocities are committed with impunity?

November 7, 1907—To-day, the feast of Blessed Gabriel Perboyre, exactly two years have passed since

my arrival at Shanghai, and, in looking back, I find that the time has been filled chiefly in preparation for the work I still hope to do in China, with God's help.

I have been ill again. This time it was a malignant malaria that made me miserable during the whole of September, but now I am well, once more.

For nearly two years I have been teaching pagan Chinese young men. Nor could I teach them what I want so much to have them learn, namely, how to serve God and save their souls.

Yet I hope that at least a few of my students may be better men for the principles of natural morality they learn in the Catholic school. Surely, too, they must acquire some knowledge of the Catholic faith, without being aware of it, though we do not teach religion unless they desire it.

If it were not for obedience, however, I would leave this kind of work and go out upon a missionary expedition into the country, where the people are poor and simple in their lives, rude, too, perhaps, and uncultured, but not so eager for material advantages, or so corrupt as the inhabitants of large Chinese cities.

Wuchang, poor Wuchang! It has all the splendor of a Vice-Regal Yamen, with its rich merchants and mandarins and its new ideas of Western civilization, ideas that are entirely material. It has shed the blood of two martyrs, Blessed Perboyre and Clet, both Lazarists, already beatified by the Church, and still, like Jerusalem, it would not be converted to its Lord God and Redeemer. For more than forty years it has had the Blessed Sacrament continually in a church within its walls, yet the number of Christians in the city is very small.

Last year, however, more than fourteen hundred adults were baptized in our vicariate, where the Catholic population has increased to twenty-five thousand souls.

A Somali Christian

By Father Delore, O.M.Cap.

A young missionary who had temporarily returned to France because of ill-health, just before setting out again for his work in Somali, sent us this touching account of one of his converts, belonging to a people still unjustly considered, by many individuals of civilized nations, as the most backward and hopelessly savage of races.

Before again taking leave of my native land, for Somali, the country of my adoption, I forward this simple narrative to CATHOLIC MISSIONS. I want to tell its readers about Yousouf, or Charles, for the latter name he received in baptism.

Once, when Charles was a small boy, he came to spend a few days at the mission, but was taken away by his father, who angrily forbade him to have anything to do with the missionaries. After that he was closely watched and guarded for several years. When he reached the age of seventeen, as he still wanted to come to us, his father, astonished at the youth's constancy of purpose, left him free to follow his ardent wish.

From the time Charles came to live at the mission, he strove to control his naturally passionate temperament, and showed such good dispositions that, at the end of two years, he was admitted to baptism. From that moment he redoubled his efforts to advance in virtue, by way of preparation for his first Communion. When that happy day arrived, he had become almost like another being than the fierce, young savage we had first known.

A short time afterwards, he married Valentine, a gentle, good girl, who had been reared by the Sisters. Charles and Valentine loved each other worthily and became still more united by often receiving Holy Communion together.

Shortly after this marriage I was stricken down with fever and was desperately ill for several weeks. I grew better, but in order that I might recuperate it was necessary for me to leave our mission station, in the interior of

the country, and set out for Berbera, on the coast. Thence I was to sail for Aden, and from there to France.

When Charles learned that I was going away, he insisted upon accompanying me for at least a part of the journey. To avoid the intense heat of the sun, we travelled at night, and for five hours, as we crossed the desolate tracts of rocky land, he held me upon the mule I rode.

Soon after we reached the sandy plain beyond them, I became so weak that I could not go on. Reluctantly, Charles left me under the shelter of a scrubby tree of the desert, in the care of the other young men who had come with us, and hastened forward to Berbera, in order to secure a litter wherein I might be conveyed to the coast.

At mid-day he returned with the litter and bearers. Then, after wishing me God-speed, he took an affectionate leave of me, and set out on his return journey to the mission, having, within the space of a few hours, crossed ten miles of the burning desert three times.

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I wrote a letter, describing Charles' devotedness, to Father Stephen, Superior of the mission, who replied as follows:

"SHIMBIRALECH, April 11, 1907.

"As Charles behaved so well, I wished to reward him. I made up my mind to give him the last donkey that was sent to us. I spoke to the young man, telling him how much pleased I was to hear how creditably he had conducted himself.

" 'I only did what anyone would do,' he answered.

"His ingenuousness pleased me still more. I resolved to give him, also, a little foal, the youngest. When I asked him what I should do to afford him pleasure, and as a recompense for his care of you, he replied that he was already happy and content with what he possessed. As I insisted, he said:

" 'I ask that God will give me good health, and will guide me along the road to heaven.'

" 'And what else would you like to have?'

" 'A little cross to wear upon my breast.'

" 'Nothing more?'

" 'Nothing more.'

"May he persevere in these beautiful dispositions. Though some of our neophytes may cause us anxiety and sorrow, others assuredly afford us much encouragement."

As Charles' kind act, inspired by the self-forgetfulness of a noble heart, touched me deeply, I was all the more saddened to-day, yet consoled, as well, by another letter from Father Stephen:

"BERBERA, September 27, 1907.

"I have, alas, more to tell you of Charles. A few days ago his wife, little Valentine, was called to heaven, after having given birth to a daughter. The young husband's grief is terrible to witness. He walked from Shimbiralech to Berbera (twenty miles) to bring me the tragic news, weeping and sobbing all the way, I am told. When he reached here he was half dead. He could not even take a glass of water. I made him lie down on the terrace. Presently he began to rend his robe, crying:

" 'Oh, where is Valentine?'



SOMALI WOMEN

" 'Charles,' I said reproachfully, thinking to rouse him from his hopelessness, 'are you going to give way to despair like a pagan?'

" 'My cross, I cannot find my cross! Give me my crucifix,' he pleaded.

"Doubtless he had lost it on the road. I put my rosary into his hand. He kissed the little cross again and again, as a shipwrecked man seizes upon a spar or clings to the rigging and thus is saved.

"How Charles loved little Valentine! Well, too, did she deserve this intense affection; she was so good and gentle, so pious and obedient.

"Last Monday I sang a requiem Mass for the repose of her soul. I did not know how to console Charles, who continued to weep, and to kiss my missionary's crucifix that I had lent to him.

"When the Mass was concluded it occurred to me to translate for him the most beautiful of the prayers of requiem. The words of the Church in offering solace to Her bereaved children are so touching, that the poor young man was not insensible to them. He made an effort to control his grief—and, after a few days, took up his work again.

"Before him he has placed a large cross to which he often raises his eyes, especially, no doubt, at the moments when his heart seems like to break.

"He has been accustomed to receive Communion three times a week. Now he has asked and obtained my permission to approach the Holy Table daily.

"When his work is over, he is to be found in the church, or else going or coming slowly, carrying the crucifix and with his Somali prayer book open at the words:



SOMALI CHILDREN GIVEN TO THE MISSION

'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"To the Superior of the Sisters, who had brought up his wife from the days of her childhood, Charles wrote:

"My dear mother, how can I ever be grateful enough to you for your kindness in begging the Sisters and the young girls to pray for the soul of my beloved Valentine.'

"To-day I asked him if he had taken his dinner.

"Father, I cannot eat,' he answered.

"As I had told him yesterday that he must go to walk sometimes, in order to distract his thoughts from his sorrow, this morning he searched through the town for his brother, whom he is eager to convert.

"Before Valentine's illness he had said to her: 'If God sends us a son we will consecrate this son to Him; and, if the child lives, perhaps one day he may be found worthy to be a priest.'

"Poor Charles, God will not forget his pious wish."

Having told this simple story, I leave the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS to draw their own conclusion. From it they may judge whether it is true, as has been said, that the Somalis are cold-hearted and ungrateful, whether they are actuated by self-interest or the spirit of faith, and whether there is hope of making of this race a Christian people, worthy followers of the faithful of the primitive church in Africa, men and women who knew so well how to be apostles and martyrs?

Buddhism in Japan

By the Rev. A. M. Roussel

The Buddhas are only beings who have reached a state more advanced than that of humanity. They too must seek out their deliverance and, like man, they too may retrograde on the road to nirvana. Only Buddha, the chief of all, has arrived at perfect enlightenment and attained a definite end. Having passed through all the degrees of differentiated existence, he is superior to all other beings, gods and men.

What a proud philosophy that pronounces man independent of a superior being, of any divinity, and demands of him only patience and personal effort! At the same time, it was a philosophy that preached democracy and equality, and by it Sakya sought to break the tyranny of the Brahmin priests and the iron chains of caste by which the Hindus were enslaved.

In fact, by a paradoxical contrast, Sakya denied a permanent, conscious identity in man, and at the same time he exacted the exercise of all the strength of this ephemeral individuality in order that man might escape to the indefinite stages of existence.

According to the Buddhist philosophy, all men are equal in the sense that each individual can and should strive of himself to triumph over the universal illusion. Accordingly, above the priestly rank, the idols, above prayer and sacrifice, pride of caste and of race, is the

spirit of universal compassion, of a benevolent pity toward one's companions in suffering. This compassion extends not only to all humanity but to all living beings, no matter what their degree of advancement along the weary and sorrowful road to *nirvana*.

To Buddhism the lives of animals are as sacred as human life. With the Buddhist it is an act of religion to set at liberty all captive creatures. The practice of this great compassion becomes the dominant virtue of the beings most advanced in the way of deliverance, the special virtue of Buddha.

The Buddhism of Japan, in its middle age, immeasurably exaggerated this idea and drew to this religion the compassionate and benevolent.

It is evident that the elaborate structure of Buddhist philosophy, evolved by Sakya-Muni and indefinitely augmented by innumerable metaphysical subtleties and analyses, was not suited to the humbler classes. Many people left their occupations and families, became monks, consecrated themselves to meditation and the asceticism necessary to dispel "the universal illusion," as far as they were concerned, and to shorten the way of their deliverance.

But everybody could not do this. The theory of salvation solely by individual effort might be very noble, it

was certainly very seductive to human pride, but it was beyond the reach of the masses. To console, and lighten the burden of the majority of people who suffer, it is necessary to offer not an atheistic philosophy but a simple and accessible religion. This brings us to the second phase of Buddhism, which is entirely different from the first. A double-faced system, Buddhism thus condemns itself with all its incoherencies.

Claiming to be a cosmopolitan, a universal religion, Buddhism, in its popular form, adapted itself to the idolatry of the people who received it. Without exception, its periods of activity and extension are the periods when it absorbs new elements. Yet, its elasticity gains nothing but illogical ideas which, when carried out, contradict the accepted theories of Buddhism.

Thus, in the beginning, it absorbed the pantheistic Brahminism of ancient India, which Sakya-Muni relegated to an inferior position. It is true, a theory was invented which purposed to explain that the ancient gods were but temporary manifestations and incarnations of Buddha, but the people who could not comprehend these subtle distinctions, and who were not atheists, simply followed a religion of idolatry.

In China it was still different. To the gods of the Hindus had been added many others the people had imagined for themselves. They deified the abstractions and metaphysical attributes of the universal essence under the forms of Amida, Kwannon, Benten and others. The worship of ancestors had long been practised in China. Buddhism accepted, adopted and preserved it. The prayers the Chinese were accustomed to offer for the dead, passed into the popular form of the new religion. Yet this was a contradiction of the principles of Buddhism; for this practice admitted that the living could help the dead and aid them in attaining *nirvana*.

Buddhism had reached this point, accumulating innumerable superstitions on the way, when it reached Japan. Accepted by the imperial court with enthusiasm, on account of its philosophical and artistic novelties, its progress among the people was, nevertheless, slow.

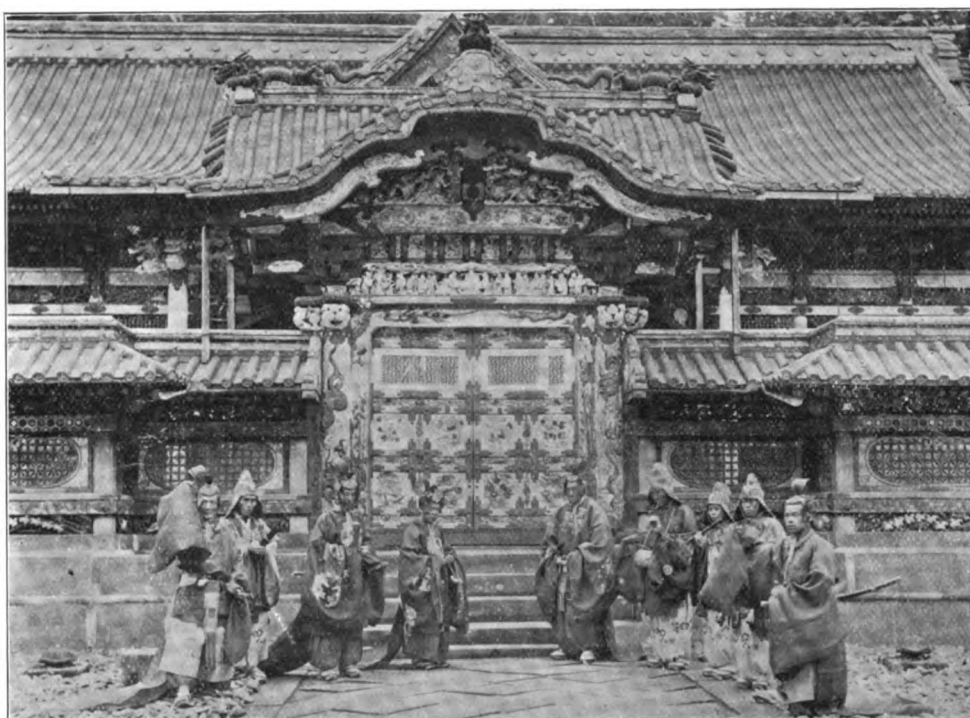
They had their national gods, their festivals, and they

were loth to abandon them. Their temples empty and bare, without statues of the gods and lacking any attempt at ornament, preserved the form and rustic appearance of the primitive Japanese dwelling. The new religion presented to the people visible symbols, the pomp of ceremony, temples solidly built and brilliantly decorated, many accessories calculated to appeal to the imagination and charm the senses.

But the Hindu and Chinese divinities could not prevail in the Japanese court against the national gods of Shintoism. In order to achieve success, Buddhism must propose a compromise. It had only to repeat what it had done in other countries, namely, to announce that the gods of Japan were manifestations of Buddha or the Buddhas, and that the only difference between them was in their exterior appearance.

Thanks to this subterfuge, Buddhism monopolized the

Shinto pantheon, festivals and temples, and, in turn, absorbed the Japanese practice of the worship of ancestors. Nothing seemed really changed in the national religion, except that the divinities were multiplied and images of them were now made, and the Shinto temples, save those of Ise and Izu-



KARAMON IYEFASU TEMPLE, NIKKO.

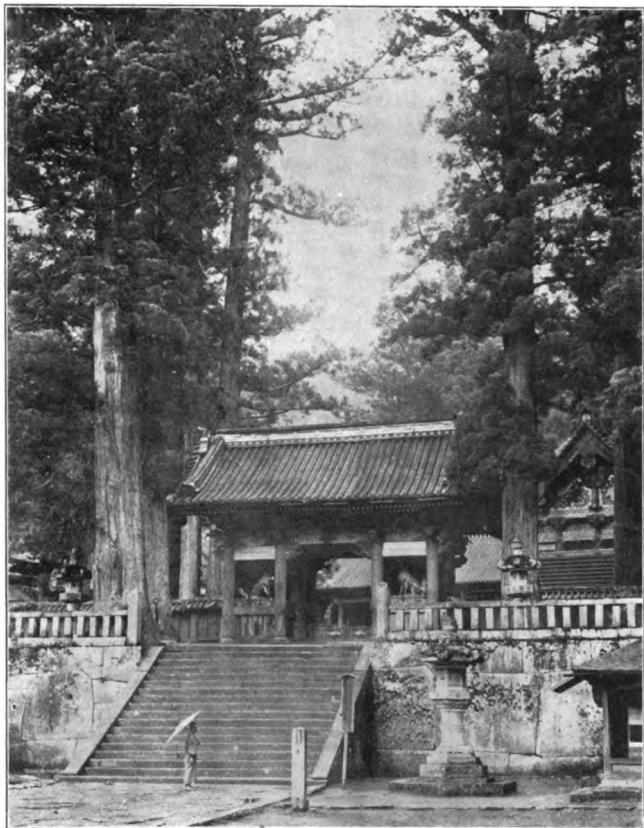
mo, were decorated in the style of the Buddhist sanctuaries. In a word, the two religions had become one.

Here is a legend, chosen from among many, which shows how the new religion was introduced among the people:

"A Buddhist monk named Kakujo made a pilgrimage of a hundred days to the shrine of the Sun-Goddess at Ise, to entreat her to reveal to him her original shape, the idea in those days being that the Shinto deities were *avatars*, or temporary manifestations, of the Buddhas.

"On the hundredth night the Sun-Goddess appeared to Kakujo in a dream, and commanded him to go next morning to the sea-shore at Futami, where she would show herself to him as she really was. He did so, and there appeared floating upon the surface of the waves a gold-colored serpent over ten feet long. But the monk was not yet satisfied.

"This is but a device on the part of the divinity,



FRONT GATE OF NIKKO TEMPLE

whose real shape that monster can never be,' he cried. And snatching off his priestly scarf, he flung it at the serpent, which vanished with it into the sea.

"Three nights later, the goddess appeared to Kakujo in a second dream, and said:

"The serpent was, indeed, but a temporary manifestation. My real shape is preserved at the temple of Muryoji at Ko, in the district of Suzuka, in this same land of Ise. Go thither and thou shalt see it."

"He went, accordingly, and discovered that Amida was the Buddhist deity there worshipped. The image was considered so holy that the priests of the temple at first refused to show it. At last, however, Kakujo's request was granted. To his astonishment and the amazement of all present, the scarf which he had thrown at the sea-serpent was found twined about the neck of the image."

Once popularized, Buddhism, without encountering any great opposition, invaded Japanese society and overshadowed the life of the people. The arts, literature and poetry naturally adopted it. Soon its influence began to be felt in the political life of the country. It insinuated itself into the language by many proverbs which spread Buddhist teachings, disguised as legends, among the people.

It infused into the Japanese mind its views upon the vanity and illusion of life, the universal phenomenon, previous and future existences, and the Buddhist phase of compassion for all creatures. To the skeptic it whispered agnosticism, but quieted anxious and restless souls by the suggestion of *nirvana*. For the simple, on the contrary, it invented a heaven and a hell of its own, and offered to the people many gods and innumerable con-

soling superstitions. It multiplied the places of pilgrimage, and did not hesitate to employ for its ends hypnotism, divination, sorcery and magic. Finally, its popular triumphs were its festivals, processions, with their splendor of color, ornament, flowers and perfumes, and the pomp of its burials.

By degrees the monasteries became parishes. Formerly built in the mountain solitudes for individuals who had left the world and wished to be forgotten, after a while they were erected in the neighborhood of cities. The people went to the monks to ask their prayers, and always paid well to obtain this spiritual remembrance. The dead were buried near the temples, and mortuary tablets were placed therein. The monks presided at the interments, took care of the tombs and celebrated the anniversary services. In a word, they took part in the life of the people and acquired a complete influence over them.

On the other hand, the Buddhism of the country became Japanese. In the thirteenth century the sects openly proclaimed that it was not necessary for man to strive to pass into the different stages of existence. The compassionate Buddhas required only that he apply their merits to himself, in order to enter, immediately after death, the paradise of the Pure Land. The only thing necessary was faith in Amida, and the repetition of her name. Buddhism had passed from one extreme to the other; from a stoical atheism to justification by faith without good works.

One of the new sects went so far as to openly break away from some of the most venerated traditions of Buddhism. Not only did it build splendid temples within the walls of the cities, but its monks married, while those of all the other sects continued to proclaim the rule of celibacy, though, indeed, it was by no means rigidly observed.

In short, this religion now guaranteed salvation to all. These sects were immensely successful, though there was rivalry between them. The extent of their property and wealth, and the number of their monks, gave them great political and even military power.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Japanese monks were soldiers as well, and the country was covered with temples that were also fortresses. The capital, left without sufficient protection by the Shoguns, who resided at a distance, was several times pillaged and burned by these monks. Only after many wars, sieges, confiscation, and massacres were these rebellious and mutinous so-called religious subdued.

The profound peace that reigned in the empire during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries lulled to sleep Japanese Buddhism, proud of its victory over crushed and proscribed Catholicism. When Buddhism awoke, enemies had united to destroy its power. Shintoism and the disciples of Confucius had joined hands to drive it from the land.

At some future time, perhaps, we may consider the effect of this struggle upon the actual state of religion in Japan. Now we will only note the lasting impression Buddhism has left upon the Japanese nature and soul.

That this religion in its philosophy and practice is entirely opposed to the teachings of Christianity has been made evident in this article. Everything is impermanence in Buddhism. All beings, the universal illusion, phenomena the most radical, all are fleeting. Even what is called the absolute Essence, can not be defined or seized upon by the intelligence. There is not a single clear or certain principle that is solid ground for the foundation of the structure, not one of our familiar distinctions between matter and spirit, the finite and the infinite, the agent and the act, between the being endowed with a conscious personality and the inferior being.

Buddhism is, then, a sophistry before which our arguments are as if null and void. The mind formed by Buddhism falls into pantheism, and only with the greatest difficulty can it be brought to comprehend the Christian meaning of a personal God, distinct from the world; a soul that survives the body; a Truth, immutable and not subjective.

Further, even the idea of religion is perverted. Buddhism prides itself upon being a universal religion. But, as it is a human fabrication, in order to propagate itself, it has recourse to all subterfuges and compromises. The Japanese, generalizing this fact, and reasoning that they remodeled Buddhism to suit themselves, think all religions that claim to be universal are of the same kind.

"Christianity," they say, "is not an exception to this general law. It will take root in Japan only if it is sufficiently flexible to permit the Japanese to adapt its doctrine, worship and discipline to their ideas and customs."

Protestantism, in accordance with its principle of private judgment, meets this opinion of the Japanese by showing that it is disposed to submit to this transformation at their hands, to become a religion without a foundation of dogma, a vague and variable opinion.

The Japanese have much national vanity certainly, but they have also a Buddhist mentality. The Buddhism of the Orient, after having absorbed many other religions, would fain absorb Christianity also, and would set up a statue of Christ in its temples if Christians would consent to recognize Our Lord as a manifestation of Buddha, and not acknowledge Christ to be anything more than the "higher criticism" of Germany acknowledges Him, for instance.

And now, if some reader who has courageously followed me to this point finds that I have not presented a picture of Buddhism in conformity with his pre-conceived notions, I can only say:

I have endeavored to explain the fundamental idea, the point of departure of Buddhism. But it must never be forgotten that this wavering, indiscernible, protean philosophy, having some point in common with all error, ancient and modern, spontaneously extends a hand to all error.

Naturally, pantheism is the element with which it finds itself most at home. But this pantheism extends from purely subjective idealism to radical materialism. Monism and evolution suit Buddhism as well, since it has to do with biology, ethics, law, religion, and sociology; evolution also has a place of honor in the make-up of this system. All that the German sophists think they have invented during the last hundred years Buddhism claims as its own.

It would appropriate as readily the Divine Word if it could be taken in an agnostic or Arian sense. One may be a pessimist, a skeptic, an agnostic, or, on the other hand, an enthusiastic idealist, and yet be a Buddhist.

Is a man philanthropic, humane? Buddhism explains that he is so because twenty-six centuries ago the great principle of fraternity and compassion was formulated.

Is he inclined to a stoical asceticism, or to the energetic development of his personality? Here again Buddhism presents itself as his guide, affirming that Buddha, the superman, whom it holds up as a model, is, to the fullest extent of the term, the master of energy, the author of his own exaltation, the son of his own works.


Buddhism indulgently accommodates itself to the weakness and ignorance of the illiterate and the simple. It claims everything, dominates everything, insinuates itself everywhere, monopolizes and transforms everything. Unfortunately, the races imbued with this religion for centuries have no respect for anything. They are at the farthest possible point from an ability to comprehend and accept the simple and immutable truth of Catholicism.

Buddhism pretends to unite morality and religion, in its idea of the retributions of an indefinite series of existences, but it occupies itself rather with asceticism than with the inculcating of moral duties. In the beginning Buddhism was allied to Confucianism in Japan—later it was opposed to that philosophy.



BELL OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE

MISSION LIFE & NEEDS



The letters from the mission field published in this section were lately received at the Central Direction or some of the diocesan offices

of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They

will serve to show the needs of the missions and the results already obtained or hoped for, and also to express the gratitude of the missionaries to their benefactors.

Appeals for help from missionaries will be entered here, and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will gladly forward whatever answers readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may wish to give to them.

FROM MGR. MICHEL MIROW, ARCHBISHOP OF THE BULGARIAN CATHOLICS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

"My so-called Cathedral and residence, having had no repairs for forty years, are in the last stages of dilapidation. We have no school, and the little Catholic children too often are enticed to the schools of the heretics. May the Divine Infant of Bethlehem inspire a few charitable souls to help me train up to His service these children who are the hope of the Church here. The friends of the missions, who remembered me when I was a simple missionary, will not forget me, I trust, now that I have become the poorest of archbishops. Though it is six months since my consecration, I have not yet the accessories necessary for the celebration of Pontifical Mass."

FROM BISHOP LIBERT HUBERT BOEYNAEMS, HONOLULU, HAWAII.

"To-day I have sent to a priest in Molokai the offering you intended for him. I will see that you have an article on the mission here in the islands as soon as possible. The new church in Molokai is progressing. We hope to have it completed by the end of February. It will be all of concrete, so there will be no danger of fire again. Everything will be built in a most sanitary manner and adapted especially for the poor lepers. We still need two thousand dollars to finish the church, however, and we commend this great work of charity to the generosity of those who compassionate these afflicted and helpless people."

FROM BISHOP BERLIOZ, P.F.M., HAKODATE, JAPAN.

"I thank you for myself, and in the name of all connected with my mission, for the offering you sent us and the sympathy you have shown us in our trials, especially those brought about by the great conflagration that, in August last, almost blotted out the city of Hakodate, destroying, with the rest, our church and mission buildings. On September 29th, one of our young priests died; another missionary is ill and I fear will not recover. In the work of the missions it is necessary to maintain the truly Catholic idea. As the Archbishop of Treves has said: 'Nationalism is one of the evils from which the Church most suffers.' How few there are who understand the Heart of Our Lord as did St. Paul, who says: 'To the Greeks and to the barbarians, to the wise and to the unwise I am a debtor.'"

"We are building a shelter upon the ruins of our church at Hakodate, and hope to be able soon to have Mass within its walls. My cathedral was dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. I am hoping that Our Lady will send me some assistance in this year of the golden jubilee of Her apparition at Lourdes."

FROM THE REV. CLEMENT FAVRE, MISS. APOST., MIEN-FOU, POU-NEN, CHINA.

"A few days ago, Father Fleureau, pro-prefect of the Canton mission, apprised me of the generous donation from New York sent to enable me to build a chapel, to be dedicated by the wish of the donor to St. Athanasius. The gift is providential, for in

my district a very important village, converted last year, is sadly in need of a little church. At present the meeting place of the new Christians is an old garret with a thatched roof. They are too poor to provide anything better and, until now, I have had no resources. As soon as possible after receiving the news of this most opportune donation, I celebrated two Masses for the intentions of our kind benefactor, whose charity and zeal will certainly be rewarded a thousand-fold. Every time I say Mass I shall make a special remembrance of this good friend of the missions. Chapels are greatly needed throughout Pou-nen, for in the whole district there is not one chapel worthy of the name. Consequently we have no proper places to assemble the neophytes and catechumens. Yet the pagans are well disposed toward the Christians. For two years I have been trying to build a church here at Mien-fou, a town of 30,000 inhabitants. But when I reflect that I need six thousand dollars for this work, I am amazed at my own temerity in ever having indulged the hope of obtaining so great a sum. Ah, if a few good friends of the missions would help me at Mien-fou, or follow the example of our present benefactor and build a little chapel in one of the villages! Such a chapel can be erected for very little here."

FROM FATHER LEBRETON, O.M.I., BASUTOLAND, SOUTH AFRICA.

"The more I travel among the Maloutis, the more I see how absolutely necessary it is that a mission for the inhabitants should be immediately founded. The chiefs and people are favorably disposed towards us, and hope we will come to live permanently among them, though they know how hard it is for a white man to settle in this country. Up to the present time, not a single European has established himself here. Even the traders have given up trying to live in this region. But it would be possible for a missionary, for we do not fear privations. 'I am as eager to found this mission as you are to undertake it,' the prefect apostolic recently said to me, 'but where are we to find the means? The expense will be considerable and communication is difficult, especially in the winter. We would need to have from three to five thousand dollars. Collect it if you can.' Help me to collect it, dear readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS; if you do this you will aid in saving many souls."

FROM FATHER CORBEL, P.F.M., PHUC-NHAC, MARITIME TONQUIN.

"I hope you will not forget my poor lepers of Phuc-Nhac. You have heard of the famine in Tonquin. Thousands of the inhabitants have found it impossible to obtain their daily bread. Death has already made great ravages here. One needs to see the wretchedness that exists on all sides in order to fully realize it. My lepers would have died of starvation if home friends of the mission had not come to their aid. Reduced to the condition of living skeletons, they were forced by necessity to gather the unwholesome grasses that grow along the highways and cook them for food. I could not alleviate this misery,

for my supply of rice was exhausted and my purse was empty. The anxiously-awaited alms arrived at last. What joy it brought! Still, the relief it insures is only temporary. Even after the next harvest is gathered, the price of food will be exorbitantly high, and what will become of my poor lepers?

"The appeals to your charity are numerous, I know, dear friends of the missions, yet I venture to hope you will not forget the unfortunate lepers of Phuc-Nhac who, with outstretched hands, beseech you to have pity on them."

FROM FATHER LOUAT, C.M., TCHE-KIANG, CHINA.

"A year ago the greater part of the harvest hereabout was destroyed by an inundation. The people courageously endured this misfortune and looked forward to a good harvest last October. Alas, in many places the crops were again lost. Moreover, an awful epidemic of cholera has broken out. Whole families have disappeared within the space of a few days.

"In the misery caused by the loss of the harvest, I must try to assist my catechists, at least. I have been giving each one four dollars a month. Though this was not much for them, it was a good deal to bestow considering the small resources of the mission. In ordinary times this salary enabled a catechist to support himself and his family. But now the price of rice is four dollars and forty cents for fifty pounds. As a pound daily is necessary for the sustenance of each person, you see how much it costs in these days of famine to save a family from starvation. By tripling the salary of each catechist I only render it possible for these people, and those dependent upon

them, to live. I hope some good friends of the missions may be able to send me a little help for them."

FROM THE REV. CHARLES DESMOULEZ, C.S.Sp., GABON, W. AFRICA.

"My apprentices are Pahouin youths of all tribes, and from fourteen to twenty-two years of age. The newcomers are employed for six months in the rough tasks about the mission. By that time they have begun to speak a little French, and then they are set to work in the carpenter shop, the forge, the garden or the bakery, or are selected to learn the mason's trade. At the end of six months more they may, if they wish, engage with us for three years. If they remain with us, at the end of this period the mission presents them with the tools necessary for the pursuit of their trade, and invites them to marry Christian wives.

"The catechumens prepare for baptism during eighteen months. Having been received into the Church, they must wait eighteen months longer before making their first communion. The interval is made so long, because after this ceremony they usually leave us, and when they return to their own villages some of them, unfortunately, relapse into paganism, sometimes through lack of faith, but oftener through fear of poison; for a native who disobeys his chief never lives long. These tribes are savage and a number of them are still cannibals. Yet the youths who stay with us at the mission are very obedient. We rarely have any trouble with them. To keep them with us for a while is the only way to convert and civilize them."



MISSIONARY NOTES

AND NEWS

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA.

AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy, D.D., Rector of the American College in Rome, was consecrated Titular Bishop of Adrianapolis, on December 29, by Cardinal Gotti, assisted by the Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco, and Bishop Giles.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dennis J. O'Connell, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., has been appointed Titular Bishop of Sebaste.

CLEVELAND

The Rev. Joseph M. Koudelka has been appointed Titular Bishop of Germanicopolis, and auxiliary to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Horsmann in

the Sec of Cleveland. Bishop Koudelka will look after the spiritual interests of the Slavs throughout the diocese.

APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE

At the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., three young men were ordained to the priesthood on December 21. They are the Rev. Timothy A. Buckley, the Rev. Joseph A. Little, and the Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C. Fathers Buckley and Little will devote themselves to mission work among the non-Catholics of Florida.

INDIAN CHILDREN

The receipts of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian children for the year 1907 were \$18,129.81, as follows: From the Diocese of Cleveland.. \$2,060.83 From the Special Appeal of the Bureau for 1906 3,031.30

From the Marquette League....	1,230.00
From Donations for Specific Purposes	717.50
From the Membership Fees of the Preservation Society.....	11,090.13
Total	\$18,129.81

CATHOLIC INDIAN SCHOOLS

The U. S. Supreme Court on November 29 decided that not only the Indian trust funds but the treaty funds as well may be used for the support and education of Indian pupils in the contract schools. This is a victory for the Government and the Catholic schools.

BALTIMORE

The Rev. P. F. Dissez, SS., D.D., late director of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, died there on January 25, in his eightieth year.

NEGRO MISSIONS

The Very Rev. Thomas B. Donovan, Superior of St. Joseph's Society for Negro Missions, died in Baltimore on January 13. During all his priestly life he labored for the moral betterment of the colored people. His work was so successful that Cardinal Gibbons gave him charge of the largest congregation of colored Catholics in the South, St. Francis' Church, Baltimore, which numbered more than eight thousand souls. Father Donovan was fifty-one years old and a native of New York.

BOARD OF NEGRO MISSIONS

The Board of Negro Missions has issued a strong appeal to the Faithful in behalf of the great work now being carried on among the colored people in the Southern States. The Rev. John E. Burke, director-general of the work, has established a national headquarters at 1 Madison avenue, New York City. The members of the Board are Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Farley, Ryan, and Blenk, S.M., and Bishops Allen, Byrne, and Keiley.

SEATTLE

Pope Pius X has sanctioned the transfer of the Episcopal See of Nesqually to Seattle. Henceforth it will be called the Diocese of Seattle.

OUR CATHOLIC POPULATION

According to the Catholic Directory for 1908 there are 13,877,426 Catholics in the United States. These figures show an increase of 788,092 over last year. Including the Catholic population of the Philippine Islands, which amounts to 7,000,000, and adding the 1,000,000 Catholics of Porto Rico and the 35,000 of the Hawaiian Islands, the entire Catholic population under the United States flag is 22,018,898.

MONTREAL

The Rev. John Garaix, S.J., has returned from China

to take charge of the Mission to the Chinese, who number 150 Catholics, in Montreal. Father Garaix was sent out by the Society of Jesus to prepare for his apostolate, and spent two years in Macao, a Portuguese settlement, forty miles from Hong-Kong.

TRINIDAD

The Rev. Albert Knapp, O.P., one of the most distinguished members of the Dominican Order, has been nominated to the See of Trinidad, as successor to the late Archbishop Flood, O.P.

EUROPE.

CATHOLICS IN BRITISH EMPIRE According to the Catholic Directory of the British Empire for 1908, the total Catholic population of the Empire is now 12,033,000.

PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS

In the missions of this Society there are 736 native priests, 4,743 native nuns, and 2,781 catechists.

AFRICA.**NORTHERN MADAGASCAR**

The plague has broken out at Majunda. If, to prevent the spread of the epidemic, all the wooden buildings wherein cases occur are burned, the missionary establishments would, in such a contingency, share the common fate. At present they are still free from the disease.

MOROCCO

Mulai Hafid has been proclaimed Sultan of Fez, and a "holy war" has been declared. His brother, the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, was deposed on January 4. It is a Mohammedan war, and all the Moorish tribes are summoned to take part.

CENTRAL AFRICA

The White Fathers have erected a cathedral on the west shore of Lake Tanganyika. All the

material used in the building is a product of Africa, with the exception of the glass for the windows. The work was done by the natives, assisted by the missionaries, and it is as well done as if all the artisans were European or American workmen.

ASIA.**POONA**

The Rt. Rev. Henry Doering, D.D., S.J., was consecrated Bishop of Poona, India, on December 8.

BENGAL

There is prospect of famine in Bengal, India, by reason of the loss of a large portion of the rice crop. The Catholics there have suffered much because of the hard times.

BOMBAY

In the Bombay district, according to the official announcements, the plague is claiming seven thousand victims a week. It is reported also that the cholera has broken out among the Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca.

COCHIN-CHINA

Two months ago there was an inundation in Cochin China, and the people are in great misery.

CHINA

The Lazarists have 35 native fellow missionaries, 76 Chinese secular priests, and 14 seminaries in which there are 455 native students.

OCEANICA.**TASMANIA**

The Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania, died on December 29. He was the oldest Catholic prelate, having been consecrated October 11, 1846. He was appointed coadjutor of Hobart in 1866, and Archbishop in 1888.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

In this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS the most important missionary magazines are reviewed, those published in the English language having the preference as being more accessible to the majority of our readers. Attention is directed to articles, pamphlets, and books bearing on the missionary question in order that the friends of the missions may be kept informed of the progress of the Church among infidels, heathens, and all outside the fold.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith (February) calls attention to the coming Sacerdotal Jubilee of Pope Pius X, as a time when it is especially incumbent upon the directors, missionaries and associates of the Society to render their homage of veneration and gratitude

to the Holy Father.—In this issue of the *Annals*, Bishop Chatagnon, P.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Southern Su-Tchuen, writes of "Modern China and Catholicism."—Father Gruson, C.M., graphically and with inimitable humor, relates the incidents of a journey "Across the Mountains of

Abyssinia" to visit a great chief of the country, in the interests of the missions.—"A Corner of Central Madagascar" is described by Father Castets, S.J., who tells how the missionary ministers not only to the spiritual but to the temporal ills of the natives, and of the opposition he en-

counters from the *mpisikidy*, or pagan sorcerer and so-called physician.—In "The Mission to the Herreros, German S. W. Africa," Father Bierfert, O.M.I., shows the great need of missionary effort among these poor people (especially the prisoners), so wretched from all points of view, moral, intellectual and religious.—Mr. A. Guasco, Sec. Gen. of the Paris Central Council, continuing his treatise on the "Scientific Work of the Missionaries," summarizes their contributions to Historical Science, a brilliant record, unsurpassed nor perhaps ever equalled by any other body of eminent men. Mr. Guasco, however, impresses us with the fact that this work was accomplished in the few leisure hours at the disposal of the missionaries, to whom the heart of a destitute leper comforted, a pagan soul regenerated and saved, is of more importance than the most erudite researches, scientific discoveries that cannot fail to attract the attention of the learned, or the poetic charm of priceless treasures recovered from the ruins of antiquity.

The Good Work (January) publishes a letter from His Grace, the Most Rev. John M. Farley, commending, and wishing all success to this new periodical devoted to the cultivation of the missionary spirit among our Catholic people. The editorial notes give interesting incidents of the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the diocese of New York.

In "By-Paths of Missionary Life" the Rev. William B. Hannon deals with the additional work to be done, now that the tide of foreign immigration is turning to the South, and portrays the parishioners of his various missions, incidentally picturing also a bit of Italy in North Carolina. "From the Diary of a Seminarian," by Nicholas H. Hans, is a very readable description of a vacation visit to the mission to the Sioux, at the Rosebud Agency, S. Dakota, where the Jesuit Fathers are doing so much for the spiritual and moral welfare of the Indian wards of the Nation. If Catholics could realize the good even a little help can accomplish, a more generous support would certainly be given to our missionaries in the far West.

The Field Afar for February is the Report Number, and gives a summary of the splendid work accomplished in the Archdiocese of Boston during 1907, for the Propagation of the Faith among the missions of the United States and our colonies and in the foreign field.—Under the title, "An Irish Apostle of Liberia," the editor publishes a letter from Father Stephen Kyne, Pref. Ap. This apostolic man has again taken up the work in the miasmatic land called "the White Man's Grave," where a number of missionaries have already succumbed to the insalubrity of the climate, martyrs to their zeal for the evangelization of the poor Blacks of this region. Father Kyne, nevertheless, writes

with the cheeriness of a brave Celtic heart. He tells us that the cost of founding a mission in Liberia is about a thousand dollars. For \$20,000 the work could be well established throughout the country.—In this issue of *The Field Afar* the chapter of the serial, "In the Homes of Martyrs," describes "A Sunday with The Abbé Vénard," and a peaceful, beautiful, edifying day it is proved to have been.—Especially interesting contributions to this number are the descriptions of the work accomplished by those devoted and unassuming heroines of charity, Sister Xavier and her Sisters in China, and Mother Paul in Uganda. Mother Paul is said to be the only American Nun in Africa, but she is "a host in herself."

The Missionary (February).—The annual reports of the different bands of missionary workers among non-Catholics are coming in. The New York Apostolate (six missionaries) during 1907 gave nine missions to non-Catholics, in addition to eighteen regular missions; and 217 converts were received into the Church. The Jesuits gave a two weeks' mission in Cornell University town, where forty-five converts were made. The January number of *The Missionary* contains the reports of the missions to non-Catholics in the South for the year. Under the auspices of the Catholic Missionary Union, eight missionaries have given ninety-two missions, lasting 594 days, during which they preached 955 discourses to an aggregate audience of 123,042 people. Of this throng, 62,731 were non-Catholics, many of whom had never before seen or heard a Catholic priest. Eighty-eight converts were received into the Church, and one hundred and nineteen are under instruction. During the last few years, the Catholic Missionary Union has paid out \$34,000 toward the expenses of carrying the truths of religion to the non-Catholics of the South, and 983 missions have been given to an aggregate attendance of many thousand people. In the West, Father Kress and his missionaries of the Cleveland Apostolate are practically changing the religious character of Northern Ohio.—The Dubuque Apostolate gave fifteen missions and one triduum during the year. Six of these missions were lectures to non-Catholics, with the usual feature of the Question Box.—Two graduates of the Apostolic Mission House have already begun diocesan missionary work in South Dakota, and a third has found his field in Montana. The Redemptorist missionaries, in 1907, received 225 converts.

The Indian Advocate (February) relates the history of a remarkable tribute of gratitude recently received by the Rev. William H. Ketcham, director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. This was a vote of thanks passed by a convention of Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians

held in Hugo, Okla., last December. The delegates represented large bodies of Indians of the old Choctaw Nation. Almost all of them were Protestants. Of the five preachers in the assembly, two are numbered among the signers of the unanimously adopted resolutions acknowledging "the services and tireless zeal of Father Ketcham, in behalf of the Indians of all tribes." *The Advocate* has an editorial on the justice of the recent decision of the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, which reverses the ruling of Judge Gould of the Supreme Court, and proclaims that the Indian Treaty Funds may be, as heretofore, used for the education of Indian children. This decision, therefore, permits Catholic Indians to have their own money spent for them in the education of their children in Catholic schools. The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions tenaciously conducted the aborigines' defence, and both Catholic and Protestant Indians are grateful for this presentation of their cause.

Extension (February) contains a short summary of the work accomplished by the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, since its incorporation in December, 1905. Among the results attained is the placing of eighteen students for the priesthood, pledged to labor for the conversion of non-Catholics in this country; and the distribution of a large amount of missionary literature. This issue of the magazine has three especially interesting sketches, namely, "A Church on the Frontier" (St. Pierre, S. Dakota), by the Rev. E. P. Murphy; "A Bird's Eye View of My Mission," by the Rev. Raymond Vermimont, and "The Lessons of the Old Missions," by John T. Comes.—"How the Church Is Governed," the able serial by the Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L., I.L.D., is continued, the current instalment being upon the rank and office of the cardinals.

Anthropos, the International Review of Ethnology and Linguistics, published at Mödling, near Vienna, presents a number, as attractive as learned, in its first issue of the New Year.

The Paliyans, a Hill Tribe of South labor to the Kunnuvan or Mannadi vil-Dahmen, S.J. They are nomads who rove through the jungle-gorges of the upper Palnis plateau, living on roots, leaves and wild fruits, but sometimes hiring their labor to the Kunnuvan or Mannadi villagers. Their religion, dances, manners and customs are very curious.—The peculiarities of "The Munda Family of Speech in India," are written of, also in English, by Dr. Sten. Konow.

The German articles are: "Monuments and Gravestones of Ancient China," a study of old Chinese sculptures, by the Rev. A. Volpert, S.V.D.—"The Niol-Niol"—a treatise, by the Rev. Jos. Bishofs, P.S.M., on the natives of North-

west Australia, who are being Christianized and civilized by the Marist missionaries, and—"The Hianokoto Umaua of South America," a primitive people, of whose traits Dr. Koch Grunberg has made valuable and interesting notes—"The Maladies and Remedies of the Tonquinese," by Father Giraldo, O.P., is the contribution to the number in Italian.

The articles in French are: "Traditions and Legends of the Basutos," by Father Loupias, A.I.M.—"The Origin of the Idea of God in the Modern Systems of History Compared with Religions," by the editor, Rev. W. Schmidt, S.V.D.—and "The Woman of the Desert, Yesterday and To-day." In the last named sketch the Rev. Anastase Marie St. Elie considers the condition of the Bedouin woman under the influences of the pagan, Jewish, Mohammedan and Christian religions. *Anthropos* is, as usual, well illustrated.

The Colored Harvest (January) in "Notes from the Missions," tells of the earnest colored Catholic congregation of Birmingham, Alabama. The beginning of the mission was discouraging. The priest lacked the means to obtain even the necessities of life; his people were as poor as himself. But he and they struggled on. The little flock has increased from five to twenty-four regular attendants. Sixteen have made their First Communion and are, with one exception, monthly communicants. Connected with the mission is a school that has 117 pupils. Only one of these is a Catholic, but by means of the school the knowledge of Catholic truth is spread.

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London (February).—The initial article, on "The Work of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in China," is by Lady Agnes de Trafford, who gives a pleasing description of a visit to the establishment of the good Sisters at Ning-po. This foundation includes a nursery for abandoned infants, a woman's hospital, a dispensary for men and women, an orphanage, work rooms, where the young girls being reared by the Sisters are taught all kinds of needlework, and sometimes fill orders for the Paris shops, and a home for crippled or blind children. Another foundation of the Order, in the same city, has a home for aged, blind and crippled men, and an orphanage and day school for boys. The Houses of the Sisters at Hangchow, Kinkiang, Chusan, and Tsofoupan are all much the same as those at Ning-po. Three ways of helping these charities are:

1. To send orders for embroidery or lace work.
2. To adopt a baby or infirm child, by sending \$20 a year for its support.
3. To adopt an old woman and send \$24 a year.—In this number of *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, the Rev. Francis Deniau, continuing his account of "The Sanars of India," describes the curious marriage ceremonies of Coimbatore, and the difficulty of evangelizing the people of that region.—Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., has another instalment of his valuable serial, "The Catholic Missions of the Bismarck Archipelago." In this article we are told, in reference to the pagan customs of New Pomerania, that a new-born baby boy is held over a smoking fire until half-suffocated, while a woman murmurs the incantation, "Become strong, little child; a mighty chief, favored with *tambu* (native money), and large plantations." The birth of a baby girl is the cause of especial joy to the father. She will be a source of new wealth and influence to him on the day of her betrothal or marriage, for she must be purchased by her husband, or rather by his nearest relative, acting in his behalf. The young man has no more choice in the matter than has the bride.

The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, N. Y. (February) is one of the first magazines to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of Our Lady of Lourdes, by a brief history of the vision of Bernadette, the little French peasant girl, and of the marvellous spring destined to effect the cure of infirmities past reckoning. For all true lovers of the Blessed Virgin, February 11, 1858, the day of Her miraculous apparition at Lourdes, shines forth like a star beneath Her feet. No other century was ever more obstinate than ours in its opposition to and resistance of the supernatural, and yet Lourdes is a permanent miracle.—In the *Annals of Our Lady*, this month, "Child Life in New Guinea" is described by the Rev. Joseph Guis, Marist missionary.—A biographical sketch of Dom Bosco, by Susan Gavan Duffy, is continued.

St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Advocate (Winter Quarter), prints a letter from the Rev. J. Verbrugge, E.F.M., Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers at Iloilo, Philippine Islands, to Father Henry, the Superior-General. We quote a notable paragraph: "Even in the remotest villages, the American Government has erected schools. Alas! they are schools

where neither God nor religion is spoken of. The teachers are, with a few exceptions, really fair-minded, but they are nearly all Protestants in a Catholic country. If only we had the means to open Catholic schools in all our missions, our difficulties in this matter would be cleared away. Send us out more priests for the love of God, ten, twenty more. I can dispose of any number. Once started they will find their living; the only help they need is to begin. It is true, the building question will come, but Almighty God will also provide then."—"The Early History of the Maori Mission" (New Zealand) is continued in this number of the *Advocate*.—Bishop Hanlon, Vic. Apost., writes entertainingly of his missionary journeys in Uganda, and gives a pen-picture of the little King Daudi, who is eleven years old, has a British tutor, and is only just beginning to speak English, though he understands almost everything that is said to him in this language. "Last Friday," say the Bishop, "the young monarch returned my visit. He was mounted on a beautiful white pony, and accompanied by many youths, his courtiers. The little King is somewhat shy and quiet, but natural and pleasing in manner. We had a most pleasant afternoon. He was delighted with some picture books of Africa that I showed him."—"Marriage in Madras" by Father Kreyelmans, relates incidents of a triple wedding among Pariahs of India, where, in the nuptial ceremony, a marriage medal takes the place of a ring.

Annales des Sacrés Coeurs (December).—The little magazine of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, of Picpus, contains an edifying and instructive account of the missions of these zealous apostles in the Cook and Gilbert Islands, Oceanica.

I. J. H. S. (In Jesum Hominum Salvatorem) is a small, but alert periodical published with the sanction of the Rt. Rev. Thos. S. Byrne, of Nashville, to promote the cause of the outlying missions of East Tennessee, the Bishop's care being, not only for the scattered Catholics of this territory, but also for the non-Catholics, many of whom have had almost no religious teaching of any kind. A number of Catholics found in these isolated localities have been brought back to the practice of their religious duties, since the foundation of these mission stations, in 1903-1904, and there have been a few converts to the faith.

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A Visit to Iceland

By the Rev. W. S. Kress, of the Cleveland Apostolate

Roads and fields covered with drifted snow; a fierce gale blowing twenty hours out of every twenty-four; a night three months long; these are not a pleasant prospect for men and women accustomed to the cheerful winters of central Europe. Yet, such are the conditions under which some fifteen Sisters of St. Joseph, two priests and two brothers are laboring at Reykjavik, on the Iceland mission. Theirs is an experience that does not grow more agreeable because repeated year after year.

The Iclander, it is true, believes his own country the finest in the world. But one would need to be of the Viking race, either by blood or spirit, to appreciate his rugged mountains, the weird northern lights, the stretches of fantastic lava—one of them being eleven hundred and sixty square miles in extent—the meadows with their frost-lifted hummocks, looking like myriads of diminutive graves, and the cold waves lashing themselves into useless fury upon the black rocks of Ultima Thule.

The countless waterfalls and cataracts, that delight the eye in summer, can not be transformed into electric light when light is needed, for the noisy streams have the chill of death upon them in the dark months of the polar winter. In summer—ah, that is another story.

In Summer Iceland is a Fairy-land

where night is turned into day; where the sun neither rises in the east nor sets in the west; where all else points to the north except the needle of the compass; where fire and ice up to yesterday were contending for mastery; where hospitality is considered a virtue and not a means of livelihood; where illiteracy is unknown and violence a stranger, and where the national mind has been cradled to the sagas of the ancient and modern skalds.

Conditions are agreeable enough in summer. For

three months no artificial lights are to be seen except in stoves; one may read a newspaper at midnight, or ride from one town to another over faint or dangerous trails between supper and breakfast. The light of this season has been called a light of transfiguration. An effulgence more soft and mysterious can not be imagined.

Still, Iceland remains a Refrigerator Isle even in summer. Great coat and woollens keep one comfortable, however, and there is no influenza or pneumonia in the stiff breezes.

Father Charles Brockmeier, of New Orleans, and I paid a visit last June and July to Fathers Meulenbergh and Servaes, worthy sons of Blessed Grignon de Montfort, who have charge of

The Catholics of Iceland

There are not many under their care—about thirty-five in all, including seventeen Nuns and Brothers of Religious Orders. All re-

side at Reykjavik, where there is a church, which, though small, has a beautiful interior. This is, however, the only Catholic church in the country.

Near by is the Sisters' hospital, the largest and best equipped of many similar institutions on the island. Thirty or forty rods distant are the parochial school and the priest's house. The school had sixty-five pupils last year, but only five were Catholics.

The children of this school make a remarkably fine showing. I chanced to be present at the language examination of a class of little ones. The entire class passed above 96 per cent. in Icelandic, Danish, German and French. The Sisters assured me that their Icelandic pupils surpass those of any other country they ever taught in, both in ability and application. The boys, as well as the girls, are adepts in fancy needle work.

The whole town turns out to attend the annual exhibition of the school. Only the lower branches are taught,



A STREET IN REYKJAVIK, ICELAND

owing to the lack of a sufficient number of class rooms. The hospital, too, needs better accommodations. The Sisters are hoping that some wealthy and generous American may visit Iceland next summer.

The Icelanders tell an amusing incident of the visit of Christian IX, the late king of Denmark, to their country in 1874.

Speaking to a native who understood some German, Christian asked:

"*Wie viele Kinder haben sie?*" (How many children have you?)

"Three hundred," was the astonishing reply.

"Three hundred!" repeated the king in amazement. "What in the world do you do with so many?"

"I butcher them, just as I need them," answered the man stolidly.

He was not so inhuman as he seemed, however, for in Icelandic "Kinder" means sheep.

On Sundays our priests preach in Danish at Mass and in Icelandic in the evening. The church is too small for the throngs that gather to hear these evening sermons. The Icelandic is

The Old Norse,

differing but little from the language in which the Eddas were composed. It is the oldest of the Teutonic tongues, ante-dating even the Gothic of Bishop Ulfilas' Bible, written in the fourth century, and is an exception to every other tongue in that it does not change. It is an extremely difficult language, in which no native preacher would attempt to preach except from the written manuscript.

Knowing the aptness of Icelanders in learning foreign tongues, we announced a mission in English for non-Catholics. We expected only a little group of people; but the audience crowded even the aisles of the church. Among our listeners were editors, preachers, college professors, government officials, hotel men, merchants, etc., and we were able to hold their attention and interest to the end of our ten days' course of instruction.

The Question Box brought queries in English, Icelandic, Danish and German. The liveliest queries were upon spiritualism, a favorite cult of some individuals in Lutheran circles. The leading newspaper of Reykjavik commended our American method of launching out into

the deep. A class of inquirers, counting seven or eight, was started; of these several are sure to become Catholics.

Conversions are slow in Iceland, despite the fact that the best of the island's past is bound up with the Catholic Church. But it may be well to remember that, from the time of the so-called Reformation, until 1874 no priest was permitted to hold public services in this country. In 1858 the intrepid Frenchman, Father Boudoin, began the heroic task of endeavoring to win back the inhabitants of Iceland to the faith of their forefathers. Alone in that desolate land for sixteen years, and prohibited from the public exercise of his ministry, this truly Apostolic man, nevertheless, with indomitable courage, devoted his energies and talents to the accomplishment of his great aim. Once, during a missionary

visit to the northern city of Akureyri, he was in actual danger of starving or freezing to death, for, as

To Harbor a Priest Meant a Prison

or a fine, no one was willing to give him lodging or offer him hospitality. At last, a man named Einar Asmundson, learning of his desperate strait, came to his aid.

"A Catholic priest is not a dog to be driven from door to door," declared Einar indignantly. "I will give this stranger food and shelter, come what may."

He accordingly received the missionary into his house

and cared for the proscribed guest with much courtesy, but for this temerity he was condemned by an Iceland court to pay a heavy fine.

This fine was, however, remitted by King Christian. A few years afterwards, Einar's son, Gunnar, received the grace of conversion. He is said to be the first Icelanders received into the church since 1551.

Gunnar—Einar's son—was my inseparable companion while I was at Reykjavik. His youngest boy served my Mass. When I asked the lad if he was an Einarsson, he said, no; his father was Einarsson, he was a Gunnarsson. I called Gunnar's daughter Miss Einarsson, until told that she was nobody's son, but Miss Gunnarsdotter. Each generation has a new patronymic. This custom is rather puzzling to the outsider when he is trying to learn who is who.



ISAFJORDUR, ICELAND

A Beautiful Tradition

The story of the introduction of Christianity into Iceland reads like a romance. The Althing (Parliament) convened annually upon a grass-covered lava field, thirty-one miles distant from the nearest town, Reykjavik. In the year 1000 a little party of Christian converts marched to Thingvalla, each man bearing a cross in his hand. A Catholic missionary led the procession with smoking censer. These Christians demanded for their religion, from the Parliament, equal legal standing with paganism.

The pagan priests, aroused, pointed to a volcano which, at that moment, began to belch out liquid lava.

"See the sign of the anger of Odin and Thor," they cried.

"Who made them angry when the rock whereon we stand was a molten mass?" shrewdly inquired one of the Christians.

The pagans, unable to answer, declared that to appease the wrath of their gods they must sacrifice two men from each quarter-division of the country. Eight Christians volunteered to lay down their lives in proof of their devotion to Christianity. The Loegmann, or president, who pronounced the law, commanded silence. Then, when the clamor was stilled, he said:

"Two religions cannot be tolerated in Iceland. They would lead to division and weaken our country before our foes. There must be but one worship, and that shall be the religion of the Christians."

The Loegmann's ruling was final and, thenceforth Iceland was numbered among the Christian nations.

For five and a half centuries the Catholic religion flourished in this bleak island. There were two episcopal Sees, Skalholt, in the south, and Holar, in the north. The former had been occupied in succession by twenty-nine and the latter by twenty-three bishops when the tidal wave of persecution that deluged Europe in the sixteenth century swept over the lands of the midnight sun, and Iceland's houses of Catholic worship were laid in ruin.

Before that time there were seven monasteries and two convents of Nuns in Iceland. A very remarkable fact is the number of

Poems to the Blessed Virgin

written during the reign of the ancient faith. More than fifty of such tributes to the glory of Mary are still extant, showing that, in all ages and in every land, Christ's children know how to pay homage to His Mother. The old chronicles mention several shrines to which pilgrimages were made, such as Notre Dame de Hofstadur, near Skagafjordur.

Alas, on November 7th, 1550, the head of the last Catholic bishop Iceland was to know for more than three centuries fell under the axe of the reformer. Iceland was robbed of her faith by the Lutheran armies of Denmark.

With the loss of this faith came many hardships. The Danish masters of the island apportioned it among Copenhagen merchants who, for two hundred years, kept the natives on the verge of starvation. This wrong was righted more than a century ago, but the Icelander has not yet learned to love the Dane. At present there is a



LADIES OF ICELAND

popular movement to secure the complete independence of the island.

The splendid example of Christian zeal and sacrifice of Iceland's nineteenth century Apostle, Father Boudoin, found no immediate emulators. For twenty years after his death the few Icelanders whom his patience and zeal had won to the Church were left without a pastor, with the result that not a single Catholic native remained loyal to the faith. In 1892, Pope Leo XIII erected the mission of Denmark and Iceland into a vicariate Apostolic, over which

Bishop Von Euch

was appointed to preside. This dignity was a fitting reward for the thirty-two years of untiring service this brave and holy missionary had rendered to the mission of Denmark.

Fifteen years have now elapsed since his elevation to the episcopal dignity. To-day, in spite of his advanced age, he continues to labor with indefatigable energy for the souls of the Icelanders plunged in the darkness of heresy. During the few years of his episcopate, his flock has multiplied ten-fold.

The Icelanders are a superior people. They are listening to the priests and weighing their arguments; they are watching the Sisters and admiring their gentle and unobtrusive charity. It is not easy to lead these people away from their inherited heresy, but a beginning has been made. The present converts are of sterling quality. A second spring of Catholic glory is dawning upon Iceland.

A Sketch of the Hawaiian Mission

By Father Reginald, S. H. Pic.

If there is any part of the great foreign mission field that should claim especial attention from American Catholics it is, doubtless, the Hawaiian Archipelago.

As a territory of the United States, Hawaii might, indeed, be considered a home mission. We hesitate to call it so, however, because of the great distance of the islands from this continent, and the fact that in the archipelago the Stars and Stripes wave over such a varied population.

The Hawaiian Islands are five, counting only the chief and inhabited isles of the group. Of volcanic origin, they are situated nearly mid-way between San Francisco and Yokohama, just within the northern tropic.

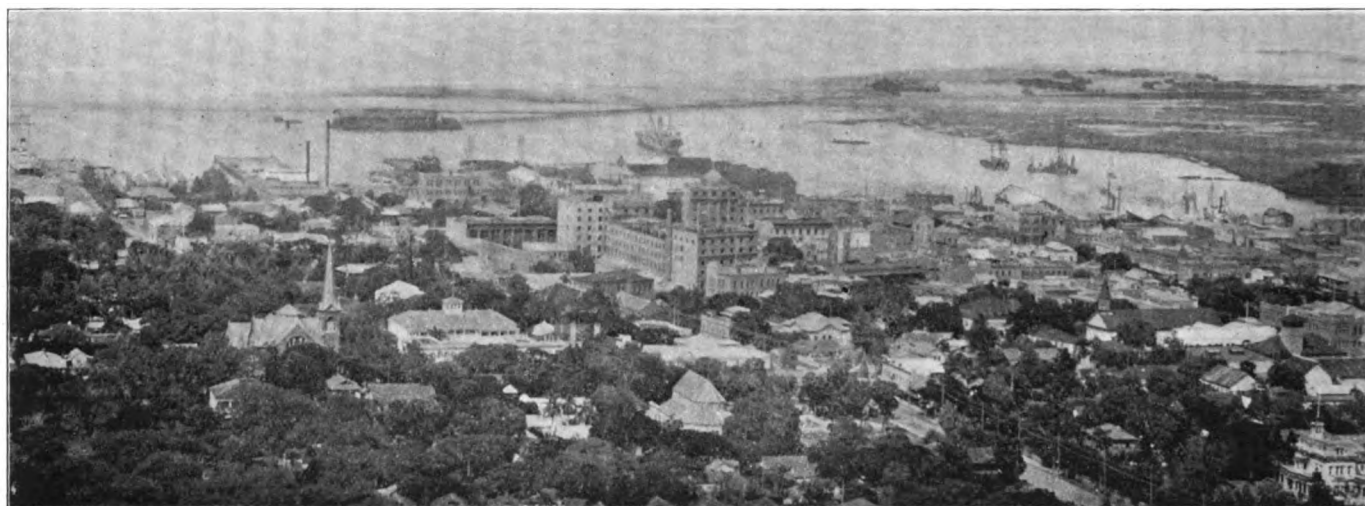
From their position, they possess all the advantages

an energetic persecution of the new missionaries, and this state of affairs lasted until 1839.

On June 17th of that year a royal order (Hawaii was then a kingdom governed by native rulers) declared that no more persecutions should be inflicted upon Catholics on account of their religion.

Five years later, the vicar apostolic, Bishop Maigret, counted among his flock twelve thousand five hundred native Catholics, this number being one-tenth of the Hawaiian population. The Catholics had, also, a hundred schools and one high school.

The annals of the Catholic mission in Hawaii between 1827 and 1839 resemble the accounts of the acts of the martyrs of the first centuries. For, although the perse-



THE CITY OF HONOLULU

of tropical countries, while a concurrence of happy circumstances has kept them free from the usual disadvantages of the latter. On account of their fine climate and natural attractions, they are rightly named

"The Paradise of the Pacific."

Originally, these islands were populated by a branch of the widespread Polynesian race, but now the natives do not even form the majority of the inhabitants. Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Hindus, Portuguese, Spaniards, Porto Ricans, Hawaiians and Anglo-Saxons make up the Babel-like population.

The Asiatics, as a rule, do not come to stay, but only to gain sufficient money to enable them, in later years, to lead a dignified existence in the Orient.

If all these people could take home, besides their little treasure of gold coins, the pearls of religious truths, the Hawaiian Islands might become a great center for the propagation of the Faith. Behold the possibilities. For the time being, however, the missionaries can do little.

The first Catholic mission in Hawaii was founded in July, 1827, when two Fathers and several lay brothers arrived at Honolulu. A number of Protestant ministers, who had already been six years in the field, at once began

cution was not a bloody one, it was very violent, and our neophytes gave remarkable

Examples of Faith and Firmness.

At present, in a population of about 155,000, we have nearly 35,000 Catholics. It is, however, only fair to state that many of our faithful are immigrants from Catholic countries.

Considering that eighty years have passed since the establishment of the mission, we might be tempted to conclude that the progress of the Church among the natives has not been so great as might naturally have been expected. It appears that, by this time, we ought, certainly, to have at least thirty-five thousand native Catholics.

But, if we do not count so many, the reason is that the Hawaiian race is rapidly dying out. The census of 1900 gives only 29,787 pure and 7,848 part Hawaiians.

According to the rate of decrease of the last few decades, since the beginning of the new century, the number of natives must have diminished by about four thousand. In thirty years more they will be entirely extinct. This is to be regretted, for they are a good race, with many fine qualities and characteristics.

In the two principal settlements of the archipelago, Honolulu, the capital of the territory, and Hilo, the chief town of the island of Hawaii, there are regularly established Catholic parishes, with pretty churches, daily services, parish schools, and religious communities. Tourists, who visit these cities only, perhaps judge the entire mission from these points of vantage. In the country neighborhoods, however,

The Mission Has a Scattered Flock

and from five to ten chapel stations, spread over a district averaging fifty miles in diameter. The roads, although much improved of late, are bad even in dry weather.

The best of them, being only mud roads, after all, become as impassable as freshly plowed fields when rain sets in. At such times, since few people can get to church, the priest often has a very small congregation at Mass on Sundays.

Even if only a score of people are gathered together, however, he will have to preach in, at least, two, possibly in three languages—Hawaiian, Portuguese and English.

The cosmopolitanism of the country and the early education of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts, of Picpus, who serve the mission of Hawaii, have rendered these missionaries veritable polyglots. They all speak six or eight languages and yet find that a knowledge of four or five additional dialects would not come amiss in their work among the people.

As the Catholic population of the islands, outside of the cities, is made up almost entirely of natives and plantation hands, the missionaries have to rely, for their own subsistence and the maintenance of their schools, chiefly upon gifts from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The priest's fare is, necessarily, very frugal; he must often be content with

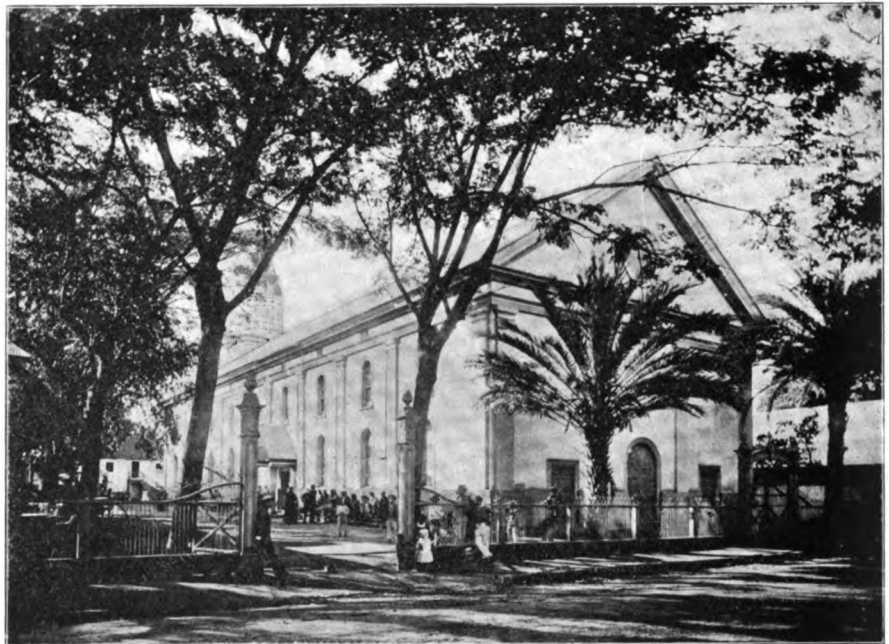
The Food of the Natives,

namely, *poi*, a kind of porridge made from taro roots, and dried fish. In many places, canned meats and groceries may now be obtained, however, and if the missionary has culinary skill and an oil stove, he may prepare for himself a substantial though not always a wholesome meal.

The chapels in these islands are by no means museums of art. Small frame structures, often unceiled, they contain only the most necessary furnishings, a simple altar, the Stations of the Cross, and perhaps one or two other pictures.

Few of these churches are so rich as to possess statues. Many of the missionaries have not even a full set of vestments, that is, vestments in the respective colors canonically prescribed for the various feasts.

The difficulties the Fathers encounter in the exercise of their ministry are different when Hawaiians or people



THE CATHEDRAL AT HONOLULU

of other nationalities are concerned. The natives are rather shy of physicians, because they have a great fear of being suspected of leprosy and sent to the asylum at Molokai. In former times

The Kahunas or Pagan Priests

were also their medicine men. Now, therefore, when they are ill, they expect their religious teachers to cure them. Christian Science and Mormonism, accordingly, strongly appeal to the Hawaiians.

The Catholic priest, in order to succeed with them, must not forget that his ritual contains blessings for oil and other objects which, by the efficacy of Holy Mother Church, may, and often do, restore the health of both mind and body.

The mission territory of Hawaii now includes a cathedral, about one hundred chapels or churches, and ten schools, with over two thousand pupils. During last year, eighty-two converts were received into the Church.

The personnel of the mission consists of one bishop, thirty-three priests and eight lay brothers of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts (of Picpus), twenty-seven Brothers of Mary, nineteen Franciscan Sisters and thirty-six Sisters of the Sacred Hearts.

A number of the Franciscan Sisters are engaged in work in the schools, the others in the leper settlement. The Sisters of the Sacred Hearts, in addition to their other classes, have a boarding school in Honolulu. An orphanage is now being built near the capital. This establishment will be in charge of another band of Franciscan Sisters.

A wealthy American who, with his wife, had been a generous supporter of sectarian foreign missions was heard to say, after a tour of the world and a visit to various missionary establishments that he had befriended: "I have bestowed the last dollar I intend to give in that way. If I were a Roman Catholic, however, I would double my contributions to the missions of the Catholic Church."

A Good Thief of Mavara

By Father Bonhour, S.J.

Marava is a sandy and torrid town of the Madura Mission, situated southeast of the city of Madivia, and between Trichinopoly and Tuticonin, on the South Indian Railroad. It was the capital of the former kingdom of Madura, India. Father Troten, S.J., is the missionary there, and it was he who told me this story of a good criminal. The expression may be a contradiction in terms, but it is appropriate, as readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS will see.

Called to the prison to minister to an unfortunate man convicted of murder, the missionary profited by the occasion to ascertain the number of prisoners. He discovered that among them and but recently incarcerated, was a noted criminal.

"Go," said the Father to his catechist, "try to obtain speech with this man, and ask if he will see me for a few minutes?"

The catechist obtained access to the criminal's cell, made his acquaintance, cautiously told his errand, and won from the man an indifferent assent to the visit. It was, however, enough for the missionary, who promptly availed himself of the opportunity, and secured from the officials permission to have an interview with the malefactor.

"Well, my friend, what has brought you here?" he gently asked of the prisoner.

"Ah, Father, a great crime following upon a long course of wrong doing," was the despairing reply.

After a little more conversation, Agambadier—such was the man's name—moved by the priest's compassion and evident wish to help him, poured out his story.

This Is What He Said

One day he had surprised his girl wife chatting innocently with a young man. Enraged and believing her unfaithful, he had thrown himself upon the unfortunate man and stabbed him to death. He was at once arrested, tried for the murder, convicted, and sentenced to death.

The missionary spoke to the prisoner of repentance and the mercy of God. Then, promising to return the next day, he took leave of his new spiritual charge.

On the following day, the conversation was resumed. At the close of the missionary's visit, Agambadier consented to be instructed in the truths of Christianity. As he grew to understand our holy religion he ardently desired to embrace it, and was soon baptized, receiving the name of John. From that time he became an apostle in the prison.

The cells to the right and left of his own were occupied. By pressing his lips close to the small, barred opening in the wall, through which he received air, he could communicate with his neighbors. His conversations with them were often long. He spoke to them of many things, but especially of religion.

Christianity, their only hope, awakened new aspira-

tions in their hearts, and compunction for their crimes. They, too, asked and obtained permission to receive the visits of the missionary.

Father Troten saw and talked with them a number of times. Unfortunately, however, his frequent presence in the prisons aroused the prejudices of the pagan officials. Among them was a brahmin, so zealous for the honor of his gods that he could not bear the sight of the missionary.

This man swore by the trident of Vishnou to put an end to the Father's teaching in the prison. He made the round of the cells and declared to the prisoners who wished to become Christians that the gods were incensed and would launch the thunders of the Hindu heaven against them if they continued to ask for the ministrations of the missionary.

Agambadier, being well-instructed and baptized, remained firm, but the two other prisoners, for whom he had tried to do so much, were dismayed by the threats of the brahmin.

The Last Day

Ere long the date was appointed for the execution of the repentant thief and murderer. Agambadier spent the interval in Christian preparation for death and in communion with Our Lord, whom he had received several times sacramentally. Having learned that his body was the temple of the Holy Ghost, he said, one day, to the missionary:

"Father, what will you do after my death? Will you leave my body in the hands of the executioners to be burned according to the custom of the pagans, or buried like a dog?"

"Do not be troubled, my friend," replied Father Troten, "your body shall receive Christian burial. You shall also be provided with new garments for the day of execution."

"Father, in promising that I shall be interred as a Christian you have given me an added reason for fortitude at my last hour," answered the condemned; "I beg you, also, to console and sustain my family at that time."

The day of execution, December 2nd, arrived only too soon. Nevertheless, Agambadier saw it dawn with calmness. Was it not the day that was to set him free? Accompanied by his faithful friend, the missionary, and surrounded by a guard of police armed with clubs, he was led to the gibbet.

All during this dolorous journey he piously repeated the invocations suggested to him by Father Troten. He died with the name of Jesus upon his lips. The body of the good malefactor rests in consecrated ground. May we not hope that God, in infinite mercy, will soon call the soul of this repentant man to the happiness of heaven, even as the contrite thief on Calvary received the blessed assurance "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise?"

In the Heart of China

By the Rev. J. M. Fraser

Our parish of Ning-po includes several thousand towns and villages. We ought to have a chapel in every one of them, but, through lack of means, we have only five little churches for all.

Recently I took a trip down into the country. I do not like to leave Ning-po, with its half a million of pagans, to attempt to spread the faith elsewhere. It seems like "robbing Peter to pay Paul." But, on the other hand, it would not be fair for the missionary to spend all his time in one locality.

Passing out of the eastern gate of the city, and through a large suburb, my guide, a schoolboy, and I, found ourselves in the open country. Soon we passed

An Ancestors' Souls' Temple

There are hundreds of similar shrines in Ning-po, and many in every town and village.

In China, when an adult dies, a little wooden slab with his name on it is placed in a building of this kind and, on certain occasions, is veritably adored. One of these tablets may be seen in the museum of the New York diocesan office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

In the temples dedicated to them they are ranged in rows above the heathen altar. The pagans think the soul of their deceased ancestor dwells within the tablet.

The edifice to which I refer is on one of the hundreds of canals or rivers leading to Ning-po. Along it thousands of barques laden with human and other freight are rowed or towed daily. When the wind is favorable, a sail is put up. Men do the towing. A long rope is attached to a high pole in the prow and the coolies on the river banks, pressing against a bamboo rod to which the other end of the rope is fastened, trudge along from morning until night, drawing a boat thus through the water.

All the occupants of the passenger boats blankly stared at me. If the weather had been propitious I would have taken the photographs of some of them by a snapshot. It was amusing to see how they were packed together, like sardines in a box.

Shod in good American-made boots, I walked briskly over the rough road. Presently we passed another pagan temple. Thousands of them are to be found in the district. A Chinaman looked back at us as, with my camera, I secured a picture of this edifice. What were his thoughts as he watched us?

Our way lay along the bank of the canal. The Chinese of by-gone years opened a countless number of these artificial streams, for irrigation and commerce. I think there are more canals in China than in the rest of the world put together.

After resting, at intervals, in the shelters here and there along the route, and conversing familiarly with the good country folk, we reached "The Lakes," a distance of ten miles from our starting point. This is a favorite shooting locality, fre-

quented by the Europeans of Ning-po and Shanghai. I was

The First Missionary

to go there to preach the Gospel. My guide was now fagged out, for, unknown to me, he had set off on the trip without breakfast. At his suggestion we boarded a ferry boat, which took us to the end of the lake, a voyage of seven miles. The price of the passage was only fifteen cents.

On our way we passed many towns. The largest of them, with about ten thousand inhabitants, so far as is known has not a single Christian among its population.

At last, we arrived at the end of our journey. We dined at a house that the mission rents from an aged woman, who acts as a catechist, in order to open up the place for the propagation of the Faith. Many pagans came to speak with me about the doctrines of the Church, and I was happy to be called upon to receive the first vows of the converts the good old catechist had made.

The next morning, having confessed the few Christians who lived at this place and distributed to them the Bread of Life, I went further inland with my schoolboy companion.

The landscape and vistas were beautiful. If people only knew how lovely nature is in China they would visit the Celestial Empire to see the scenery, if for nothing else. We met many mountaineers, carrying on their shoulders heavy bamboo trees, the products of their mountains. It was market day in the village we had just left.

A walk of three miles brought us to Yikoda, where there are twenty-five hundred inhabitants, all pagans, except two families. After instructing the latter on their duties as Christians, and partaking of a substantial meal, I climbed an adjacent mountain with my young guide in order to obtain a view of the surrounding country.

On our way up we passed through a bamboo grove.



A TYPICAL CHINESE COURTYARD

From the summit of the elevation we beheld a superb panorama. At our feet lay the town; near by a torrent rushed down the mountain side, as if eager to mingle its waters with the sea.

In the center of the landscape we saw an ancestors' souls' temple, beyond it a temple containing the idol there adored and, farther away, a monastery for pagan monks.

I am told that in this valley, which a Christian missionary has never entered, there are about twenty-five towns, all entirely pagan, and the largest of them numbers thirty thousand people.

We returned to the village on the shore of the lake to pass the night in the cabin where we had dined. Before retiring we said the rosary and evening prayers in the presence of at least a hundred pagans, who listened with open mouths to the strange chanting.

The chapel was simply a little room furnished with a table and adorned with a few cheap pictures. The walls were as black as ebony, for the place had been used as a kitchen before we rented it, and in a Chinese kitchen there is usually no chimney, or if there is one it must certainly be always either too small or else filled with soot.

When daylight came again I attempted to take a photograph of this room, but the negative was only a dark blur. I succeeded, however, in obtaining a picture of the scene from the window which showed that, truly,

The Courtyard Was Typically Chinese

The adjoining house was the residence of a hunchback, baptized this year and married a few days ago to a girl reared by the Sisters. Each family, in China, has only a couple of rooms to itself; sometimes the whole family is crowded into one room.

If a good number of the people of the Celestial Empire, and other eastern countries, were rich, or even well-to-do, the missionaries would not have to appeal to Europe and America for alms.

A chapel should be built in this village, but we cannot look to our neophyte, the hunchback, or the other poor Catholics here for funds. They can not do more than give us a meal when we visit them.

The next morning my guide and I started back to Ning-po. We wended our way along the shore of the lake and, after a tramp of more than twenty-two miles, accomplished in five hours and a half, arrived home in a pelting rain.

What we need most of all in China is zealous priests, apostles burning with the love of souls. We need, too, the prayers of those whose work is at home, and lastly, we need alms. The great mass of

The Chinese Are Very Poor

and we get the poorest of them all, for now, as in the time of Our Lord—"the poor have the Gospel preached to them." If we could get a few mandarins and wealthy people into the Church here, and they would lead exemplary lives and build chapels, we might make more rapid progress in the evangelization of the populace.

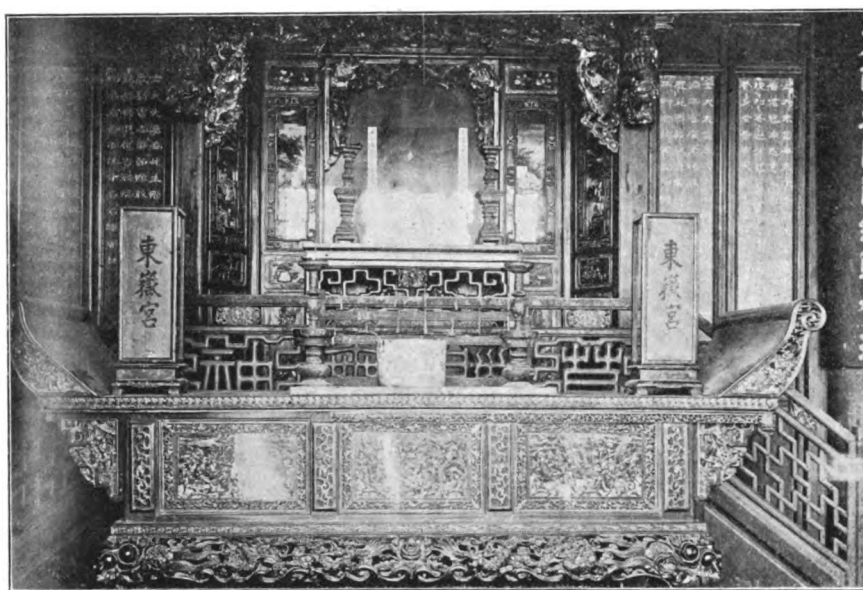
The Chinese do not reason, they only see and hear. If the missionary preaches to them they will listen and approve, but that is all. What attracts them to the Church is the grandeur of the building and the beauty of the external rites. Alms-giving also wins the poor.

What we want, then, besides good priests and pious

prayers, are beautiful chapels—soul-inspiring ceremonies, and Christian charity.

In China we are not fighting against the gross superstitions of an uncivilized race, but against an elaborate ritual, carried on in magnificent temples, by a highly civilized people, whose principal divinity is heaven itself,—Tien.

All know and fear heaven, yet their ideas on the subject remain



INTERIOR OF PAGAN TEMPLE, NING-PO

vague, and they do not attempt to make any representation of heaven, either in painting or sculpture. The blessing of heaven is, however, often invoked by them. With

Their Chief Divinity

a perversion, one may say, of the true idea of God, with their minor divinities occupying the place in their religion that the angels and saints do in the Catholic Church, with many of their rites and ceremonies exteriorly resembling ours, no wonder we find it difficult to convert the Chinese.

They believe in heaven, hell, and purgatory and in prayer for the dead. They offer sacrifices to their divinities, keep the feast days of their pagan saints, and have a great fear of devils. They carry their gods in procession, offer incense, adorn their altars with lighted candles, and have monasteries and convents where respectively monks and nuns lead lives of chastity, prayer, and fasting. Indeed, their temples and monasteries number many thousand.

How can we, with our few miserable shacks, and, as yet, simple ceremonies, hope to overthrow this colossus of beauty, wealth, and seeming truth?

The conversion of China would be more speedy if we could build more seminaries, where the Divine Office would be daily chanted and the beautiful ceremonies of Mother Church would be carried out in all their pomp and splendor.

In a Chinese Temple

on the altar are usually two glass cases filled with candles. There are four candlesticks, and, between them, points on which the pagan worshippers fasten lighted candles before kneeling to offer their petitions. In the center is a stone urn containing sand in which sticks of burning incense are placed on end. At the back of the altar the idol is almost hidden from view by the glass and partly-closed curtains of the shrine.

The canopy and the altar are hand-carved from precious wood, and richly gilded. Around the temple are side



AN ANCESTORS' SOULS' TEMPLE

altars and many inscriptions inviting the worshippers to lead good lives.

Considering all this gorgeousness of worship, we see that in order to supplant the ostentatious pagan rites of China, we must thoroughly impress the people with the grandeur of the religion of Christ.

Missions in the South

By the Rev. William B. Hannon

I have charge of fourteen missions that extend over an area of seventy miles in the State of North Carolina. On the first Sunday of each month I visit Montagu, which is named for a good Catholic family of the place.

We have a neat little church near the railway station. Here gather, not only our own people, but Protestants as well, some coming a distance of several miles.

Besides saying Mass, I preach twice, hold catechism class and give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I then return to the city.

On the week-days I attend minor stations, and on the second Sunday conduct the services in the old church at Wilmington. There is a sermon at the seven, and at the half past ten o'clock Mass; catechism class is at three o'clock, vespers at 7.45 p. m., followed by Benediction.

During the second week, I go to a small church that was built by a family named Usher. Formerly, I devoted a Sunday to this mission but now, owing to the influx of Italian farmers into the State, these immigrants demand my attention and ministrations.

In this second week, to reach the little church, I have to drive seven miles from the station where the train stops. This is in addition to the journey of fifty miles by rail.

In this district I sometimes actually suffer; for the people live in a very primitive manner and are niggardly. If they were not visited regularly by a priest their spiritual condition would be, indeed, sad.

It was only last year that the Rt. Rev. Bishop and I brought the few Catholics of this locality to a sense of their duty. At that time we found men and women ad-

vanced in years who had never received Holy Communion or been confirmed.

Duplin County was formerly called Dublin County, after the grand old Catholic city in Ireland, whence its early settlers came. The majority of these, unfortunately, fell away from the religion of their pious forefathers.

From this woodland chapel, I go on to a station known as Watha. Here I stay with an Episcopalian family, who treat me much better than do my backwoods flock.

At this house I conduct the services and preach to the people, Catholic and non-Catholic, who congregate here to listen to the "word of God." The good family are sincere Christians, and the aged grandfather reminds me of some of the Old Testament patriarchs, he has such an edifying and trustful faith in the Lord.

On the third Sunday, I visit an Italian colony where

A New Favor from Pius X

For the past eighty-six years, every Sovereign Pontiff has bestowed extraordinary marks of favor upon the clerical benefactors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Pius X has just granted to all Priests who are Diocesan or Parochial Directors, or Special Members of the Society, the faculty of applying the Croisier Indulgences to rosaries. (500 days for each "Our Father" and "Hail Mary.")

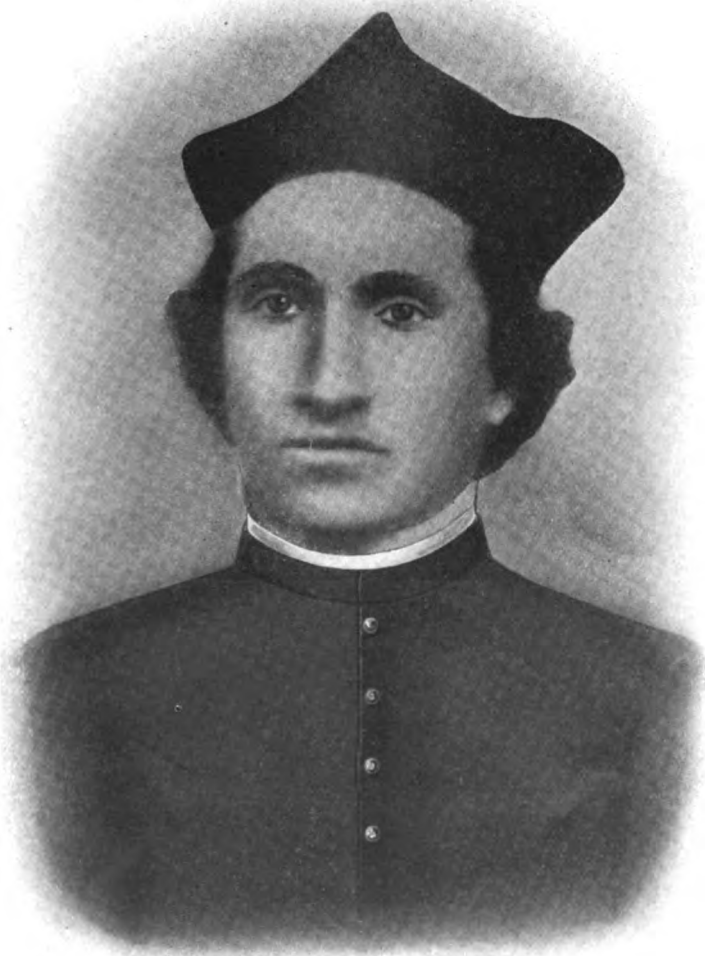
we are completing a pretty, frame church. In this settlement there are over one hundred Catholics. They are from Northern Italy and are industrious, law-abiding and devout, as different as possible from the undesirable classes that bring contempt upon their countrymen.

Before the arrival of this colony, the people of the State were strongly opposed to Italian immigration, believing all of that nation to be cut-throats and murderers; just as, formerly, in many parts of the country, all Catholic Irishmen were supposed to be drunkards and clowns.

The innocent foreigners were objects of suspicion and prejudice, and their doings were closely watched. Unconscious of the scrutiny to which they were subjected, they, nevertheless, stood the test well, and have come out of the ordeal, of two years ago, head and shoulders above the native farmers of the region, like Ajax among the Greeks.

Now, as the inhabitants of the neighboring towns of Pender County see the Arcadian transformation of the former desert place of St. Helena, a fruitfulness produced by the toil of the sons of sunny Italy, they would be glad enough to have such industrious people settle on their lands.

At this mission we greatly need the services of a lady sufficiently versed in Italian to be able to teach English to the children.



THE REV. THOMAS MURPHY, FOUNDER OF THE WILMINGTON MISSION

The country teachers here know nothing of the language of Italy and, therefore, can not convey instruction to the young people. Perhaps this is fortunate, on the whole, since we have to guard against the possible perversion of these children by non-Catholic teachers.

We have not the resources necessary to employ a teacher from the North. Italian Nuns would be the ideal teachers, but the colony can not yet support them.

I have never received a cent, nor would I take it, from these poor people, striving to establish a permanent Catholic settlement here in the woods of "Dixie."

If the Society for the Propagation of the Faith obtained anything like the assistance it should receive from Catholic Americans, we would not have to wait long for humble churches and zealous teachers in this lone land, where Catholicity is so little known.

The readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS will, I hope, please remember that I do not appeal to their sympathy and aid from any selfish motive, or merely to "boom my missions," or that I am trying to represent the needs of the latter as more urgent than is really the case.

Catholics of the Northern States, where churches are numerous, can hardly realize the spiritual destitution that exists in remote parts of the country, and especially in many localities of the South.

Yet, this spiritual poverty is almost at their doors, and the best way to relieve it is to become members of "the Propagation of the Faith" and kindred associations. In this manner, succor is sent where it is most needed.

On the fourth Sunday of the month, I go to Bolton, North Carolina, which will soon be the most important lumber town in the State. A hundred or more sons of Italy, twenty Poles and about ten English-speaking Catholics find bread and work here. The Italians are building a railroad through the Waccamaw Swamp.

At the time of my first visit I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the swamp, under the blue canopy of Heaven, for among the laborers' huts none was large enough to be used as a chapel.

Last Sunday, the genial manager of the company placed a spacious room at my disposal for the services, and four ladies sang appropriate hymns during the Mass.

Sad to say, a number of the Italians did not come to Mass. Constant attention must, then, be given to these careless laborers, to bring them back to the glorious faith they learned in childhood. It is necessary to treat them with mildness and patience. More Catholics are expected here when the saw-mills are in working order. The mission needs a little church. Italian prayer-books and pictures would be useful.

A priest, who does his duty and loves Christ's neglected ones, need have no fear that such people as my Bolton flock will not be brought to a sense of their wretched plight. It is for the zealous friends of the missions to help to win such souls to Christ.

A CHAPEL ABOVE A STABLE

"In the plain of Kharpouth there are about sixty Armenian villages. The priests of many of these villages are schismatics. Protestantism, with its schools, hospitals and orphanages, supported by the generosity of American and German Missionary Societies, is trying to win over our poor Armenians. The latter are, however, naturally attracted to the Catholic faith, many of whose ancient rites they have preserved. But our missions are poor, and often we can not provide for the spiritual necessities of these people. Two years ago we founded a little mission at Pertchendj. For a time one of our converts permitted us to use a room in his house for a chapel. But after awhile he needed the room. Then, with much difficulty, we were able to rent two rooms whose walls are blackened by smoke. Below them is a stable and sometimes the cries of the animals may be heard at the most solemn parts of the Mass. One of the rooms is also used as a school. Our Lord has deigned to be sheltered here as He was at Bethlehem. But surely it would be a want of respect not to seek to provide for Him a better dwelling-place. Four or five hundred dollars would build a humble chapel with a little school and a lodging for the missionaries under the same roof. May Jesus touch the hearts of generous friends of the missions and move them to help us, in order that we may draw souls to His Love."

THE RT. REV. STEPHEN ISRAELIAN, Armenian
Catholic Bishop of Kharpouth, Turkey in Asia.

AN AMERICAN CONVERTED IN CHINA

An American Missionary who has been only two years in China and is, by obedience, kept teaching in the College of Wuchang, writes us as follows:

"Though, so far, I have not converted a single heathen, God has just granted me the consolation of seeing a compatriot, a young American of the Anglican Communion, received into the true fold here in the Far East." The REV. SYLVESTER ESPELAGE, O.F.M.



DR. JAMES A. CORCORAN, FIRST CAROLINIAN ORDAINED A PRIEST

A Christian Festival in India

By the Rev. A. H. Maurice

A Christian festival at Mahe, Malabar Coast, India, especially among neophytes, always assumes the proportions of an important event.

A month before the celebration the Christians raise subscriptions, in order to meet the expenses for music, decorations, and illumination.

The treasurer collects the quarter-rupees, a coin of this denomination being the usual offering of each family in the lower circles. The quarter-rupee is equivalent to about eight cents in American money. A good store of gunpowder is provided because, upon the observance of any great occasion in India, it is considered necessary that the earth should tremble.

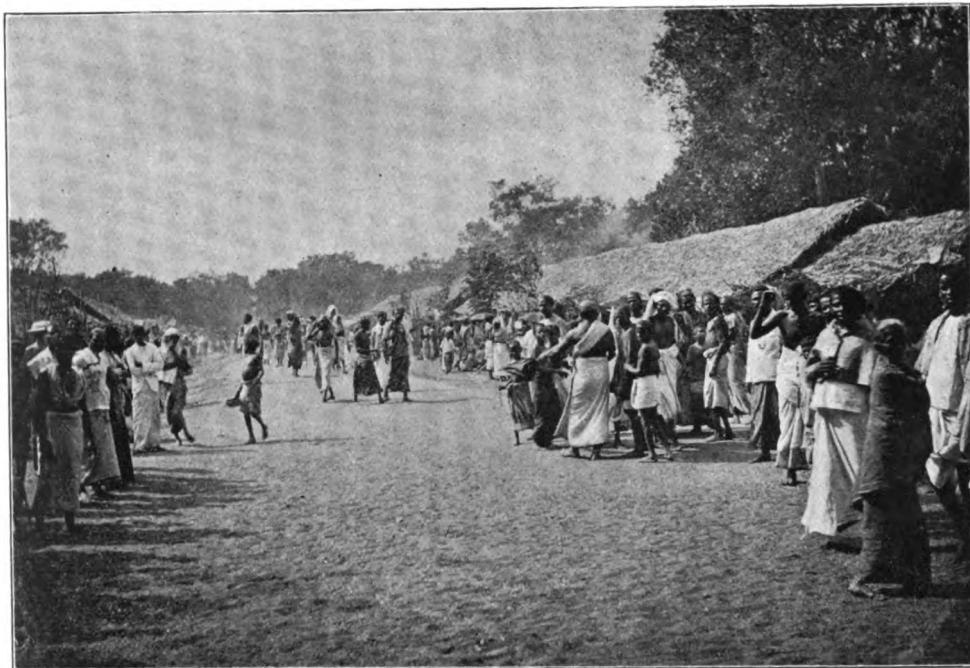
For the projected festival, the neophytes manage to secure the services of the most celebrated musicians of the district. They also order fireworks and borrow from the neighboring villages all the lamps, lanterns, and flags

of rainbow hue that are obtainable, as well as cannons and the many other things that contribute to oriental pomp.

To their friends for miles around, they also send notice of the date set for the procession and the hour at which it is to be held, not forgetting to state that it is to be accompanied by fireworks. The invitations are written in a grandiose style, the details being so attractively described that even the most indifferent of the bidden guests become interested, and gladly promise to attend.

At last the day of the feast arrives. In the particular village, whose festival I have undertaken to picture, the building of the little Catholic church is just completed, thanks to the generosity of a very popular and noble-hearted benefactress whose name will live forever in the great Golden Book of our good God.

The interior of the church is, for the feast, adorned with garlands, of gaudy colors. The altar is almost covered with flowers. Above it stands the statue of Our Lady



PREPARING FOR THE FESTIVAL

of Lourdes. The effect is very imposing. Our young artists have arranged the decorations and are justly proud of the result. While we are contemplating these marvels of East Indian taste, the first of the visitors arrive.

They salute the Swamiar (priest) and then withdraw to a corner of the refectory, where they instal themselves comfortably and set about cooking their rice. If salt or pepper is needed, they do not think of going to the bazar, but simply appeal to the Swamiar, who is, apparently, expected to supply all the needs of the poor.

The fanfare of trumpets and the tattoo of drums, already deafening, owing to the large number of players, grow louder still, being augmented by the arrival of musicians from other villages.

One brings a tam-tam; another, a clarionet; a third, a pair of cymbals; a fourth, a bag-pipe, and so on. Each player is greeted with shouts of welcome. As regards the keeping of time, it is out of the question. Each musician, after his own fashion, performs his piece *ad libitum*; that is to say, with as much noise as possible.

The sun has disappeared below the horizon, the dusk is setting in. This is the time to begin the illumination of the streets through which the procession is to pass.

The thousands of small earthenware lamps, filled with oil, that are ranged before the houses, are lighted in the twinkling of an eye, and the village is transformed into a scene of splendor.

A huge car decorated with flowers is drawn up before the church. The statue of the Blessed Virgin is placed upon the car. Before it, in a double row, stand the banner and torch bearers. At the head of the procession march the pyrotechnists with their cannons rammed full to the mouths.

A wave of impatience passes over the crowd. Something marvellous and grand is about to take place. The Swamiar blesses the car and gives the signal for the starting of the procession. At this moment the music bursts

forth like a thunder clap, the cannons roar with a tremendous force that travels heavenwards as if to break the news to the stars.

Dear readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS, if, for even five minutes, you could lend your pain-stricken ears to the boom of the guns, the sound of the trumpets, the shouts of the vast throng, the din and confusion that no words can adequately describe, you would, perforce, imagine that the end of the world had come.

Our East Indians are, however, only jubilant. Their happiness shines in their eyes which show how deeply their hearts are stirred.

At last, the storm subsides. The procession continues to ad-

vance, the neophytes recite the rosary aloud and sing hymns that have been translated for them into the Tamil language.

The devout demeanor and good order maintained by the Christians, notwithstanding the great concourse of people, impress their pagan brethren. These, too, follow the procession. They can hardly turn away their eyes from the car that enshrines the statue of the Deva Matha (Mother of God), and which is so tastefully decked with evergreen branches and garlands.

Their admiration becomes more intense when, as the car passes under a triumphal arch, the figure of an angel, dazzling with gold and precious stones, descending from the highest point of the arch, lays a crown of flowers at the feet of the image of our Good Mother.

Thus, through the streets of the village the procession passes, preserving the same perfect order, and finally returning to the church. Here the festival is closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The excellent effect of such solemnities upon the hearts of the people who assist at them is very manifest, and the impression produced by them is not easily effaced.

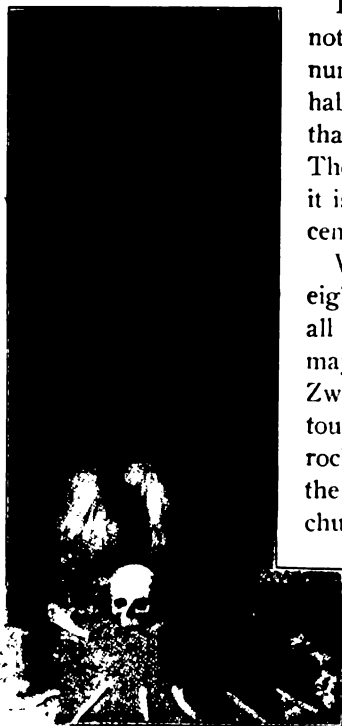
The many young neophytes are not only encouraged, but are almost transported with joy at the splendor of these religious ceremonies, and edified at the lively faith of the Catholics. Consequently, they are no longer attracted to idolatrous festivals.

The pagans, also, hardened though they may be, particularly those of the lower castes, are drawn toward the Catholic religion, which allows them a place in its temples and a right to take part in its festivals, while paganism, on the contrary, has always kept them at a distance from its shrines.

To the friends of the missions who have helped me in my work here at Mahe I send my warmest thanks for their charity. Through the aid of such friends the missionary can do much good in this gorgeous, pompous land of India.

Among the Kaffirs

By Father Voltz, O.M.I.



A KAFFIR WARRIOR

In 1885 Johannesburg did not exist. Four years later it numbered thirty thousand inhabitants; to-day it has more than one hundred thousand. Though not the official capital, it is the largest city and mining center of the Transvaal.

Within the city limits are eighty thousand blacks, from all parts of South Africa. Here may be met Zulus from Natal, Zwazi, and Zululand; Mozoutous from the mountains and rocky fastnesses of Basuto, and the Motschwanas from Betchuanaland, the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal itself.

What a magical power the yellow dust that lies hidden in the depths of the earth exerts even upon the poor natives of this country! A few years ago they were ignorant of the use or even the existence of money. To-day their eagerness for gold is equal to the greed of the whites for the precious metal. For a chance of obtaining it, they, too, leave country, family, and home.

Before the Boer War

Johannesburg possessed a kind of Kaffir mission. A missionary, who had come here to look after the spiritual needs of the Polish settlers, interested himself also in the negroes. Unfortunately, he was recalled to Natal upon the breaking out of hostilities.

After his departure, some fifteen or twenty of his young neophytes and catechumens continued to gather every Sunday around a nun of the Holy Family, of Bordeaux, who was their missionary for three years. Knowing a little of the native language, she tried to teach them the Catechism and translated the prayers and a number of hymns into their own tongue. These they soon learned.

When the hour of instruction was over she always led her band of dusky pupils to the convent chapel, where they assisted at the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was from her charge that I received the little nucleus which has developed into a regular mission.

The foundation of this mission was, however, attended by many drawbacks and hardships. I had to say

Mass in a Carpenter-Shop

which had been abandoned during the war. The rude building was, ere long, reclaimed by the owner. A wretched stable then served as the chapel. After I had made this poor structure as neat as possible, my first act

was to fasten upon its wall a picture of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

Every evening for two years I assembled the young people for religious instruction in this little Bethlehem, to which the wind and rain had also free access. Under its roof, and shut in by its walls of galvanized zinc, one nearly suffocated in summer, while in winter the place was like an ice-house. Yet nobody would rent for the service, or give me permission to collect the blacks in a better edifice.

The Kaffir is naturally a wanderer, my little band of parishioners sometimes grew larger and again diminished. When I at last found myself able to build a humble church, great was the opposition I encountered. From all sides there were strenuous objections to the erection of a negro church in the vicinity of the white settlement. Now, however, we have our small Church of the Sacred Heart, and the mission is firmly established.

My congregation is a peculiar one. It consists entirely of men and boys. There are no women, young girls or children in my flock, for the simple reason that there are

No Kaffir Homes Here

A Kaffir cannot earn enough in the city to support a family, and the quarter of the town where the blacks live is very corrupt.

The lack of children in a parish is a great disadvantage to the missionary, since, upon the baptism, training, and instruction of the rising generation of a settlement usually depends the future stability of the mission. Though there are none among my people, however, children are numerous in Johannesburg. In fact, they teem in the Kaffir quarter, but they are pagans or Protestants. They grow up in ignorance and vice. They see and hear little besides evil. How I have longed to rescue and teach them.

The missionary at Johannesburg is overwhelmed with work. After seven years of toil here I have been forced to lay down my burden, at least for a time, and a younger priest has taken it up. In the meantime I am trying to obtain some assistance for my poor people.

"Why," cries the reader, "is not the Transvaal

A Land of Gold?"

It is, indeed, but of this gold the missionary and his parishioners see little. On the contrary, they suffer because of the high price of all the necessities of life. Ah, if my Kaffirs were the millionaires of the country, I would not have to ask anything from the friends of the missions in Europe and America.

I must say, in justice to these poor blacks, that, in proportion to their means, they have been very generous to their missionary and their Church, and, in their poverty have made sacrifices that might well cause many Catholics, who enjoy greater advantages of civilization, to blush for their own indifference.

The time of my arrival at Johannesburg was six months after the close of the Anglo-Boer War. The city

had not yet aroused to the feverish activity that had formerly characterized it. But I paid small attention to its torpor. I had come especially to minister to the poor blacks of this great city of the mines.

The pagan and Protestant negroes of Johannesburg lived the same life, fraternized without difficulty, and it would not be easy to tell which class was more steeped in degradation. Pagan customs do not seem to be a great obstacle to reception into the Protestant sects, for the principles of the latter are often very elastic, but

"It is Hard to Be a Catholic"

This is a saying frequently heard among the Kaffirs. On the other hand, it is less difficult for a missionary to instruct pagans than to combat heresy. In the first instance, he builds up a religious edifice in the soul. The pagan Kaffir, having no erroneous ideas of Christianity, has no prejudices to be dissipated. Moreover, he wants to be civilized, to learn, and is disposed to receive the good seed.

With the Protestant Kaffir it is different. He already has a sectarian religion which is an almost insurmountable obstacle to the reception of the truth. He knows how to read and write and can read the Bible. This is considered sufficient. Too frequently he has been led to believe the many calumnies that Protestantism retails against Catholicity.

To the Protestant Kaffir the *practise* of religion consists in attending, for a time, a school where, above all else, the English language is taught. Instruction is also given in the natural sciences. In this way the exaggerated and childish self-conceit of the native is fostered to a ridiculous extent, and he is induced to go to church, which attendance means, to him, simply the singing of hymns.

The ministers from Europe and the United States, with one or two exceptions, in the city at least, do not devote themselves directly to their black flock. The real work is left to

The Negro Preachers

The latter differ little from the other Kaffirs, save in



THE EVENING MEAL

their ministerial garb and a veneer of civilization and religion. These are the men who instruct the catechumens, receive them into the Protestant Church, administer the sacraments, and explain the Word of God to them; these are, in fact, their only shepherds.

From the beginning of my stay at Johannesburg I daily visited the two great

Camps of Mine Laborers

situated at the gates of the city. My object was to make the acquaintance of as many Kaffirs as possible, to become their friend, and, by degrees, to draw them to my evening school and a service on Sunday, thus creating a Catholic mission.

I wanted also to sound the dispositions of the Protestant natives and ascertain how much I might be able to do for them. To my great surprise I discovered that they were not hostile to me or opposed to my ministrations. On the contrary, they seemed to feel flattered that a white missionary wished to work directly among them. They appreciated my visits, voluntarily permitted me to see their sick companions, and sent for me when these unfortunates were in great agony or in danger of death.

This is precisely what I desired. These poor people felt the difference between the priest and the minister, between the consolation offered by the former at the supreme hour, and the dreary silence of Protestantism.

The negro preachers, far from taking offense, invited me to go among their people. They frequently discussed religion with me. The truth and authority of the Church were my favorite themes.

These preachers also brought me to see the sick of their own families. Thus it came about that I instructed the wife of one of them, and shortly before her death, at her request, baptized her conditionally, as the ceremony had been performed before by the preacher.

Those who were ill and the dying were the chief objects of my solicitude. Upon being called upon to do so, I baptized many pagans at their last hour, and received a number of Protestants into the Church.

I could relate many edifying and encouraging incidents of such occasions. One especially recurs to me. On a certain afternoon I happened to enter one of the numerous cabins of the camp. Amid the shadows of the squalid interior, I saw that I was in the presence of a sick person, who lay upon a rude bed in one corner.

The Sufferer Was an Old Man

and I perceived at once that he had not long to live. Gently I offered to prepare him for his journey to eternity. In a few moments I found that he was sufficiently instructed to be baptized. But when I asked him if he wished to receive the sacrament of regeneration he hesitated, and proposed to put off the ceremony until the next day.

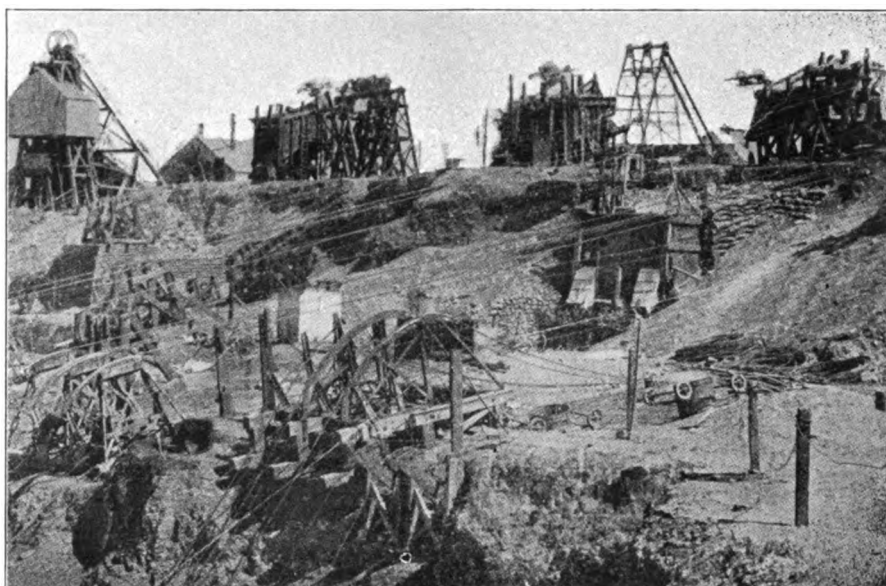
"Who knows that you will be here to-morrow?" I said, "or perhaps I may be called elsewhere. Do not turn from the grace of God."

His relatives and friends also urged him not to delay. After a few minutes he consented to accept my ministra-

tions, and I baptized him, leaving him prepared for his summons. The next day, I again stopped at the cabin, but it was to find that the man had died a short time before.

I was to have an opportunity of doing more for my poor blacks. My missionary wanderings often led me past the city cemetery. Almost daily I met a shabby cart bearing one or more Kaffir corpses to the grave. The bodies were merely wrapped in a rude covering. There was no attempt at funeral pomp and solemnity. Doubtless these were pagans. Where had they died?

This question was answered for me by a Sister of the Holy Family, a nurse in



ENTRANCE TO A GOLD MINE

One of the Miners' Hospitals

She told me that from thirty to forty negroes died there every month. The next day I presented myself at the door of this establishment and was readily accorded permission to regularly visit the sick and injured within its walls. Sometimes there are two hundred patients here.

When a Kaffir laborer of the mines becomes ill, he is relegated to one of the hospitals, and no one thinks of him, except to send him back to his toil as soon as he is able to be about again. It was a subject of surprise to the white people that I should take any interest in the natives, whom they regard as little more than apes.

The good Protestants who had the management of this institution did not realize that beneath the uncouth and often repulsive exteriors of these poor negroes the Catholic priest might discover pearls and precious stones for heaven.

Even when the authorities began to notice my work, however, they did not interfere. On the contrary, they admitted that my visits to the hospital had the good effect of encouraging and cheering the patients.

Johannesburg Has Only One Mine

but the many excavations of this mine are worked by different companies. Each company has its hospital and each of these usually has many patients. The greater number of the negroes come from warmer countries than the Transvaal, and do not know how to protect themselves against the climate here in the winter, while during the summer fevers prevail among the black population.

I never entered one of the hospitals without finding several patients in danger of death. Yet I could not get around to each institution oftener than once a week. How many unfortunates must have died in the intervals between my visits! If we had more missionaries much more good might be accomplished for the poor Kaffirs of Johannesburg.

Among the great acts that St. Paul enumerates as marks of the true religion are those of visiting prisoners and the

poor. In the prisons are immured men whose souls are in urgent need of especial care.

A regular visit to

The Prison of Johannesburg

was a part of my duty. On Sundays the service there was as regular as at the parish church. There, too, the government, though Protestant, accorded me entire freedom, and, in the second year, I began to receive a salary, which assisted greatly in the foundation of the mission.

Through my visits to the hospital of the prison, I acquired the right of entering the building at any hour of the day or night. The majority of the prisoners are those who have been arrested for minor offenses. All of them, pagans and Protestants alike, voluntarily assisted every Sunday at the service I inaugurated for them. This consisted of prayers, the singing of hymns, and religious instruction. During certain prayers many of the prisoners prostrated themselves, bending their faces to the ground.

The most consoling work in the prison was the preparation of those condemned to death for the reception of baptism. This was my exclusive privilege. In the colonies, the death penalty is very frequently imposed. It would seem as if the blacks, in their ignorance and the corruption that springs from recent barbarism, might, in some cases, be given the benefit of extenuating circumstances. This is never done.

During my sojourn in the country, I never heard of a single Kaffir being pardoned. A number of executions have taken place every year. I, myself, have prepared for death eighteen criminals

Condemned to Capital Punishment

After this sentence has been pronounced upon a prisoner three weeks still remain to him. When the news of his condemnation becomes public, the missionary pays a special visit to the unfortunate man. If he does not already know him, he now makes his acquaintance and endeavors to gain his confidence. Then, before taking leave, he asks:

"Do you wish to prepare yourself to appear before God? Do you want me to help you?"

I have never known a Kaffir criminal to refuse this offer. From the time of the second visit religious instruction begins. An hour a day is not too much. A little friendly conversation with the prisoner every day soon entirely wins his heart. Before long, also, the action of grace is visible in this soul, guilty, it is true, but capable of reclamation.

Soon the criminal is no longer the same man. His fierce nature is softened under the influence of a dawning faith, the hope of God's pardon, and of a happy future. He no longer curses the rest of mankind, he acknowledges the justice of his sentence.

When the eve of execution arrives, the missionary sees before him not the man condemned to death, but the catechumen eager for baptism.

At this visit I encourage and speak to the condemned, of heaven. The next morning, at half past five, I am again at his side, to make the immediate preparations for administering the sacrament. At six o'clock the baptismal water flows upon his head. A few minutes later his soul passes the threshold of eternity. He is, it seems to me, like the good thief who died upon his cross.

Not one of my eighteen clients trembled before death. I was surprised at their fortitude. They were happy to die. Not one among them would have risked anew the crown that was assured to him. They blessed God who had turned the punishment of their wickedness and crime into a source of grace and means of salvation for them. They could not thank me enough, and just before the end they expressed sentiments of gratitude such as:

"In the future life, having expiated my sin, I shall be received into heaven."

NATIVE PRIESTS OF JAPAN

"Many thanks for the copy of CATHOLIC MISSIONS, which I read with much pleasure. I shall send it to some of my missionaries. Inclosed please find a subscription for this interesting magazine.

"The success of our work here is most encouraging, but we are in great need of resources. The labors of our missionaries are constantly impeded by the lack of means to found new mission stations, etc. One of my chief anxieties is the necessity of providing a frugal support for my Japanese priests. I cannot count upon the assistance of our newly-converted Christians, for they have all they can do to build their humble churches and keep them in repair. Mass intentions would greatly help us, and we would offer many prayers for our benefactors."

The Rt. Rev. JULES A. COUSIN, Bishop of Nagasaki.

NEW MISSIONARIES IN THE PHILIPPINES

"I have forwarded to Father Verbrugge the remittance you so kindly sent for the Mill Hill Missionaries. Eight of these Fathers have recently arrived. They are now studying the dialects of the southern islands. I expect much from them, because they seem to be apostolic men. In five years of normal times the Fathers will be able to support themselves, their churches and schools. In the meantime donations or Mass stipends will be necessary for them in order that they may live even in a frugal manner. Much poverty now obtains in this country."—The Most Rev. J. J. HARRY, Archbishop of Manila.

I Will Not Forget You, Missionary,

for you have been my friend."

"Continue to work for our poor black people, Father. Tell them we died happy, because the Great Chief on High has had mercy on us."

"Tell the Kaffirs, our brothers, that we beg them to listen to your teaching and accept your religion."

The ministers of human justice, ignorant of the work of grace that has taken place in the hearts of these criminals, and noting only their resignation and calmness, have many times expressed their amazement at the manifest change in their demeanor.

One day from the little courtyard that separates the scaffold from the death cell one of these officials, seeing the condemned moving his lips, as if talking to himself or some invisible person, turning to me, said:

"Father, what does that man want? Perhaps he has a revelation to make, a last protest to formulate?"

"Be re-assured," I answered,

"He No Longer Speaks to Men

but to God alone. He is praying."

These incidents explain why the judicial and other authorities leave the priest untrammelled in the exercise of his ministry toward those sentenced to death. When his work is accomplished their task becomes easier.

In this sketch I have tried to show what I have endeavored to do and, above all, what could be done among the poor Kaffirs of the Transvaal if we had more missionaries and resources. May God bless these words. May they awaken, perchance, a vocation to the apostolate and call forth the generosity and prayers of the faithful in order that we may find means to meet our most pressing needs at the mission of Johannesburg.

THE GOSPEL WAS NEVER PREACHED THERE

"I have been directed by my bishop to found a Catholic mission at Tsoorooga, a town of 17,000 inhabitants, situated on the western coast of Hando Island, and the point from which the steamers sail for Vladivostock, the Russian fortified town on the Sea of Japan.

TSOOROOGA HAS A PROTESTANT MISSION BUT NOT A SINGLE CATHOLIC NATIVE. NO CATHOLIC MISSIONARY HAS EVER PREACHED THE GOSPEL THERE, and almost all the people are pagans.

Please inform, through CATHOLIC MISSIONS, my many friends in the United States that the work for Japanese students in which I have been engaged in Tokyo is to be carried on by the Brothers of Mary and could not be in better hands. I am now parish priest at Nagaya, a city of 370,000 souls, and, as I have just said, am commissioned to found the Catholic mission at Tsoorooga."

The Rev. CLAUDIUS FERRAND.

LIVES OF MODERN MARTYRS

"Do you look with indifference on foreign missions? Study the lives of the modern martyrs and your sympathies will be enlarged. The type of abnegation, courage and virtue, to be found in the ordinary Catholic missionary, is worthy of the consideration of the whole world. Foreign missions reveal the Catholicity and sanctity of the Church of Christ.

LADY HERBERT.

Confucianism in Japan

By the Rev. A. M. Roussel

Shintoism flatters the unconquerable insular pride of the Japanese. Their country is, they say, the land of the gods, especially created for them, and now governed by their descendants. No other nation of the earth can boast of such progenitors; no other civilization possesses the elements of such perfection. Shintoism is patriotism founded upon and exalted above religion.

Though it is the motive power of Japanese patriotism, however, its teachings are extremely vague, as to the actual duties of man toward his country and his fellow-men.

This fact explains the readiness with which Confucianism was accepted in Japan. Not being a religion, but simply a moral code, the precepts of Confucius superimposed themselves upon Shintoism and Buddhism, without altering or absorbing the national beliefs.

It Complements Shintoism

by furnishing the Japanese with a definite formula of the moral duties most necessary for the government of society. To it the

older cult is indebted for whatever modern vitality it possesses, so that now one could not be destroyed without overthrowing the other. In other words, Japanese morality is based upon Shintoism, while the moral duties incumbent upon the individual are enumerated and explained by Confucianism.

This moral code, as we shall see, has to do only with this world. Fidelity to individual duty insures good order in the state and society, and to the people at large all the happiness they can reasonably expect. In this system there is no question of God or the future life. It completely separates morality and religion.

For many Japanese, Confucianism takes the place of worship, giving us the key to the real agnosticism of the educated classes, and their supreme indifference and even scorn of all religion.

There are two periods in the history of Confucianism in Japan. During the first, it was allied with Buddhism and contented itself with the practical teaching of moral-

ity. In the second, that is, for the last three centuries, it has been opposed to Buddhism and, besides morals, it teaches a metaphysical system upon the nature of the universe and of man. These two successive attitudes are but the reflex and counterpart of the transition of the doctrine of Confucius in China, and its relation to the Buddhism of the Celestial Empire.

FIRST PERIOD OF CONFUCIANISM IN JAPAN.

The Precept of the Five Relations

Toward the end of the sixth century of our era, when the Buddhist monks from Corea and China began to invade the islands of Japan, they brought with them, not only the worship of Buddha, but all that constituted Chinese civilization. By this we understand the arts, sciences, trades, and industries on the one hand, and on the other the principles and methods of Confucius, both with regard to the government of the State and



A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

social and domestic relations. At this time, Buddhism had for four centuries ruled the Chinese Empire, dominating everything by its philosophy and literature, and establishing its cult everywhere. It had not, however, either supplanted or destroyed Confucianism. The Chinese were too much attached to their ancient sages to abandon their traditional principles and precepts, with regard to social government and order.

Buddhism, on its side, being wanting in this respect, made no effort to subvert a system of morals similar to its own on many points. On the contrary,

The Chinese Buddhist Monks

had, already, become authorities in the interpretation of the Chinese classics and of the works of the Indian Sutras. From the latter, in fact, they compiled a system of metaphysics, to explain the origin of the world and of man, while the Chinese books furnished them with rules

for man's conduct and guidance during the present life.

Japan accorded an equally favorable reception to the two systems. Though Buddhism had, in this country, taken on especial characteristics, the modifications in the code of Confucius caused by various political circumstances, were far less notable. It seems as if the Chinese Sage had preserved his precepts from all change, however slight, even in this foreign land.

During this first period of almost a thousand years, the philosophy of Confucius did not exercise a very perceptible influence in Japan. Buddhism was still all-powerful, but it remained so through the political and moral system



PORTRAIT OF CONFUCIUS, BY A JAPANESE ARTIST

of Confucius. Therein the Japanese found the definition of the virtues they had practised without understanding them. Enamored of the fair-sounding precepts of Chinese morality, they reformed the nation and the family according to the model of the Chinese government and people, adopting many of the laws and customs of their powerful neighbor of the mainland.

It was thus that Chinese civilization divided the Japanese into social classes, installing its conventionalism and long scale of titles of honor. In fact, the Chinese worship of rulers and ancestors, engrafted upon the ancient Japanese worship of the gods of Shintoism, produced a religion purely national, destined to become, in our day, the worship of patriotism incarnated in the personality of the Mikado or Emperor.

This great movement dates from the arrival of the first Chinese Buddhist monks in Japan. In 604 the Regent, Shotoku-taishi, called by certain western scholars

The Constantine of Japanese Buddhism

promulgated a still celebrated order, that inaugurated the reconstruction of the court and administration, in accordance with the new ideas. This radical change was completed about A. D. 605.

Fifty years later the Emperor Mommu, in the same spirit, formed a code of laws that, with a few modifica-

tions, remained in effect until the recent modernizing of Japan.

He also established "The Academy of the Great Doctrine." From his time the festival of the Chinese Sage has been publicly celebrated in Japan, and Japanese literature has many references to Chinese classics.

We will not dwell here upon the political, administrative, and judicial reforms instituted in Japan by the adoption of the Chinese system, but will consider only the Confucian code of morality.

In the first place, according to Confucianism, each individual is expected to practise the five natural virtues that in Chinese morality take the place of our four cardinal virtues—namely, goodness, justice, propriety, prudence, and fidelity or sincerity. This goodness is not supposed to be confined simply to benevolence, but is the expression of perfect virtue, the integrity of heart that is attained by the conquest of the passions and the conformity of one's life to the dictates of reason. In the same manner, the third virtue, propriety, consists not merely in the observances of

The Conventional Courtesies

so important in the eyes of Confucianism, but in the conformity of the moral nature with reason. It is, in fact, a love and respect for universal order, and a conformity to it.

Confucianism does not stop at this point. It enumerates in detail the duties imposed by natural ties upon members of human society. But here exists a grave difficulty for us.

As W. E. Giffis says in his work, "Religions of Japan": "A thousand years of training in the ethics of Confucius, which always admirably lend themselves to the possessors of absolute power—whether emperors, feudal lords, masters, fathers, or older brothers—has so tinged and colored every conception of the Japanese mind, so dominated their avenues of understanding and shaped their modes of thought, that to-day, notwithstanding the recent marvellous development of their language, which within the last two decades has become almost a new tongue, it is impossible, with perfect accuracy, to translate into English the ordinary Japanese terms that are congregated under the general idea of Kunshin (master and retainer) . . . On the other hand, the Christian preacher in Japan, who uses our terms heaven, home, mother, father, wife, people, love, reverence, virtue, chastity, etc., will find that his hearers may indeed receive them, but not at all with the same mental images and associations, nor with the same proportion and depth that these words command in western thought and hearing."

This is still more the case, we may add, with the word God. Let us briefly note the chief differences between the Confucian and the Christian conception of Man's Domestic and Social Relations:

The First Relation

The Chinese place filial piety above all other virtues. In China, as in ancient Japan, the family, not the individ-

ual, is the social unit. The individual is of no importance, apart from the family, and possesses no separate rights.

This patriarchal organization is the source of the stability and remarkable longevity of Chinese society. Perhaps it would be better described by the word "house," for what we call the family, that is, the natural group formed by the parents and children, is absorbed and dominated by what is understood by the former term.

The Oriental family is not always constituted by the ties of blood, nor perpetuated by legitimate descent. It is sufficient that the name of the house should be continued, and this may be effected either by adoption or by illegitimate offspring. The family name is a social trade-mark that lasts for centuries.

This explains, for instance, the duration of

The Imperial House of Japan

that boasts of having maintained a line of descent "unbroken for ages eternal;" but this is not strictly a descent from father to son.

Thus it may be seen that, according to this system, the position of divers individuals, in relation to the "house," are not those of the various members of a family in western civilization. The house is personified only by its chief, or head. Therefore, all its rights, and the supreme authority over it, are vested in him. The wife is honored if she has children. If she has none she may be neglected or put away, and possesses no right to complain or protest that she is treated with injustice.

Ancient Japan accorded to the father the right of life and death over his children, as it still, practically, exists in China. And, even to-day, in Japan, despite the amendment of the laws, public opinion proclaims that a father may sell his daughter to a life of shame, either in order to pay his debts or that he may live more at his ease. The girl is pitied, perhaps, but any opposition on her part to the decision of the head of the house is severely condemned.

Under such conditions the feeling between parents and children in Japan can not but be very different from the mutual confidence of Christian family life. The filial piety of Confucianism imposes upon the children respect and submission to the father, not love and affection for the parents, as we understand filial duty.

The mother must obey her son, real or adopted, as soon as he becomes head of the house. Often he does not wait

until this event before casting off all obedience to her. It is true he may, in a fashion, atone for this contempt of her later by the worship he gives to the spirits of his ancestors. In this worship filial piety becomes a rigorous duty. To the Chinese it possesses the immense advantage of requiring much less of human nature than is demanded by duty to living parents.

The Worship of Ancestors,

which is older than Confucius, was preserved by him, though it has no logical connection with his philosophy.

In the Orient, one of the most potent reasons for the perpetuation of "the house," from age to age, is that, otherwise, the spirits of its ancestors would be deprived of the honor and the consolations this worship is reputed to insure to them.

The Second Relation

Second only to filial piety, in the estimation of the Chinese, is fidelity to the lord or master. The Japanese, on the contrary, place this virtue first of all, and subordinate to it even all that comprises filial piety. Among them it still remains the foundation of their code of morals, and constitutes the chief difference between the Chinese and the Japanese systems of morality. This explains how Japan attained the development of her civilization under a rigidly feudal and military government.

Though the civil was separated from the military power, it was the latter that derived all the advantage, even to re-absorbing, later,

the civil authority itself. China, the most peaceful of Empires, where the soldiers were, and are yet, relegated to the lowest rank, in Japan determined and consecrated the supremacy of the warrior.

In China the merchants occupy an important position among the people; in Japan they are regarded with contempt, though at the present time efforts are being made to remove from them the social stigma that has hitherto attached to trade.

In China the scholar is a civilian, nothing more, while the soldier is hardly distinguishable from the brigand whom he pursues. In Japan it is the soldiers who are the scholars, the nobles, the aristocrats. The union of arms and letters, of the sword and the pen, has produced a unique type,

The Japanese Knight or Samurai

first protector of the Emperor, then, from the end of the

The Japanese Government

states that last year

\$1,260,000.00

*were sent from foreign countries
for the preaching of the Gospel
in Japan*

Catholics contributed \$ 115,000.00

Protestants contributed 1,145,000.00

The same condition exists throughout the missionary world.

Protestant missions are flourishing, ours are NOT.

Are you giving any help to Catholic missions?

12th century, vassal of the feudal lord, and warrior in his service.

The same ideogram or hieroglyph, that describes the scholar in China, designates the *samurai* in Japan; but we may see what a transformation has taken place in the idea itself. To the word, which signifies fidelity or loyalty, the Japanese ascribe ideas, sentiments, and associations absolutely foreign and unknown to the Chinese mind, and which, in the 17th century, were a source of astonishment to the learned Chinese who took refuge in Japan.

By these soldier-scholars, loyalty was placed above filial piety. Those who forsook parents, wife and children for the service of their lord, or sacrificed them to save him, were regarded as the true and only heroes, and overwhelmed with praise.

Loyalty, thus understood, was the corner-stone of ancient Japan. The history and literature of this country constantly testify that, both with regard to personal virtues and the public welfare, loyalty is the supreme criterion.

The Mikado of Japan, like the Emperor of China, styles himself "the father and mother" of the people; but this is only because of his office of sovereign, and not in the sense that the term "Father of the people" has been applied to certain beneficent European kings, for instance.

Invisible to his subjects, for a thousand years the Japanese monarch held communication only with his ministers, his wives, and his courtesans. On the part of the people, therefore, loyalty did not attach itself directly to the person of the sovereign.

The Shoguns

who, in the 12th century, monopolized the government, in the name of the Emperor, imitated this semblance of majesty and became equally inaccessible to mere mortals. Each feudal lord, in turn, permitted himself to be approached only by his faithful *samurai*. Thus was established among the nobility a complicated hierarchy of innumerable degrees.

The majority of the people, relegated to the lower extremity of the social scale, were seldom called to the honor of serving the government, but had to content themselves with silent obedience to such a degree that loyalty became, one may say, the privilege and monopoly of the educated, military class, and of Japanese knighthood.

In comparison with this governing class, which formed only about one-twentieth of the population, all the rest counted for nothing. As to the nature of this virtue of knightly loyalty toward the chief or lord, it comprised respect, service regulated by special laws, and a devotedness faithful unto death. Yet here, no more than in the relations between father and child, or husband and wife, do we find affection.

According to the philosophy of Confucius, the emotions that we call gratitude, affection, and love, can not be felt by a superior for an inferior, while respect, fidelity, and submission are the only sentiments proper for an inferior to entertain toward his superior.

As the servant or retainer, the child and the wife are the inferiors of the master, father, and husband, it would

not be proper for them to manifest a sentiment always allied, in the oriental mind, with the idea of superiority, protection, and familiar condescension.

It is often remarked that

The Followers of Confucius

wedded to these ideas, find it difficult to understand how man can love God in a Christian sense. To love the Supreme Being seems to them an impropriety. This is an outcome of the peculiar system of ethics that is the basis of their social order.

A few words more upon the chivalric loyalty of ancient Japan. This virtue became the master-passion of the *samurai*. He counted life as nothing if honor were at stake, and honor might, at any moment, require the *samurai* to take his own life. This is why, in the education of the young *samurai*, the thought of death plays an important part, and a ceremonial of suicide is taught. A *samurai* insures this self-destruction by falling upon his sword.

No class, among any other people, surrounds voluntary death with such glory, making it almost a religious act. Buddhism, indeed, tends to detach its votaries from a love of life by its teachings with regard to the ephemeral phenomena, but Buddhism condemns suicide, seeing in it a useless and perilous subterfuge on the part of man to avoid his destiny. It is, then, to Confucianism that the Japanese owe this

Tragic Inclination to Suicide

Nevertheless, it was not as a release from suffering that the *samurai* sought death. The idea that his voluntary sacrifice would assure him a happy life in another world would appear to him like a dishonorable bargain. The philosophy of Confucius made him a veritable materialist.

Following the example of the Chinese sage, he considered it idle to peer into the shadows that surround the tomb, and asked of death only an attestation of honor satisfied and duty fulfilled. For him death had no terrors; to him it was simply the normal ending of the trials of life. To kill oneself seemed to him an act representing the refinement of civilization.

This is the explanation of the strange state of Japanese society, where murder and self-destruction had become the sport of the aristocracy. The *samurai* killed himself because he was powerless to avenge an injury to himself, his father, or his lord, since his enemy was of higher social rank than his own. He killed himself, perhaps, as a protest against some special order or commission, or as a warning to his master that he had failed in some enterprise confided to him. He took his own life because he was angry with his master, or because, having offended the latter, he had been reprimanded.

This manner of death became the privilege of the military class, also replacing for them execution according to the law. A *samurai*, sentenced to die for a political or public offense, fell upon his sword, according to the prescribed rule of Japanese knighthood; while offenders of the lower classes had no right to this honor, but were condemned to the slow tortures of crucifixion or other cruel

methods of execution. Thus suicide, being permitted only to the nobles, brought renown to its voluntary victims. The greater number of

The Heroes of Japanese History

presented to the admiration of the youth of Japan perished in this way, and their glory has cast a lustre around the act itself. Within the last fifty years, during which Japan has sought to reform certain ancient customs and abuses, there have been in that country many political assassinations. Nevertheless, by committing suicide the assassins have not only justified themselves in the estimation of the public, but have been honored as heroes, instruments of the just vengeance of heaven, and borne to the tomb by throngs of the populace, who rendered especial homage to their memory.

To-day, in Japan, the idea of patriotism is broader. Not only the members of a particular class, but all the Mikado's subjects are called upon to exercise the virtue of loyalty. Instead of the feudal lord, it is the Emperor himself who is the sole object of this devotedness, for he has become the personification of united and centralized Japan.

Every Japanese should be glad to die for the Emperor. Patriotism is taught in the schools. Personal vengeance and the so-called honorable suicide of former times are no longer permitted. Several famous incidents of the Russo-Japanese war remind us, however, that, under certain circumstances, these suicides are still frequent, and are approved by the nation at large.

The Third Social Relation

defined by Confucius concerns the husband. We have already stated that the wife is regarded as inferior to her spouse. Accustomed from childhood to obey those who are above her, she acquires no freedom when she marries and goes to the house of her husband. To him and to his parents she owes respect and entire submission, but not affection, a sentiment that, as we have said, is not supposed to be possible between a superior and an inferior.

Married without having any voice in the matter, she is, nevertheless, strictly bound to conjugal fidelity, yet must never show either jealousy or anger whatever happens, or whatever the treatment she may have to endure. On the other hand, the Japanese language has no word to express conjugal fidelity on the part of the husband. This indicates that it is not considered obligatory. According to the new laws of Japan, a woman may become a citizen, and, in certain cases, the man is no longer the only one who may demand a divorce. The same right is now conceded to the wife. The infidelity of the husband is not, however, the chief plea on the part of the woman heard before the court for the adjustment of marital difficulties.

That the Japanese avail themselves of divorce to a deplorable extent is only too true. It is a survival of the ideas and customs of the followers of Confucius, who considered the wife in the home as a possession alienable at will.

The statistics show that, until the last few years,

there was a divorce for every three marriages; but, for five or six years, the proportion has been one for every six marriages. So great a change, in such a short time, is hardly credible, unless the basis of these statistics has been modified. In any case, much is yet to be done to elevate the ideas and customs of this country, in a Christian sense, before the Japanese woman shall become really the equal and companion of her husband.

The Fourth Relation

has to do with the duties of the older and the younger brother. The Confucian code so strictly regulated the grades of society that even the language bears traces of the distinctions between superiors and inferiors.

The simple words "brother" and "sister" are not to be found in the Japanese tongue. This evinces the absence of equality. The elder brother is always so named, and the same is true of the younger, who is subordinate to him. The first-born son is destined to be the head of the family, or "house," and, as the heir, owes obedience only to the father, being considered superior to his mother and the others of the family.

The artificial relations between the members of a family in this land of the Rising Sun produce situations, obligations, and sentiments that we, of the West, can scarce understand or imagine. Yet, they form the basis of the history and literature, as well as of the actual daily life of the Japanese.

The Fifth and Last Relation

regulated by Confucius is the social intercourse of friends,



A TEACHER OF CONFUCIANISM



A HOUSEHOLD SHRINE

which calls for no especial comment. Good offices and fidelity in friendship are recommended. In Japan this idea, broadened by circumstances, has contributed to the development of the clan spirit; that is, the practise of mutual assistance between the members of a family or "house," even though they may be separated by long distances.

It also forms a bond between the inhabitants of the same village, the members of the same feudal clan, or of the same guild. The village, guild, and clan become communities almost as strong as the family itself, and the members can always count upon one another. Mutual aid in work, succor in calamity, and a generous hospitality are the outcome of this custom, which discloses the better side of ancient Japan. Traces of these customs may still be found.

The Freedom of Individuals and Families

is sometimes singularly restricted by the tyrannical authority exercised by the village, guild, or clan. The stranger who is outside this exclusive circle, however, is not supposed to be worthy of any consideration at all.

The limits of the virtue of humanity are narrower than those of charity. Neither the compassion recommended by Buddhism nor the universal fraternity theoretically deducible from the philosophy of Confucius extends to the outsider, though Buddhist commiseration is supposed to include even the animals. Confucius limited himself to teaching, "Do not do to others what you would not like them to do to you." He condemned Lao-Tse, who recommended the returning of good for evil.

"What would you then return for good?" he asked.

"No. For evil render justice, and for good render good."

ORTHODOX CONFUCIANISM.

We will quote a few paragraphs from the work of Father Le Gall, S.J., on the philosopher, Chu-hi, and what is known as Orthodox Confucianism.

It is often said in the West that the system of the five relations needs only the addition of a sixth to render it complete and perfect, namely,

The Relation between God and Man

In the absence of this sixth relation, instead of God, the sovereign or the State is supreme, as regards society in general; and, in the case of the family, the father is the highest authority. The State or the father is the absolute master of the souls and bodies of those within these respective spheres. Conscience and individual responsibility are subordinated to a blind obedience to these two authorities that recognize no higher law. This is, indeed, the very foundation of paganism. Man's usurpation of God's authority; human pretence of equalling Divine Perfection.

Confucius refused to consider the idea of God, even as he declined to look beyond death. Naturally, his Buddhist commentators in China, being atheists themselves, left the problem of a personal Supreme Being just where they found it, that is, they merely passed it over.

Finally when, in the 11th century, there was formed in China

The Modern School of Confucius

which still exists, its leaders adopted a purely materialistic interpretation of this philosophy, with the result that, wherever Confucianism rules, it has implanted a system of moral utilitarianism that has for its foundation, model, and ideal the laws of nature, as manifested in the material world, and nothing else.

In China the 11th century marked the beginning of a new intellectual movement whose effect was two-fold, namely, 1st, the radical separation of Buddhism and Confucianism, and 2d, the complete supremacy of the latter.

The most noted and influential of the philosophers of this new development was Chu-hi (1130-1200), who not only revised the ancient classic writings of Confucianism, but interpreted them according to the traditions of the best commentators. His contemporaries saw in him the perpetuator of the best traditions of antiquity. Moreover, his interpretations became the absolute law and rule among the learned men of China and, for seven centuries, his ideas of philosophy, morals, and politics have been regarded as the supreme authority.

If his doctrines were sometimes attacked, this was only on secondary points and matters of detail. No Chinese *lettré* (scholar) of any note ever attacked, in its entirety, the system of materialism of which Chu-hi, if not the founder, was at least the chief disseminator and supporter.

The sovereigns of the four last dynasties, including the present Emperor, have all honored the memory of Chu-hi, often by official acts, as in 1894, and his precepts

are now the only authorized version of orthodox Confucianism. All opinions contrary to them are rigorously forbidden and condemned by the Chinese government.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the 11th century and modern interpretation of the sayings and precepts of the ancient Chinese sage, Confucius, who lived more than sixteen hundred years ago. A few words of explanation will suffice.

The Ancient Religion of the Chinese

has been much discussed by learned men versed in the history and literature of China. Certain of these savants pretend to find in it the worship of a personal God, distinct from the world.

Confucius, who lived five hundred years before the Christian era, however, and who personifies the ideas dominant at the time, as well as the ancient traditions, has nothing clear or positive to say with regard to the existence of God, and is content to designate by the vague word "heaven" the power that rules the visible world and the human heart.

He recommends that the gods, or spirits, be honored, but he holds aloof from the worship of them. Nothing in his works, or in the sayings attributed to him, is opposed to the purely materialistic construction placed upon them by Chu-hi, and which has been adopted by all the modern disciples of Confucianism.

The theory of the creation of the world, elaborated by the new school of Confucianism, recalls the Buddhist conception of creation, at least, on one important point. Matter is eternal, and undergoes a regular series of transformations, changing from chaos to order, and from order back to chaos during an illimitable number of cycles.

Modern Confucianism goes farther still. It seeks to determine the elements in force during these transformations. These elements it resolves into two principles,

Ki and Li, Matter and Force

Nothing else exists, and these two principles are inseparable. This strikes at the root of all doctrine that admits of the existence of spiritual beings.

Eskimo Character

By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I.

In describing Eskimo magic, I have given several instances of the power of the northern sorcerers. Here are two additional examples. An Eskimo hunter, on the watch for "big game," was accompanied by his son, a small boy.

Being hungry, the watcher laid aside his gun, while he devoured a meal of caribou meat. The child began to play with the musket, the charge exploded, and the ball, piercing the father's breast, came out at his right side, after having passed through the forearm at the wrist. For, at that moment when he was shot, the poor man had been in the act of rending the meat with hand and teeth, after the manner of the savages hereabout.

The sorcerer, sent for in all haste, at once evoked the spirit. It was, apparently, this mysterious power that revealed to him the method of freeing the perforated lung of the blood and, at the same time, preventing a hemorrhage. The forearm, being as carefully treated, healed also, and the hunter enjoyed superb health until the spring preceding his death.

Two years after the accident the doctor at Lake Caribou examined the scars which showed where the ball had pierced the lung, and he declared the cure marvellous.

Last year, another young man had a leg mangled by the premature discharge of his musket. In this case, too, a sorcerer was the surgeon. He staunched the blood, removed everything that might tend to mortification, closed the wound, and bandaged it in an admirable manner. To-day, the young man can walk almost as well as ever.

These instances seem to indicate that here, as everywhere else, the Evil One sometimes accomplishes extraordinary things. Thus, by the confidence these marvels

inspire, he is able to torture other individuals physically and mentally.

I will not now describe the various magical rites of the Eskimos, but will only say that enmity and revenge are the fruits of these practices, which often, also, are the instruments of the passions.

How Providence Watches Over the Missionary

The man whose charge it had been to provide me with subsistence was no more. The circumstances of his illness had revealed the fact that the sorcerer had a powerful adversary, namely, the missionary. This the sick man had proclaimed. He had wished to escape from the sorcerer and entrust himself to the ministrations of the priest.

Later, it was said, before me, that his death had followed the evocation of the spirit because, since sorcery greatly displeased me, in consequence of the incantations, etc., I had turned away my heart from the sufferer.

These speeches were only a ruse. The people feared the missionary and sought by fair words to flatter and please him. They, also, feared the sorcerer, and before him spoke in a very different way.

This was the first time he had been unsuccessful, they declared to one another, and proceeded to recall the other desperate cases that his art was supposed to have cured. Again, they saw the valiant hunter lying on the ground, his breast torn by a bullet. They saw him raised up and, as it were, restored to life. All the blame of the sorcerer's recent failure was due to the presence and influence of the missionary. When opposed, the spirits easily become malevolent.

My position was serious and critical, but God sent me aid. In the spring I had vainly sought guides among the mountaineers. Now, as I have mentioned above, at a time when they were entirely unexpected, four families arrived at the camp. Why had they come? They could not tell. They had not dared to hope to find the missionary, for in coming from the West they had not seen a single caribou.

They were almost starved and thought, therefore, that I, being unable to find game for food, had never reached this place. No one was able to tell them anything about me. No one had known where the mountaineers themselves were, and their friends believed they had either died of hunger or perished in the rapids. Great was the astonishment of these rude but kindly hunters and trappers when they found me here alone among the pagan Eskimos.

Being encamped near my tent, the mountaineers soon discovered the equivocal disposition of the savages toward me because of the death of the young man. They wished to take me away with them.

To leave before the time fixed for my return to Lake Caribou, however, would seem, in the eyes of the Eskimos, like running away.

To fail in courage would be to forever lose my influence with them. God will aid a good cause; we must always go forward!

I decided to remain. My mountaineer friends, dissatisfied with my resolution, thereupon loyally determined to stay near me until I should again set out for St. Peter's Mission.

As the mountaineers had canoes, I profited by the opportunity to make

A Trip Still Farther North

I visited three encampments and, during the journey, obtained much information with regard to the character of the Eskimos and their dispositions toward religion.

After a nine days' trip, I returned. By degrees, I had familiarized myself with the language. I tried to turn to good account the superstitious awe these people now began to show toward the missionary. They dared not contradict me, for was not my power stronger than the magic of their most successful sorcerers?

I spoke to them, urging the baptism of their children, and its necessity. They agreed with me, and a day was appointed for the ceremony. When it arrived, however, no child was brought to be baptized. The men were

away, and the women venture to do nothing without the permission of their husbands.

Three times I returned to the charge, but always with the same result. I exhausted all my arguments. Was the cause of God, then, hopeless? Again His Providence came to my assistance, and again I realized how true it is that "Man proposes and God disposes." I understood how truly the work of the Gospel is a divine work. We can do little of ourselves. We can plant, and cultivate, but it is God who gives the harvest. One day an Eskimo came to me.

"My brother who, last year, was so badly injured in the leg by the discharge of his gun, has fallen helpless after leaping from his canoe," he said. "The bones of the leg are again broken; come at once, and bring your medicines."

I am but a mediocre physician and no surgeon. Moreover, I had with me only a few simple remedies for the common ills, and nothing for internal injuries.

What Was I to Do?

Evidently the Eskimos had set a trap for me. The sorcerer had once restored the crushed bones and bruised flesh of this unfortunate

man. Now, what would the missionary accomplish? My plan was speedily formed. I sent a little borax and carbolic acid to bathe the wounded limb, and promised to visit the patient the next day.

"God will help me," I said to myself. "I wish to act for the best."

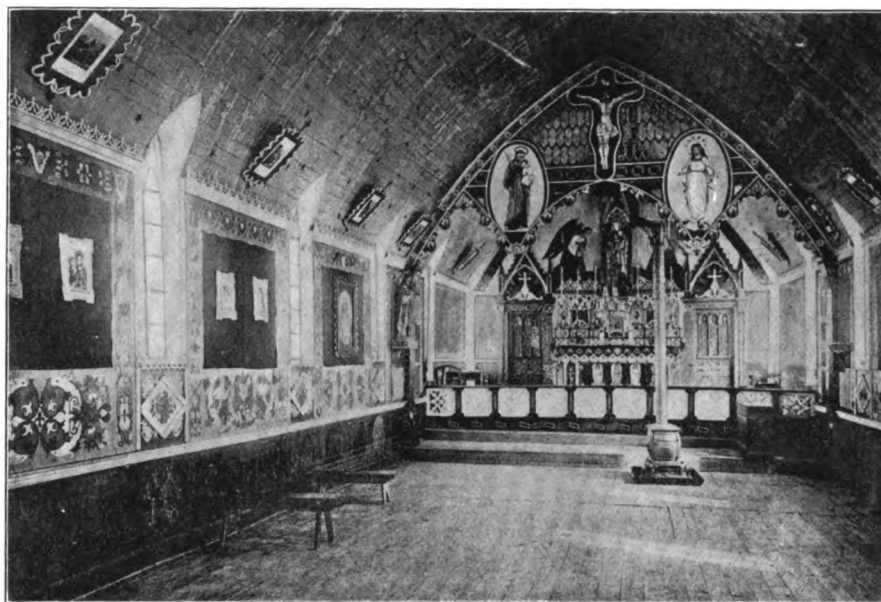
The morrow being Sunday, I said Mass for the intention of obtaining the baptism of the children, and asked the mountaineers to pray earnestly for the conversion of the pagans. Then I set out on my long tramp. For my patient lived at the distance of almost a day's journey.

At evening, as I approached his hut, I listened for the cries of the sufferer. I was troubled in spirit because I did not know how to assuage his pain. To my surprise I heard not even a moan.

"The disabled man has a few moments' respite from his anguish," I soliloquized. As I entered the hut, the victim of the accident greeted me with a long look of happiness and gratitude. When presently I stood beside him he affectionately pressed my hand, saying:

"I used the remedy, yesterday, and now I no longer suffer."

He showed me the injured limb. It was not broken, as the messenger had said, and there was not the least



CATHOLIC CHURCH ON THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

trace of inflammation. A slight curvature of the shin bone indicated, however, that it had been bent. The bandage that he still wore had probably prevented a fracture.

I explained to this man and his family that my chant, the Holy Mass, is more powerful than all the sorceries of the world and it can never work evil. Then I broke forth into my usual invective against magic.

The next day, taking leave of these poor people, who sought by all means in their power to testify their thanks for the cure they declared I had wrought, I returned to the camp.

Later, I was, fortunately, able to cure a case of chill, there being also a grave complication from pleurisy. My reputation increased, I kept on inveighing against magic, and the corrupting of children. Daily, too, I brought up the matter of the



BOYS OF THE FAR NORTH

Baptism of the Little Ones

There was much parley and objection; at last, a number of the parents frankly gave their consent, and without reservation, I believe. But I would have no exceptions. I waited a while longer. Time pressed, however. It was now the 26th of October. The mountaineers would soon return to guide me back to Lake Caribou.

On the night of the 30th, while the camp was wrapped in sleep, an Eskimo broke into my tent, precipitately arousing me.

"Father, Father, the sorcerer chief!" he exclaimed, weeping as he spoke.

"The sorcerer? Why what of him?"

"His son is dying, and it is sorcery that is killing him. Even now he may be dead. The chief begs you to come to him."

I rose in haste and followed the messenger. The camp re-echoed with laments and mourning, as I entered the hut of the sorcerer. During the day his son had followed the chase, and afterwards had accompanied the evening song by beating the tambour.

The young man was now unconscious. From time to time he uttered appalling shrieks, his face was livid, his frame contracted by the terrible convulsions of epilepsy.

By means of a little ammonia, I assisted him to breathe more easily. After a while he fixed his eyes upon me and, apparently, attempted to collect his senses. A smile flickered over his face, he stretched out his hand to me, and made a sign that he could not speak.

"Do not be troubled," I said, "try to rest quietly."

A profound silence reigned in the hut. I bade the watchers cover the sick youth and cautioned them to keep his feet warm. I waited a few moments longer. Soon the chief's son recovered his speech, and called his father and mother to him.

"I thought I was going to die," he murmured, "and you could do nothing but weep. The missionary did not weep, but he is powerful and good."

I cut short his praise of me, but spoke to him of

The Missionary's God

who is also the God of the Eskimos.

"He it is who aids the missionary in his wish to help

you," I said, taking advantage of the opportunity to instruct the family and all the pagans present.

Then I withdrew. The next morning the youth declared himself cured and set out again for the hunt. I stopped him.

"Call your father and bring him to see me," I directed.

They soon reached my hut, and both father and son were laden with presents for me.

"Never mind the presents," I said to the chief. "This is Sunday. Your son must not hunt to-day. I alleviated his agony yesterday. I have a right to command. You offer me presents. If your heart is really well-disposed toward me, do what I desire. Bring the children of the tribe to me that I may baptize them. Everyone says you and your people do not wish to pray. I want to know what you and they really think, in order that I may write and tell the great Father who sent me here."

"It is true," he replied. "We have not thought of praying. We have often laughed at you here and at Lake Caribou when you pray. We would rather not pray, but we admit,—for we have not succeeded, so far, in discouraging you,—we can not always refuse, and we have no more excuses. Therefore, we shall be forced to pray. So say all the Eskimos of the North."

The chief then took his leave. But it was for the purpose of gathering together the children of the camp.

Half an hour later, he commanded that all the little ones should be brought to me. Soon afterwards, the sanctifying grace of baptism had regenerated these poor young souls. The work of God was begun at last. My joy was equalled only by my gratitude to Providence, who had so well ordered this long-for result.

Weariness, Sacrifices, all Disappeared

before this great happiness. The heart that has experienced this bliss will attempt things all but impossible in the hope of experiencing it again.

The baptismal ceremony made a great impression on the adults. They understood neither the rites nor the words, but they well knew how much I had the matter at heart, and this gave them an idea of its importance. Soon afterwards the chief came again to visit me.

"I have beheld you often in my trances for I have tried by sorcery to find out what kind of a man you are," he said. "Once in my dream, you were lying asleep. I wished to approach you, but a great book concealed you from my view. I could not see what it contained. Yet neither could I withdraw my eyes from it, because it was so beautiful. The leaves turned over, of themselves, and the more I admired it, the more beautiful it became. I approached nearer. Suddenly all grew shadowy. I could hardly see the book. I was sorry, to be so curious, but I wished so much to behold the book. All at once it re-appeared—shining like the sun. I dared not step forward to examine it closer, but the pages turned again. At last it closed of itself. I still tried to see you, but nothing was there but the book. Three times I tried, but always the book was between you and me. Tell me, is this the book you used in the ceremony of the baptisms?"

I answered merely that I did nothing on my own authority; that the book he saw in his dream must certainly be the book of God, which no one who is not baptized can understand; that the effect of baptism is to dispose the soul to comprehend the beauties of religion, and the children would be taught these beauties.

I refrained from asking him what he himself intended to do, but endeavored to make him understand that magic is always evil, because it employs the same means, and invokes the same spirit to do good or evil. This agent is always the evil spirit, the master of all the sorcerers of the world.

I hope these poor Eskimos will, some day, heed and remember the words of their first missionary,—that, with God's help, they will renounce the demon and embrace Christianity.

Character of the Eskimos

In what I have written, I have tried to sketch the character of the Eskimos, at least in outline. Cunning and distrust influence them about equally in their mutual relations. From deceit to hypocrisy is but a step, and distrust engenders all kinds of enmity. Charity only causes them to smile.

But I do not want to speak ill of these poor pagans, because I am convinced they possess many excellent qualities. Paganism perverts all their natural energies. Is this surprising? How is it with the nations that, after several hundred years of teaching, to-day aspire to the first rank among civilized peoples? The Eskimos are degraded pagans, but they are capable of something better.

They are ingenious and endowed with will power; they show a degree of self-possession, and are capable of repressing their anger and passion when they deem it advisable to control themselves.

They are, moreover, susceptible of affection and have decided ideas with regard to gratitude. They show, at times, a delicacy of sentiment, a tact that testifies to their natural acuteness, and a facility for doing things well. Once their minds are enlightened by revelation, these pagans will turn to good account all the resources of a nature in which there is much that is excellent.

This is the opinion frequently expressed by missionaries and travellers who have become acquainted with them,

among the ice-locked seas, and in the interior of the far North. It is also my own intimate conviction.

Population

It is manifestly impossible to estimate the number of Eskimos who belong to the Vicariate of Saskatchewan. We only know there are at least three tribes, who speak different languages, in this vast region which extends to the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

For the present I set the farthest boundary of the infant mission at the camp of the Eskimos which may be reached in less than eight days by a route established in the vicinity of the lake I visited last summer.

Many Eskimos from the Northeast come to this settlement, and I profited by their presence to obtain information regarding them. They have twelve camps on the Kazon River. The smallest has six or seven huts, and in all there are about seventy-eight huts.

During my visit to the three camps nearest to us, I found there were, on an average, about eleven inhabitants to each hut. I am told the population is greater than here. Taking these figures, nevertheless, for fear of exaggeration on the part of the savages, we have still a total of eight hundred and fifty-eight inhabitants.

If it is true, as the Eskimos say, that their compatriots of Fort Churchill withdraw into the interior of the country to escape the surveillance of the white men, the population is larger than here stated. So much for the Eskimos of the Northeast.

To the north, less than eight days' journey, we again find Eskimos encamped on the shore of the great Round Lake. It is said they are more numerous than all the natives of the Northeast together. I think this estimate also includes another tribe of different customs and dialect, for those who come from that latitude speak after a manner the two languages, a certain sign of frequent trading intercourse between the two tribes.

One may then estimate the population within the territory mentioned as nearly a thousand souls. I will not now enter into the subject of the genius of

The Eskimo Language

its beauties, caprices, and general character. The difficulty of learning a savage tongue without book or master I know full well. It is hard to realize how the ear fails and the memory proves false when they are set at a task entirely new. I applied myself to the study of the Eskimo language with an ardor that was almost fierce. Alone, among these people, I had to try to speak as they did. I had to endeavor to make myself understood by signs when I could do no better. Never hearing a word of French, or even of the mountaineer's dialect, I came at last to think in Eskimo, and what at first had seemed to me impossible, at last became easy.

Fortunately one of the men obtained for me in July a copy of the New Testament printed in Eskimo. Thanks to this book I was able to enlarge and correct the dictionary I am making. I also learned, little by little, the construction of the phrases and something of the grammar.

My efforts were not so unproductive and wearisome as in the first days of study. I began to take a real pleasure

in comparing the words, in correcting and completing, and putting my notes in order, and composing phrases similar in construction to those of the text. This work was not only interesting but it proved useful to me in many ways.

The Eskimos were delighted when they witnessed my progress, slow as it seemed to my eagerness. The natives

are very sensitive on this point. One has only to wish to speak their language to gain their esteem, indeed their affection. I venture to hope that another sojourn among them will give me a familiarity with the language that will enable me to readily instruct them in the truths of our holy religion.

Tradition of the Ngai

As Told by a Kikouyou

The word Ngai has two meanings. Sometimes it signifies the Great Spirit, who dwells above the clouds and whose voice is heard in the thunder. Our sorcerers were wont to ask him for rain and offer sacrifices to him at the foot of the sacred tree. The entrails of the victim were tied round the trunk of the tree; melted fat was sprinkled about; a piece of meat was hung on one of the branches. It was the Ngai's share. The remainder, namely, the whole animal, was eaten by the sorcerers. They always chose for the time of sacrifice a day when the sky was heavy with black clouds. Then rain never failed to come in answer to their prayers.

There was supposed to be a great difference between these Ngai and the gods of the lower regions. The Ugoma were thought to be the spirits of our ancestors roaming about in the center of the earth. The Ugoma were not so accommodating as the Ngai. If a man beat his wife, as of course he had a right to do, sometimes a Ugoma interfered and carried her off. So said the Ugoma worshippers. These spirits often threw a goat and sometimes even a child into the fire in the hut. They took many more of our sheep than even the Massais. To transgress any of their laws was a sahn (sin).

They were as inexorable as the white man's gun. If a serpent crossed my path, if the wind blew down one of my trees, or one of my goats was killed, the serpent, the wind or the goat was not to blame. I had committed a sin, said the sorcerers. My fault would cause my death, infect my children and destroy my animals.

The name Ngai was given to everything great, extraordinary, strong, rich, powerful. If a goat was born with a hump like a camel it was Ngai. Everything that protected, sheltered, spared was Ngai. When the elders at their banquets wished to pay great compliments, they called each other Ngai.

Now, we all looked upon the "good Father" as a Ngai. When we told him so, however, he laughed and called us *indigini* (big children). Even the sorcerers wished to show him some marks of respect. One day they came with their calabashes, horns and goats' tails and went around his tent several times, throwing white powder, which they said they had collected on the summit of Mount Kenia. It was a charm to prevent the hyena or any other wild animal from entering the tent to devour such a precious Ngai.

FOR THE YOUNG JAPANESE.

"I have charge of a Japanese parish in Yokohama. The field is arid. Two of my parishioners have given up their religion in discouragement. Yokohama is a wicked city. Here it is very difficult to preserve our young men from corruption. To counteract the evil influences that menace them, I wish to form a Catholic Club for them. I ask you to help me a little by sending me Mass intentions. The alms that I collected last year in Europe and America have long since been engulfed in the whirlpool of our misery and need."

The REV. M. STEICHEN, Mis. Apost. to Japan.

THE SAVAGE LEARNING TO WRITE.

"Within the territory of the Catholic missions of Basutoland there are five Protestant stations. We have, nevertheless, a nucleus of fervent Catholics, and the movement toward conversion is marked. The Basutos love the Black Robe; the old barbarian feasts of human flesh are now only a memory. Some of the young men have gone to Kimberly to work in the diamond mines; others to the gold mines of Johannesburg. They have learned to write enough words in their own language to be able to keep up communication with their families here. If we had a larger school we could do more for these natives. The school is a means of drawing the children and young people together and of teaching them, not only to read and write, but the truths of religion. We now have ninety-two pupils at the mission. We need to build an addition to it in order to accommodate the

children of all our Catholics and keep them away from the sectarian schools. We are confident that the friends of the missions will not forget us. The little negro boys and girls have affectionate hearts and they never omit to pray for their benefactors."

FATHER MONTEL, O.M.I., S. Africa.

Nationalism and Catholicism

"In the work of the missions it is necessary to maintain the truly Catholic idea. As the Bishop of Treves has said: '**Nationalism is one of the evils from which the Church most suffers.**' How few there are who understand the Heart of Our Lord as did St. Paul, who says: '*To the Greeks and to the barbarians, to the wise and to the unwise I am a debtor.*'"—BISHOP BERLIOZ.

Editorial Notes

New Privileges For Our Ecclesiastical Benefactors

OUR Holy Father, Pope Pius X, has given a new proof of his great interest in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and of his desire that its work be furthered, by granting to our ecclesiastical benefactors the precious privilege of applying the Croisier Indulgence to Rosary Beads. The Holy Father says in the brief: "We neglect no opportunity to enrich with particular privileges and special graces the faithful who gather alms to assist the messengers of the Divine Word." The Propagation of the Faith is the main support of Catholic missionaries throughout the world.

We have invited all our brother priests in the United States to enjoy the privilege granted by the Holy Father, and are glad to state that hundreds of favorable answers have been already received. We hope that, before long, every American priest will share in this truly Catholic work.

Comparisons

COMPARISONS are desirable when they cause us to admire the generosity of our neighbors and to be ashamed of our own indifference toward a cause that should be dearer to us than it is to them.

A missionary from Japan writes to us:

"Do you know how much was spent in Japan last year for the preaching of the Gospel? According to the official report of the Japanese Government a total sum of \$1,260,000.00 was sent from foreign countries for this purpose. Catholics contributed \$115,000.00. Our Protestant brethren have, therefore, a handsome balance of \$1,145,000.00 to their credit!"

Father Fraser, an American missionary, in China, says in a letter to us, dated from Ning-Po:

"There are, in this city alone, fifteen Protestant churches erected and supported by English and American money. Ought not American Catholics, especially the rich, to wake up? Will they wait, with folded arms, until China is dotted with Protestant temples of worship, and the Chinese have become insolent heretics before knowing the sweetness of the true religion? . . ."

The total amount subscribed for missionaries by the various Protestant denominations, throughout the world, in the past year, was *twenty-one and a half millions of dollars*. We doubt whether Catholic missions received from all sources the equivalent of one-fifth of that amount.

No wonder if Protestant missions are flourishing and ours are not?

Our Converts

WHY is it that while, in many instances, it is so difficult to interest Catholics in the missionary work of the Church, converts to Catholicism, especially those who come to us from Protestantism, are always ready, even anxious to share in this

work? Is it for the reason that having been themselves deprived of the True Light, they feel more sympathy for those who do not possess it? Or is it because, in the sect to which they belonged, they were trained from infancy to look upon missionary endeavor as an essential feature of true Christianity and the greatest of all charities? They are probably actuated by both of these motives.

What is the Use?

THERE are still Catholics, although not many let us hope, who fail to see the need of sending missionaries to the heathen, and who would fain let the latter remain in what is termed their good faith.

We were somewhat shocked the other day when we heard a Catholic lady exclaim:

"Oh! what is the use of sending missionaries to such people!"

She was looking at pictures in CATHOLIC MISSIONS, showing types of a rather degraded humanity.

Of course our answer was: "The Church must obey the command of Christ. He died for all, and before leaving the world commissioned His Apostles to preach the gospel to *every* creature."

But even from a philanthropic point of view—in reply to the question "What are missions accomplishing for humanity," we may quote the statement of Dr. Misset, of Mosburg, Germany:

"Missions have had the most essential part in the abolition of the slave-trade, in the removal of cannibalism and massacre; they mitigate wretchedness and poverty, sickness and famine among the heathen people; they protest against the ruin of the heathen natives by the imports of rum and opium; they exalt family life and contend against polygamy and child marriages; and, above all things, they raise even the most degraded people into a wholesome morality. It is no matter of chance that mission work everywhere for degraded humanity has lifted them up, for Christian morality is the religion of perfected humanity."

What would be our own condition if the Gospel had not been preached to our forefathers?

Chinese Priests

WE were recently honored by a visit from the Right Rev. Bishop Henninghaus, Vicar Apostolic of South Shantung, China. Bishop Henninghaus is a member of the Society of the Divine Word, whose headquarters are at Steyl, Holland. He is accompanied on his journey through this country, by the Rev. Peter Chang, a priest of his Vicariate. Several newspapers have announced that Father Chang is the only Chinese Catholic priest in the world; others that he is the first Chinese priest to visit the United States. These assertions are not correct. There are over 600 native priests in China. A number of these have joined the respective Orders of the missionaries who evangelized

their country, and are Jesuits, Lazarists, Franciscans, etc. . . . Others are secular priests. About thirty years ago, a Chinese mission was started in San Francisco and placed in charge of a Chinese priest. It proved a failure and was discontinued.

Why Do Not Missionaries Write?

It is often remarked that many Catholics take little interest in home missions, especially those among Indians and Negroes. In the first place, however, they must be acquainted with the work.

Who can furnish the necessary information so well as the missionaries themselves? We have requested many priests engaged in apostolic labor to contribute to our magazine, and for every article accepted we make an offering to the writer's mission. Yet, we have, so far, been able to induce only a few of those to whom we appealed to take up the pen. We know, indeed, that missionary life is not conducive to literary work. Nevertheless, if the missionaries do not make the needs of their missions known, who will do it for them?



MISSIONARY NOTES

News

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AMERICA.

NEW YORK

The observance of the Centenary of the New York Diocese was begun on April 26th, by a Solemn High Mass in every church of the Archdiocese. On Tuesday, April 28, special services, commemorating the event so important in the history of Catholicity in America, were held at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, and Cardinal Gibbons preached the sermon. At the Solemn Pontifical Vespers in the evening, Archbishop Falconio, the apostolic delegate, was the celebrant, and the sermon was by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis. On Wednesday, April 29th, a mass meeting of the laity was held.

PHILADELPHIA

The Centenary of the Philadelphia Diocese was celebrated by special services in all the churches on Easter Sunday, April 19, a Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral on April 22, at which Cardinal Gibbons, the apostolic delegate and many prelates and priests assisted, social exercises April 23, and a great meeting of the Catholics of the archdiocese April 24.

OTHER CENTENARIES

The Archdiocese of Boston, and the Diocese of Louisville also celebrate their Centenaries this year.

BALTIMORE

The decoration of "The Royal Order of the Crown," of Belgium, has been conferred by King Leopold upon His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons for distinguished merit in the service of Christianity and humanity.

CLEVELAND

The Right Rev. Joseph Koudelka, auxiliary bishop for the Slavs of the Cleveland diocese, was consecrated February 25, by the Rt. Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, assisted by Bishops Hartley of Columbus, and Fox of Green Bay.

NEW DIOCESE IN ILLINOIS

A new diocese has been created in Illinois. It will be known as the See of Rockford.

NEW ORLEANS

The Rt. Rev. Gustave A. Rouxel, auxiliary bishop of the archdiocese of New Orleans, died on March 17. Bishop Rouxel was born at Redon, France, in 1840. He was ordained to the priesthood at New Orleans in 1863, and continued to labor in that diocesan field until his death.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The Very Rev. J. R. Volz, O.P., and the Rev. W. D. Noon, O.P., both of Washington, D. C., will go to Manila to occupy chairs of English instruction in the University of St. Thomas.

CANADA

The Holy See has included the new prefecture apostolic of the Yukon in the vicariate of Mackenzie. The territory of this prefecture formerly belonged to the ecclesiastical province of Victoria (Vancouver). Besides the Yukon it includes that portion of the Cassiar district between the prefecture apostolic of Alaska on the west, and the Rocky Mountains on the east, also the coast district between 55° and 54° north, latitude and longitude 124°.

EUROPE.

IRELAND

Bishop Henry, of the Diocese of Down and Connor, died suddenly at Belfast, Ireland, on March 8.

ENGLAND

The Very Rev. F. W. Keating, canon of the Cathedral of Birmingham, has been appointed Bishop of Northampton.

OBLATES OF MARY

The Very Rev. Augustus Lavillardière, Fifth Superior General of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary, died on January 28th at Lyons, France.

OBLATES OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

The Very Rev. Louis Brisson, Founder and Superior-General of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, died on February 4th, at Plancy, France, aged ninety-two years.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH HONORED Mr. Charles Hamel, President of the Paris Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith, recently received from the Holy Father the title of Commander of the Order of Pius X.

PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS The Paris Seminary of Foreign Missions has published a report of the work accomplished in its thirty-two missions during 1907. These are the results:

34,161 adult baptisms.

528 conversions from heresy.

137,043 baptisms of children of pagans, in danger of death.

48,744 baptisms of children of Christians.

MISSIONARY HEROES The *Missions Catholiques* has recently published its glorious list of the Catholic apostles who died at their posts in pagan lands during the year 1906. There are one hundred and seventy-six of them altogether, and France still holds its splendid position at the head of the list of nations which send their missionaries to the ends of the earth. Seventy-nine were Frenchmen of France, three of French colonies, and six of the Diocese of Strasbourg and Metz. Next comes Italy with thirty, Belgium with eighteen, Spain with twelve, Holland with eight, Germany with seven, the United States with three, Switzerland and Austria with two each, and Ireland, Hungary, Russia, Turkey, China and Guatemala with one each. Almost all the dead missionaries belonged to religious orders or congregations, and a very great proportion of them were members of congregations which have been recently suppressed in France.

ASIA.

JAPAN The work of preparing for the establishment of the Japanese Catholic University has been assigned to the Rev. James Rockliffe, S.J., who has been sent to Tokio from the United States for this purpose. He will be assisted by the Rev. Joseph Dahlman,

S.J., of Luxemburg, a linguist and the compiler of several philosophical works, and by a French Jesuit Missionary who is also versed in languages.

CHRISTIANS IN JAPAN The *Japan Mail* gives the number of Christians in Japan as 131,643. Of these 56,638 are Roman Catholics, 14,643 Greek Orthodox, 15,228 Presbyterians, 11,586 Episcopalians, and 11,343 Congregationalists. There are Christians residing in every prefecture of the Empire.

CHINA The Right Rev. A. Gaetti, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of North Shen-Si, died on March 30. Bishop Gaetti was born in Germany in 1857, and ordained priest in St. Louis, Mo., in 1881. He soon went to China and was appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Shen-Si in 1905.

CHINA Mgr. Felix Charles de Gorostazu, P.F.M., has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of Yun-nan, with the title of Bishop of Aila. He has been for twenty-three years a missionary in this important province of China.

COCHIN CHINA The Rev. Joseph Allys, P.F.M., has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Cochin China, to succeed Bishop Caspar, who has resigned.

MISSIONARY SISTERS The Franciscan Sisters, Missionaries of Mary, have seventeen convents and schools or orphanages in China and three in Japan. During 1907 they baptized 3,100 children in danger of death. In their hospitals and dispensaries they render great service to the Catholic cause. At Tsingtau alone they treated 20,903 out-door patients and 108 interns within the year.

AFRICA.
CONGO FREE STATE The Holy Father has raised the prefecture apostolic of Stanley Falls, in the Congo Free State,

to a vicariate, and appointed Very Rev. Gabriel Grison the prefect apostolic, vicar. The limits of the former prefecture are preserved.

BELGIAN CONGO As the result of recent negotiations between King Leopold and his Parliament, the King gives to Belgium the territory of Cape Ferrat, but reserves the use of it during his life. The government, on its part, agrees, provided the Legislature will consent, to vote a special fund to carry out certain undertakings in the Congo.

SOUTH AFRICA The Rt. Rev. Dr. Leonard, Bishop of Capetown, has been called to his reward. The late bishop was born in Dublin in 1829, and studied at Maynooth, which college bestowed upon him the degree of doctor of divinity when he was only twenty-three years of age.

DAHOMY Father Joulord, L.A.M., has just published a grammar of the Dahomey language.

ALGIERS Mgr. Combes, Archbishop of Carthage, has been named Administrator Apostolic of the Archdiocese of Algiers.

OCEANICA.
FIJI ISLANDS The new cathedral at Suva is to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Bishop Vidal wishes to erect at the antipodes a native church like that of Montmartre, though necessarily on a humble scale.

TAHITI His Holiness, Pope Pius X. has accepted the resignation of Bishop Verdier, S.H.Pic., Vicar Apostolic of Tahiti. He is succeeded by his coadjutor, Bishop Athanasius Hermel, S.H.Pic.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith (April). "A Missionary in Mongolia,"—Father Vincka, B.F.M.—describes an apostolic journey into the heart of this Chinese province, the striking conversion of a shepherd, and the faith of a new Simeon. He also tells of the lamentable prevalence of infanticide throughout the

Celestial Empire.—"A Christian Heroine of Uganda," by Bishop Streicher, Al. M., is the remarkable history of Mounakou, a Baganda woman, saved from martyrdom, it would seem, in order that she might become an example of zeal, charity and piety to the 15,000 Christians of the Villa Maria district.—In "Across Zululand,"

the Rev. A. Roussel, O.M.I., who has toiled for sixteen years in that isolated region of the Dark Continent, relates interesting details of various excursions into the wilds to gain the friendship of native chiefs and obtain their consent to the establishment of missions in their extensive territories.—From Oceanica, Father Al-

phonsus, O. M. Cap., writes of the new prefecture apostolic of the Netherland Capuchins, under the title of "A Glance at Dutch Borneo." The interior of this country, which is larger than the German Empire, for instance, has never been explored. In the plain an intense heat rages, but on the coast and among the mountains the cold winds maintain a moderate temperature. The very air of Borneo is laden with the moral miasma of cruelty and murder. Dutch Borneo has as yet only one Catholic church edifice and mission house (the chapel and stations at Singkawang). They are, nevertheless, the nucleus of a work full of promise, and of a future wherein the zeal of the followers of Saint Francis will, no doubt, effect marvels.

The Good Work (March) has an instructive sketch of "The America Mission of Mindanao," by Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, D.D., Bishop of Cebu. "After nearly ten years of American occupation the aid given by American Catholics to the Philippine missions is comparatively little," says the bishop. "The new condition of things has deprived the Church there of her former means of support . . . The needs of the Church in the Philippines are great—we should probably use a much stronger word. These needs are especially felt in what is peculiarly the mission region of the Islands, Mindanao."—"Tried by Fire and Poverty," is a touching letter from Bishop Berlioz of Hakodate, Japan, describing the destruction of his cathedral and all the buildings of the mission in the great conflagration of August, 1907.—"A Martyr of Charity," by Rev. Joseph Dahlent, A.M., relates the simple yet noble life history of Father Michael Dahlent, one of the young martyrs of the gold coast, who fell a victim to the miasma of the climate after two years' ministry in the land so aptly named the "White Man's Grave."

The Missionary (April) calls attention to the fact that the genuine incidents of conversions contributed to the magazine during the past year by the Rev. Richard W. Alexander, are about to be issued in permanent form, under the title of "A Missionary's Note Book." These are life stories of human interest which claim one's closest attention and deepest sympathy.—"A New Nerve Center of Missionary Activity" describes mission work among our colored population. Hitherto the religious life of the negro of the southern states has been like the growth of an uncared for garden, where many kinds of shrubs and trees grow in profusion; vines run riot, flowers remain unplucked, and plants unpruned. How different would have been the story if the dominating influence among these people had been the civilizing uplifting of the soul accomplished by the Catholic Church. Three of the Josephite Fathers who have taken a subsequent course at the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, are doing

notable work in Mississippi and other parts of the South.—"Work Abroad and at Home" quotes the first pastoral letter of Bishop Casartelli of Salford Diocese, England, who asserts his belief that a strong hindrance to the growth of Catholicity in England is "the general lack of interest, in the past, of English-speaking Catholics in the foreign missionary work of the Church." This apathy the Bishop contrasts with the missionary zeal of Holland, saying of the latter: "No country in proportion sends out more foreign missionaries, and gives more generously, yet nowhere are vocations for the home Church more abundant, and nowhere is Catholicity in a more flourishing condition."

The Missionary for March maintains that it is possible to make every parish church of the United States a shrine for conversions if the right methods are pursued. Much depends on the attitude of the parish priest toward his non-Catholic neighbors. Missionaries may remove prejudice, but converts are generally received and held by the parish clergy.—The success of the Vincentians as missionaries to non-Catholics is noted.

The Indian Advocate (April) continues the account of "The Early Catholic Indian Missions of Canada," begun in the March number.

In the great plains stretching from Hudson Bay southwestward to the Rocky Mountains, the Catholics were the pioneer missionaries, as they had been in the territory between Hudson Bay and the St. Lawrence. With the Jesuit Relations describing the missions of Mackinaw, the upper Missouri, and the Saskatchewan, many readers are familiar. We note in addition that the earliest missionary entrance into British Columbia was made by the Catholics in 1839. During the "forties" Father Du Smet and other Jesuits did great work in this region. After their time the field passed to the Oblates. At present the Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I., the distinguished ethnologist and author, is in charge of the mission of Kamloops, B. C. Besides his Tsilkotin dictionary and other works, he has invented the Dené Syllabary, by means of which nearly all the Canadian Indians of the great Athabaskan stock can learn to read and write their own language. Father Le Jeune, O.M.I., stationed among the Thompson River and Shuswap Indians since 1880, has invented a successful short-hand system, by means of which those and cognate tribes read and write their own languages. The earliest missionaries of the Canadian Northwest were also the Catholic priests of the Oblate Order.

The Indian Advocate for March states that the Catholic Indians of the five eastern provinces of Canada now number 18,064, according to the Canadian official report. These figures include all the Indians of Prince Edward's Island, Nova

Scotia and New Brunswick, nearly all those of Quebec, and two-fifths of the Christian Indians of Ontario.

Extension (April)—Rev. Vincent Haegle, O.S.B., in "A Missionary Among the Miners," tells of the difficulties of apostolic work among the laborers in the coal mines of West Virginia. Here the majority of the Catholics are Hungarians and Slavs, but occasionally Father Haegle and Father Joseph, his companion, came across an Irishman who had clung to the faith despite all obstacles. Every paragraph of the sketch contains an interesting incident.—"The Missionary and His Flock" gives the experiences of Rev. W. J. A. Hendrickx in the mining district of Idaho, and among the Mormons of that State. Of his people the writer says: "Generally speaking the foreigners evince a better *spirit* of Catholicity than the native-born Americans," and "it is the Mass that keeps up the faith in Catholics; and *the missing of Mass* is the first loosening of the link by which a convert has been attached to the Church."—The Rev. Charles Serodes, O.M.I., writes pleasingly of the Mexicans and the shores of the Rio Grande.

Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, N. Y. (April). "With the Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart in the Gilbert Islands," is a charming narrative, taken from the Journal of one of the Missionary Sisters who are toiling for the evangelization of the native children of Butaritari, amid the isles of the Pacific. It is to be hoped that these bright and graphic notes may be continued.—The second instalment of "A Missionary Odyssey," continues the account of the first voyage of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart to Oceania.—"Child-Life in New Guinea," by the Rev. Joseph Guis, M.S.C., has many interesting anecdotes of Papuan men and women as well as of the children, and should be preserved in book form. We quote one short paragraph: "The coiffeur's art is highly developed among the Papuans, but it is the exclusive appanage of the man, whereas the woman, much the inferior of her lord and master in this respect, is required by custom to keep what little hair she has closely cropped, if not entirely shaved off. . . . Look at the birds of paradise; look at the other birds," say the natives. "Which have the beautiful colors, the long plumes?—the males, of course. So it is with us."

Anthropos. The current number presents a notable list of articles. The Rev. N. Stam, of the Mill Hill Mission, Kavirondo Uganda, writes in English of "The Religious Conceptions of some Baganda Tribes," and Herbert Mueller on an article that appeared in a former issue of the magazine, "An Ancient Unedited Document upon the Todas." In French, "Popular Annamite Philosophy"

is treated of by the Rev. L. Cadière, P.F.M.—“A Sheaf of Mongolian Songs” by Father Van Oost gives the unique music and original words (with a French translation) of several oriental ballads. Among them are “A Chief’s Song to His Beautiful Steed,” a kind of patriotic song; “Bayan t’iryal,” “Hail Good Fortune and Joy,” one dedicated to “The Wild Goose,” the tutelary genius of man, according to a Buddhist legend, and others.—“In the Country of Castes,” the Rev. T. Caius, S.J., presents a sketch of the Brahmins of India.—“The Theatre in Indo-China,” is a curious article with quaint pen and ink illustrations, one picture portraying, for example, a woman warrior, or Chinese Amazon, of ancient times.—Rev. W. Schmidt, S.V.D., the editor of *Anthropos*, in this number, pursues his historical and critical study of “The Origin of the Idea of God” among pagan nations.—There is another instalment of Father Anastase de St. Elie’s serial, “The Woman of the Desert Yesterday and To-day.”—In Italian, the Rev. F. da Offeio, O.M.Cap., proceeds with his translation of apt Abyssinian proverbs, which are also given in the Tigray tongue.

The articles in German are “Fables of the Matengo,” of German East Africa, by the Rev. John Hafliger, O.S.B.—And “The Religion of the Togos,” by the Rev. F. Muller, S.V.D.—The Ackerbau, a dialect of New Guinea, is described by the Rev. J. Reiter, S.V.D.—There are new chapters of the serials “Myths and Traditions of the Admiralty Islands,” by the Rev. Joseph Meier, M.S.C., and “The Hianakoto-Umaua of South America,” by Dr. Theodor Koch Grunberg.

The Colored Harvest (Spring Quarter), contains a letter from the Most Rev. D. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the Josephite Fathers, congratulating them upon the marked success of their missions among the negroes. It also gives the portraits of six newly ordained priests for the negro missions. One of these missionaries, the Rev. John J. Plantvigne, of New Orleans, La., belongs to the colored race.—The Rev. Samuel J. Kelly writes of the good effect of Catholic settlement work among the negroes of Scranton, Miss., and a student of St.

Joseph’s Seminary gives interesting incidents of the success of a similar system in Baltimore. At St. Joseph’s a part of the education consists in a little practical missionary endeavor every week.

The Report of Mission Work Among the Negroes and the Indians, by the Commission charged with distributing the Fund, namely, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Farley and Ryan, shows the receipts for 1907 to have been \$158,746.41, which sum was duly distributed. Receipts and disbursements are carefully itemized in the report.

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London (April). In this number the history of “The Catholic Missions in the Marianne or Ladrone Islands” is ably told by Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B. “An Appeal from Rarotonga, Cook Islands, Oceanica,” by Miss P. Willis, reminds us of the necessities of the missionaries in these lonely regions of Oceanica, where for the most part, they are forgotten by the rest of the world.

“We live poorly,” writes one of these missionaries, “having need of many things of which we are deprived. Still we ask nothing of our Christians, who are as poor as ourselves. It is with gratitude that we receive alms, and we would also be happy to receive Mass intentions, for since the persecution in France we are almost completely deprived of them.”—Father Francis Deniau in this issue of *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, furnishes another graphic chapter of his serial on “The Sanars of India.”

The Bright Star Magazine, published by the native students of the Commercial School conducted by the Brothers of Mary at Osaka, Japan, is of especial interest. Some fifty pages consist of short sketches in English and French, the remaining hundred pages being in the Japanese language and text. The school, founded in 1898, now numbers 550 students from the best families of Osaka and Central Japan. Almost all of them are pagans and, as the educational authorities of the country are openly atheistic, and have a strict supervision even over private schools, the studies must con-

form to the general regulations. The Brothers exercise a beneficent moral influence over their charges however. Moreover, about eighty of the boys have elected to study the catechism, and fifteen have been baptized. The establishment is a day school. The teachers include five Brothers, one priest, and twelve native assistant teachers. The latter are unfortunately pagan. The Brothers of Mary are anxious to found an Apostolic College, in order to train native Catholic young men to become teachers. The president of “The Bright Star Commercial School” is the Rev. Nicholas Walter, a zealous American priest from the State of Indiana, who has been for more than twenty years a missionary in Japan.

NEW BOOKS.

“**Scientific Work of the Missionaries**,” the series of valuable articles that appeared in *The Annals* during 1907, from the pen of Mr. A. Guasco, Secretary-General of the Propagation of the Faith, has been republished in French—pamphlet form—making a noteworthy brochure.

Katekismka 'Dabta Kristanka o-af Somaliah, is the title of the Catechism in the Somali language, compiled by Father Stephen, O.M.Cap., and printed on the mission press at Berbera, Somaliland (1907). It is a translation of the catechism of Christian Doctrine approved by Cardinal Vaughan and the Bishops of England, and is especially commended by Bishop Clarke, O.M.Cap., Vic. Apost. of Arabia. Father Stephen has devoted six years of strenuous labor to the study of the Somali tongue. Constant inquiries and daily life among the natives, together with the knowledge he already had of Arabic, enabled him to prepare this present useful work. Until now nothing has ever been printed in the Somali language concerning the dogmas and morals of the Christian religion. The highest, purest and sole object of this catechism is to teach the Somalis and give them a sufficient knowledge of the Catholic doctrine. Nevertheless, as a linguistic achievement, it also possesses great value, and forms a notable philological addition to the “Scientific work of the Missionaries.”

THE FIELD OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

“I had the happiness of living for several years in the Madura Mission, South India, and there witnessed the heroic lives and arduous labors of the missionaries, and what wonderful results were brought about with scanty means. I remain in touch with that field of St. Francis Xaxier, and receive accounts of the marvellous doings of our Fathers there as well as, alas, of their dire poverty. Whole villages would come to us (become Catholic) but for our own helplessness. We can not build chapels and schools without funds, and without mission stations we can not regularly gather the people together for instruction.”

The REV. JUSTIN OOGHE, S.J.

THE WORK AT CIENFUEGOS, CUBA

“Our work at Cienfuegos goes on quietly, but we are not without anxiety for the future. Political agitation has created a certain popular discontent here, which may interfere with the tranquillity so necessary for the development of our missionary undertakings. We pray that Divine Providence may avert from this poor island the dangers and miseries of a new revolution.”

The REV. REGIS GEREST, O.P.

Cuba has one Archdiocese, namely, Santiago de Cuba, and three Dioceses, Havana, Cienfuegos, and Pinar del Rio.

The Church in the Island has 1 Archbishop, 3 Bishops, 129 Priests of Religious Orders, and 199 Secular Priests. The population of the country is 1,573,862.

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On the Way to China

By the Rev. Angelus Blesser, O.F.M.

During 1907, in our page devoted to "Mission Life and Needs," we published several brief letters from the Rev. Angelus Blesser, O.F.M., a young American Franciscan who was on the point of setting out for the apostolic field of North Shen-si, in the interior of China. These letters attracted some attention because of the almost boyish enthusiasm and good spirits that were like scintillations of the sunshine of the future missionary's courage and youthful zeal. The following article is characterized by the same rare charm of simplicity and earnestness. It gives interesting details of the eagerly anticipated journey to the Orient, and the beginning of the writer's chosen life work. The narrative involuntarily reminds us, also, of what we are prone to forget, namely, that the missionary is not, naturally, more indifferent to comfort, pleasant surroundings and the ties of home and friendship than the rest of the world; that the uncouthness, ignorance and degradation of pagan savage, or half barbarous races, are as repugnant to him as they would be to anyone else bred amid the surroundings of civilization; that it is the daily acceptance or surmounting of these lesser trials that develops the heroism of the apostle who sometimes becomes the martyr. Bishop Goette, to whom the writer frequently alludes with affectionate respect, died on March 30th, 1908.

Thanks to the kindness of friends in the United States, I set out well equipped temporarily, for the mission field.

In being willing that I should become a missionary, my aged mother and my sister made a great sacrifice to God, yet they offered it with heroism. Not a tear did they shed when I bade them goodbye, perhaps forever in this world. On the contrary, they nobly strove to lessen my grief at parting with them by their smiles and cheery conversation to the last. After a visit to our Reverend Father Provincial in St. Louis, I took the

Train for the Pacific Coast

and at San Francisco was joined by my friend, Father Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., who was to be my apostolic

companion, "for better, for worse." Surely no words can express our joy when we met, after a long separation, thanking God that He had granted our prayer of the last nine years, and was sending us forth to preach the Gospel in a heathen land.

At 1 p. m., October 9th, 1907, we were aboard the American Pacific mail steamer, *Siberia*. Several Reverend friends were on the wharf to see us off. We had

to "keep cool" while parting from them. To assist us, quite a cool breeze came up as our splendid ship steamed out of the Golden Gate.

The trip to Honolulu was fine. Neither during this voyage, nor on the later one to Shanghai, did we have any storm. On the second day out a Protestant missionary said to me:

"There are nineteen missionaries on board, and ten of them are women."

Father Doolin and I were the only Catholics. Fortunately we proved good sailors. We, therefore, found the sea air delightful. Almost every morning we each celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the

Mass in Our Cabins

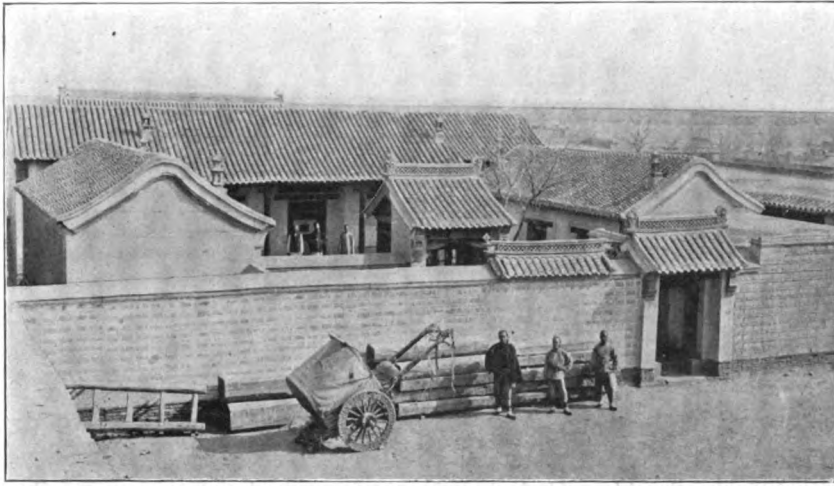
This was a great happiness for us. To my knowledge, there are only seven American Catholic missionaries in all China—Father Kenely, S.J.,

a Californian, who is at Sicawei; Father Sylvester Espele, O.F.M., from Cincinnati, a teacher in the college at Wuchang; Bishop Athanasius Goette, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of North Shen-si; his two brothers, the Revs. Remigius and Capistran Goette; Father Juniper Doolin and myself. The five last named are from the St. Louis Province of the Sons of St. Francis.

During this voyage, one day a Protestant gentleman who writes for several newspapers in the United States,



A MANDARIN'S SON



A CHINESE TRAVELLING CARRIAGE

remarked at dinner, in the presence of several of the sectarian missionaries:

"The Catholic priest is *the* missionary in the Orient."

Arrived at Honolulu

October 16th, we found that we would have a day ashore. After a brief call on the Vicar Apostolic of the Islands, we presented our letter of introduction at St. Louis College, which is ably conducted by Brothers of Mary from Dayton, Ohio. There are seventeen brothers here, and over one hundred and fifty students. The Brother Provincial took us through the different class rooms, in each of which we saw students who represented at least ten nationalities, Oriental and Occidental.

"The Chinese boys are the best, mentally and morally," he said.

Already I was glad to hear this. After dinner, a brother accompanied us in a short walk, that we might see something more of the city. We visited the great aquarium of native fish, said by tourists to be the finest collection in the world. Indeed, though I had paid some attention to ichthyology at college, I never before knew that God had created such beautiful fish. And the tropical vegetation, the

Magnificent Palm Trees

and the luscious fruits, cocoanuts, pineapples and bananas, newly plucked from the trees! Truly, the Hawaiian Islands are well named "The Paradise of the Pacific."

At four o'clock in the afternoon we were again on board ship, and our second voyage soon began. For ten long days, save for our immediate surroundings on the steamer, we saw only the sky and "the deep and dark blue ocean." On October 27th, we entered Japan's great harbor of Yokohama, and before us lay the

"Land of the Rising Sun"

The next day we had an opportunity of going ashore. The jinrikisha men promptly crowded about us, offering their services. After various linguistic difficulties, we agreed with two men upon a price and engaged our novel

conveyances. The price regulations are displayed on a card in the vehicle, but the natives are prone to impose upon strangers.

A first jinrikisha ride is a queer experience. Ours ended at the house of the Fathers of the Paris Foreign Missions, where we were hospitably entertained. In the afternoon we took the train for Tokio, where we called upon Father Strichen, pastor of the cathedral parish, who visited the United States last summer. We were surprised at the

Small Engines and Cars

In Japan many things are built upon a small scale, being in proportion to the short stature of the people. The round trip from Yokohama to Tokio is fifty cents, and the express train makes the eighteen miles in half an hour.

At Tokio we spent the afternoon and early evening and, with one of the French Fathers as our guide, obtained an idea of the city. One spectacle struck us, as Americans—the scene in one of the parks near the imperial palace. On this ground about six different baseball teams were playing, just as American boys and men do, and wearing the American style of baseball suits. The enthusiasm of the thousands of spectators, however, even surpassed the delighted eagerness with which Americans watch the game.

Baseball and Football

are becoming the national sports of the Japanese. That night we spent with Father Strichen. In the evening, we had an interview with Bishop Mugabure, who had just returned from giving confirmation at a mission station.

The next morning we said Mass in the cathedral. My server was a bare-foot Japanese boy. Although the stone floor must have been decidedly cool, he did not seem to mind the cold. The Japanese and Chinese can stand a very frigid temperature.

Soon we started once more for Yokohama, where we visited the college for orientals, conducted by the Brothers of Mary. On the way back to our ship we dropped in at a Japanese temple.

A Japanese Gentleman

who spoke English, was with us. When we had taken off our shoes, as is customary in Japan upon entering any house, he showed us about the temple. The idols were indeed hideous, yet the people in the building bowed low before them.

After a sail of some eighteen hours, our steamer reached Kobe (October 29th). Here we were allowed all day ashore. Following the advice of a fellow-passenger, who was familiar with the country, we took the inter-urban railway for a twenty-three mile excursion (40 sens, twenty cents the round trip) to Osaka, a great manufacturing center. This little journey gave us a delightful glimpse of the people, life, and varied scenery, the

Rice Fields and Gardens

of a corner of beautiful Japan. At Osaka we took a jinrikisha and enjoyed a two-hours' ride about the city, going seven miles, and at an expense of twenty-five cents for each of us. Returning to Kobe, we dined on board the ship.

All the next day the steamer forged ahead through the picturesque but dangerous Inland Sea of Japan, and upon the morning of October 31st, we were at Nagasaki. Here our ship coaled.

The coaling was effected by means of small baskets filled with the precious fuel, these baskets being passed from hand to hand by over twelve hundred coolies, men and women. About fifteen hundred tons of coal were thus loaded into the steamer's bunkers in seven hours. For this hard work each coolie received a sum equivalent to ten cents. Labor is very cheap in the Orient. The time allowed us on shore being from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M., we took

A Sampan, or Small Japanese Boat

and were taken around the steamer and two relics of the late war, a Russian cruiser and a Japanese gunboat. The great dry-docks of the country are at this port. We landed within a short distance of the Catholic church, dedicated to the Franciscan and Jesuit martyrs of February 5th, 1597, who were put to death upon one of the mountains that bound the harbor upon three sides.

Our boatman, knowing us to be Americans, had the hardihood to demand a dollar for his half-hour's work. Unluckily for him, however, we happened to know that the regular price is 20 sens, ten cents for each person. As he had done a little extra work, we paid him fifty sens, twenty-five cents.

The Japanese have four prices for everything, the lowest for themselves, a little higher for other orientals, higher still for the English, and the highest for the Americans, all of whom are supposed to be rich. A native priest, upon being informed that we were Franciscans, gladly consented to escort us up

The Holy Mountain

and we followed along almost the very path that our Father Peter Baptist and his companions trod as they climbed the steep to martyrdom. A plain stone monument marks the place of their crucifixion.

Naturally, Father Juniper and I prayed here fervently for a while. Then after gathering a few pebbles and small stalks of bamboo as souvenirs of the blessed spot, we descended the hill and repaired to the large college of the Brothers of Mary, for we had a card of introduction to Brother Joseph Pranher.

Brother Joseph turned out to be an old friend. He had been a teacher in St. Anthony's parochial school in St. Louis while we were studying theology at the monastery. The present meeting was, therefore, a great joy, both to him and to us.

After dinner he conducted us to the cathedral in order that we might visit a spot that will forever remain fa-

mous in the history of the Church in Japan. This is the place where Father Bernard Petigrand, later first Vicar Apostolic of this land, on March 17th, 1865, after praying before the statue of Our Lady met the

Delegation of Japanese Christians

who for over two hundred years, without priests, had faithfully kept the Catholic faith despite continual persecutions and many obstacles. Pope Pius IX later granted this as a feast day for all Japan. It is called "the Finding of the Christians." Bishop Petigrand is buried near this same altar of the Blessed Mother.

We next looked in at several pagan temples near-by. In three of them we saw hanging on the walls in conspicuous positions, large colored pictures of the great Brooklyn bridge! Brother Joseph says he has seen seven of these pictures in as many different temples. In another temple there is a large colored picture of an American battle-ship. That afternoon at three o'clock, we took leave of good Brother Joseph and of Japan. What was

My Impression of the Country

During a visit of only a few days in Japan, when one obtains a fleeting glimpse of the formal government and commercial prosperity of the Mikado's empire, it is difficult to realize that fifty years ago western civilization was unknown to the Japanese.

The scenery is beautiful. The people have many good traits, but they are too often treacherous, moreover they

PA
(CYPRESS)

TCHANG
(EVER)

TSCHING
(GREEN)

柏
長
青

FATHER BLESSER'S CHINESE VISITING CARD

are enormously elated by their recent military successes. Their egotism causes them to be disliked all over the Orient, both by the natives and the Europeans. Japan is, I think, at present

A Difficult Apostolic Field

Here, as in China, the native does not distinguish between the foreign trader, who is too often unexemplary, and his enlightened civilization and religion. If the Church is to progress in Japan, Catholicism must have English speaking missionaries. These should not, however, be British nor American, nor French, nor of any other foreign nationality, they should be English-speaking native Japanese.

As our ship steamed out of Nagasaki harbor our last gaze turned to the Mount of Martyrs. With emotion, also, however, we beheld Deshima Island, which lies at the entrance to the harbor. It was the scene of the martyrdom of many Christians. May God soon convert beautiful but proud Japan. We were

Soon to See China

the land of our heart's desire, the Canaan of "milk and honey"—alas, milk so necessary in the diet of occidentals is, as a matter of fact, very scarce in the Far East. One fine morning (November 2nd) our ship, being too large to enter the river, cast anchor at the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, near Wusung. A tender took us up to the harbor. We passed nine men-of-war of different nations, on the way, and a large battle-ship.

About 9 A. M., we reached Shanghai, the Paris of the Orient, and soon afterwards, Father Juniper and I at last set foot upon Chinese soil.

We did not fall upon our knees and kiss the earth, as Columbus did when he reached America, nor did we erect a cross as did so many Catholic pioneers of our own land. Because of the throng of passengers for Shanghai and the crowd gathered to see their debarkation, it would have been impossible for us to kneel, but we were to be living witnesses to the truths of which the Cross is the symbol.

A Lazarist Brother

had been instructed by our bishop, Rt. Rev. Athanasius Goette, to meet us. We had, also, telegraphed him from Nagasaki. Now, when we stepped ashore he cordially greeted us. We stayed at the house of the kind Lazarist Fathers.

In the afternoon of that same day we paid a visit to the world-renowned observatory at Sicawei, five miles from Shanghai, which is in charge of the Jesuits. Here we obtained a glimpse of the mysteries of meteorology. We also visited the large orphanage for boys, at Fouséivé near-by, maintained by the Fathers of this great Order. In the latter establishment I heard, for the first time, the deafening "hum" of study in

A Chinese School

There, also, we had evidence of the technical skill of the

orphan boys, who are taught the trades of printing, book-binding, carpentry, etc. Several of them also show talent in modeling in clay and painting.

Bishop Athanasius would like to found a similar school in his vicariate, but alas, at present both the means and the proper manager for such an undertaking are wanting.

The next day (Sunday) after Mass at the Lazarists', we visited St. Joseph's (Jesuit) church, Shanghai, and called at the adjacent residence to see Father Kenely, S.J., whose two sisters, members of the Order of Mercy, at Sacramento, California, Father Doolin had chanced to meet.

Fr. Kenely accompanied us in a jinrikisha to Sicawei, where we were to dine. In the afternoon we visited the seminary and college at this, the Jesuit headquarters in China. The college boys were playing association football—Rugby is wisely not allowed.

The Jesuits are building a magnificent new church at Sicawei. A large orphanage for girls and workshops for women are also established here. In this orphanage I first heard

Praying in the Chinese Tongue

as the Forty Hours' Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was being held. Shanghai has about fifteen thousand European residents, who are commercially prosperous. On Monday morning, November 4th, our freight passed the customs. At midnight we embarked on the Chinese steamer, Yung-Kiang, for Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang.

The chief officers of the ship were British, and very obliging men. There were only five first-class passengers, an American lady missionary, a custom-house agent, his wife, Father Juniper and myself. More than six hundred Chinese were making the voyage third class, however, and among them was an English Protestant preacher of the China Inland Mission, whose members, contrary to the practise of other missionaries, Catholic and Protestant.

Travel With the Coolies

Their aim is in this way to draw these people to Christianity, but they have not been very successful, for the Chinese reverence the individual to whom they can look up, and have more respect for his teaching than if he were on a plane with themselves.

The Captain, a noble-minded Scotchman, at first took us for American Protestant missionaries, of whom there are three thousand in China, including the ladies. When he learned that we were Catholic priests, he regarded us much more favorably.

One day he took us down into the third-class quarters of the ship, "in order," he said, "that we might get a whiff of the essence of China," which is but another name for uncleanness.

As our ship was travelling up the river against the current, which, because of the recent rains was high and

unusually strong, we were a day late, reaching Hankow November 9th. A good

Old Spanish Franciscan

who had been driven from the Philippine Islands, met us at the Hankow wharf and conducted us to the monastery where, for the first time in a month, we found ourselves among our own brethren of St. Francis.

To press on farther into the interior of China it was necessary that we should become Chinamen, at least in garb. We therefore donned the long Chinese tunic, wearing our usual attire beneath it, with the exception of the coat, added girdle and cap, and exchanged our shoes for the queer Chinese slippers. While travelling to Sianfu, however, we resumed our American-made boots. For our missionary beards and gradual change of physiognomy, we had to depend upon time and nature. The following day (it was again Sunday) Father Sylvester Espelage, O.F.M., of Wuchang, across the river, who every other Sunday preaches an English sermon for the Catholic Europeans in our church at Hankow, came over, and delightedly

Greeted us, as Compatriots

During the week that followed we twice crossed the Yang-tse-Kiang in a Chinese junk, the first time to attend a little celebration of the name-day of the Pro-vicar, Father Diotase, O.F.M., November 12th, and to see the mission, and again on November 14th, to view the city of Wuchang, with Father Espelage as our companion. In the course of this latter expedition we entered the famous Chinese "Temple of Hell," where all the torments and horrors of the Buddhist inferno are depicted by many groups of statues.

We also visited the grave of Father Xavier Engbring, O.F.M., of Effingham, Illinois, who died at Hankow in 1895. He rests beside the former sepulchre of Blessed Gabriel Perboyre, S.M., who was martyred at Wuchang in 1840, on the very spot where Blessed Francis Clet, C.M., laid down his life for the faith in 1819. This holy place is in the very heart of the city, and the neglected plot of ground is marked only by

Two Small Wooden Crosses

After praying there for a while we cut off bits of wood from the crosses, to preserve as relics. A few days later we regretfully bade Father Espelage goodbye.

Hankow is a great tea market of China, and consequently a business center. It has a beautiful new quarter where more than a thousand foreigners reside.

Having sent our freight, and some for the bishop and the sisters at Sianfu, three days ahead, as required, I gathered together the necessities for an overland trip of three weeks, namely, beds, consisting of Chinese matting, two quilts, two pillows and a steamer blanket; also some civilized food, bread, cheese and canned goods, for it is not only difficult but highly imprudent to attempt to at once accustom oneself to the Chinese diet.

We left Hankow, November 19th. Our bishop had



SPINNING COTTON

sent two of his faithful men servants to this point that they might guide us on the remainder of our journey. But alas, John knew only about half a dozen words of English, while Peter understood about as many words of Latin. We, on our part, had learned perhaps

Ten Words of Chinese

The language is pronounced differently in the various provinces, and the bishop had written to us that we would better not try to study it until we reached Sianfu. Because of many other difficulties which presented themselves, we were thankful that three hundred miles of our new journey were to be made on the Pekin-Hankow Railroad.

At the station it was a novel spectacle to behold the passengers crowd into the cars, not only by way of the doors, but through the windows, dragging their luggage after them or tossing it in before. Everyone is permitted to take as much baggage as he can carry. What kind of baggage does a Chinaman take? Sometimes a ham or a chicken; anything he has to bring home, or carry to market.

Toward evening we reached Schumatiru. In China trains do not run during the night. Everything seems, in fact, contrary to our occidental customs and manners. On this occasion the

First Snow of the Season

was falling thick and fast. We decided to spread out our mat beds, and spent the night in the car. We had brought along some packages for a missionary who lives about three miles from the Schumatiru station, and a native boy came down for them.

In token of his appreciation of any trouble we might have taken with regard to the parcels, the good Father sent us two roasted chickens. By the way, chickens, although not so plump or nutritious as in the United States, are cheap here. A good one, according to the Chinese standard, costs about ten cents.

To give an idea of the Chinese monetary system—the

coin most in use is the "cash" commonly so called in English. It is a small bit of copper with a hole in the center so that these coins may be strung together. Eight of them are equal in value to a Mexican cent, sixteen to a cent of United States money. We also have paper currency, and oval pieces of uncoined silver, called silver shoes, reckoned by weight, a perpetual occasion for cheating.

Unfortunately almost everything needed at the mission must be imported, and the cost is thus twice as much as it would be at home. The ardent hope of all Europeans who live in the northeast of China is that the railroad, now being built by a Belgian syndicate, from Tsching-tra to Hianfu, a distance of one hundred miles, will soon be extended two hundred and fifty miles further, to Sianfu. In that case we would be in closer and cheaper communication with civilized modes of travel. At dawn on November 19th, the train again started, and by noon we

Arrived at Tschengtschou

the railroad station nearest to our mission. We took our dinner at the station in a general merchandise store, which is kept by a Christian family, who entertained us with hospitable kindness.

The spectators actually almost threw down the hut in their effort to get a good view of us. According to Chinese etiquette it is the proper thing to observe one's guests closely. I am used to this scrutiny now, although I like it no better than at first.

After dinner, by request, we visited a missionary of the newly erected Prefecture Apostolic of Hian, which is in charge of the Fathers of St. Francis Xavier of Parma.

This missionary lives in the magnificently walled city that lies beyond the railway station. A few days before he had moved into three small rooms of an abandoned Chinese meeting-house, which he had rented. One room served as his kitchen, another for dining, sleeping room and parlor, and the third for his chapel. He and his servant were the only Christians among the fifty thousand people of the city.

Every missionary here has a boy or man servant who does his house, or rather, room work. He pays this attendant twenty taels a year. A missionary is a quasi mandarin. My full mandarin name, as reported to Pekin is Pa-Tchong-Tsching. Ever-Green-Cypress, my mailing address Pa-Shen-Fu, Rev. Father Pa. "Fu" means "a cypress tree," but also "spiritual father." I send

My Chinese Visiting Card

to CATHOLIC MISSIONS, but, alas, the bright red color of the original can not be reproduced in the magazine. The missionary was as quiet as a church mouse but, because of his kindness and evident pleasure in entertaining us, we remained with him until the next day.

As we passed through the crowded city I chanced to make an attempt to explain something to a Chinese transfer or wheel-barrow man. The wheel-barrow is a mode of conveyance in this country. Suddenly I was interrupted by a greeting called out in English:

"Good morning, Father."

Looking around I beheld a Protestant missionary, who had understood me, for I had been seeking to communicate with my man in my mother tongue and by signs. Protestant missionaries, men and women, over-run this country, to the great detriment of our work, since they often interfere with it by striving to lead the populace away from us.

Father Doolin and I still had a distance of three hundred and fifty miles to traverse. The railroad at Tschengtschou was the terminus of civilized modes of travel in the province. We now had to resort to the very

Small Chinese Cart

Above the body of the vehicle, which has no springs, there is a queer little tent upon a frame, like a gypsies' wagon in America. It is drawn by a donkey. If the load is heavy two donkeys are harnessed to the cart. We engaged six of these carts, one for Father Juniper, one for myself and four for the freight; yet a passenger cart, such as those we had, would hardly be considered good enough for a respectable dog-house in the United States.

The driver usually walks beside this conveyance, and his only occupation seems to be to beat and shout at the donkey. How I wish I could portray for the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS our experiences from November 20th to December 7th, 1907, while we were on this journey. But, alas, my tale would be a series of lamentations, so I will be content with jotting down a brief summary from my diary.

I had heard and read of

The Strange Customs

and the indescribable filth that prevail in China. Unfortunately we found this state of affairs only too true. And oh, the shaking and tossing about we got in those springless carts. No wonder that we actually walked, at least three-quarters of the way; going very slowly, however, for the progress of the carts is leisurely in the extreme.

This, nevertheless, afforded us one advantage, an opportunity to study the country as we went along. The houses, villages, towns and cities are built of clay, with straw. Sometimes sun-dried, and occasionally kiln-dried bricks are used. The cities are surrounded by walls of the same materials. If the scientists who dispute about the "what and whence" of the American Mound Builders and the origin of the Indian race would but visit

The Interior of China

all controversy on these topics would, I think, soon cease. Wood is scarce in China. The mountains are cultivated up to their summits; for, in order to gain even a miserable subsistence, China's millions of people must make use of every available spot of ground.

Oh, what a journey that was, over the neglected roads rendered almost impassable in many places by the recent rains; up and down hills and mountains, sometimes over 10,000 feet high; over flumes and through wild ravines. Oh, the daily capsizing in the mud, and the inns, dirty though ostensibly first class, where we had to spend the nights!

The Fiji Islands

By the Rev. M. Helliot, S. M.

The readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS will, I hope, be interested in a brief sketch of missionary life among the Fiji Islands.

A recent trip to outlying isles, two hundred miles away, has interrupted the monotony of my lonely life at Levuka. Fancy yourself in a small cutter, with Fijians who are not Catholics, a haughty captain, a very dirty cabin with a single board as a bed, to roll on at every pitch and toss of the boat over a very rough sea, a whole day without a drop of water, and four days at sea. Yet I laughed, chatted, won over

The Hearts of the Wild Crew

and we parted good friends. Then began the real work of my visit, which well repaid me for the trials of the voyage. I spent a whole week in a village, where two years ago there was only one Catholic. Now there are thirty. You may surmise how much exhortation and explanation were needed, with the help of God's grace, to bring about these conversions. I hardly ever went down to my hut before one or two o'clock in the morning.

After this visit, I set out for Moala, which numbers only six Catholics. The first missionaries were driven from these small isolated islands by the Methodists, more than thirty-five years ago. I took passage

On a Fijian Boat

There were to be only eight passengers, I was told, but a little while before the time appointed for starting, I noticed, with surprise, that the boat was being crowded with men, women and children.

Finally, there came on board seven Methodist catechists, two native preachers, and Mr. Cooke, the local minister, all on the way to Moala, where they expected to hold a prayer meeting and what they call a "religious revival."

No other boat being available, we numbered, all told, thirty-five people, in a cutter of eight tons' capacity, with a cargo of six tons of copra, the dried meat of the coconut, from which cocoanut oil is pressed. I was, truly,

In Strange Company

with thirty-three Methodists staring at my catechist and myself. To leave anchorage we had to go through a very

dangerous passage. During this time, Mr. Cooke became seasick. The poor man lay down in a corner of the deck, and remained there for a night and a day, that is, until we reached our destination. My pity for him was genuine. Was he not suffering for religion's sake? In many cases these ministers are actuated by an admirable zeal and perseverance.

I breathed a fervent "Ave" that I might endure the roughness of the sea, the strong odor of the copra, and the inconveniences of being so crowded. There was not sleeping room for every one on deck or in the small, available place in the hull.

I Kept My Spirits

very well, and chatted away, but, on this occasion, studiously avoided the subject of religion. As kava and greasy rice were offered in succession to the passengers, I had the temerity to partake of them. When one of the native ministers said the night prayers aloud, with a rare fraternal kindness, he called upon God to guide my steps during my errand, and to take me safe



FIJIAN POTTERY

home again to my native flock.

Soon, everyone began to seek a sheltered corner for the cold night. Mr. Cooke remained where he was. I looked in the cabin. Copra was piled up to the berth, so-called, and the place was already occupied by

Two Old Fijians

and a baby. The close odor was almost unendurable, but being already half poisoned by Fijian tobacco, I dived in and found myself beside a venerable native preacher.

An interesting companion he proved. He talked of the old pagan times, of the wars through which he had been, and, as we became better acquainted, of the call he had received from Jesus.

About two o'clock in the morning, I awoke with the sensation that some one was choking me. I found that, according to the custom in these countries, every aperture had been closed to keep out the night air, the copra was fermenting, and a dingy kerosene lamp was smoking itself black. Moreover, four more natives, driven in by the cold, had managed to find squatting places among the five sleepers already in the cabin, and two of the newcomers were calmly smoking, to while away the time.

One might, indeed, experience a sense of suffocation

amid such surroundings. I went out. The picture presented by our little cutter, breasting the heavy seas in

The Calm of Night

suggested to me the bivouac of an army after a battle, the mast and sail representing a tree beneath whose foliage the wounded had sought shelter. Upon the deck, some twenty-five natives lay in various positions, leaning against one another and covered with native tapa (cloth) blankets, or pieces of calico. The captain sat on a box at the tiller, a sentinel on duty. The white form of the minister was like the figure of an officer. The heads of two Fijians rested upon his feet.

With difficulty, I picked my way to the side of a Buli (a high official of the Government), who sat with a bucket of kava before him. He offered me a cup of the refreshing beverage, and we fell into conversation. It is very pleasant to find, from time to time, an educated Fijian chief, who has the interests of his people at heart.

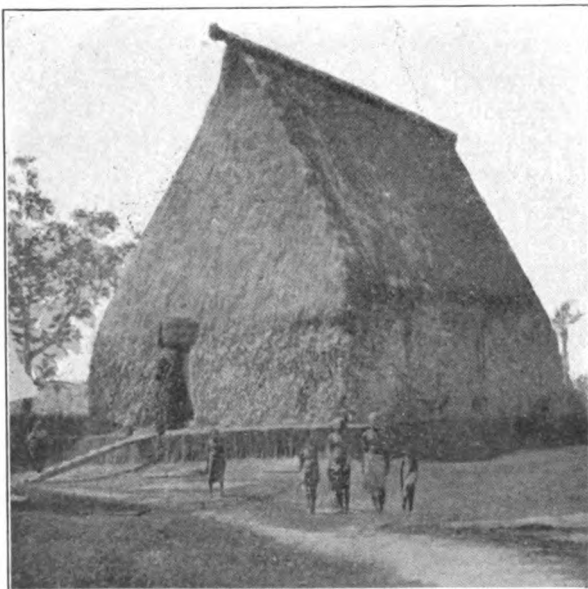
This Buli is Half Tongan

and half Fijian. He possesses the intelligence of the former, with the tenacity of the latter people. I could relate many incidents regarding the Tongans of these lonely isles, lying so far away from the main group, but we can not dwell upon these stories now.

The chief whom I met on this voyage is ambitious. He does not speak English, but he wants to have a great school in his district where promising boys may be educated. He says he is not afraid to talk to a white man, and, indeed, he must have been eloquent when presenting his plea for a school to the Governor's commission, for announcement has since been made that the classes will be opened.

Tired at last, I made again for my den, as I was unable to find a place on deck where I could be seated or could rest. On my return to the cabin, however, I took the precaution to have all the air holes opened, the lamp trimmed, and the two daring smokers sent outside.

That was a night I shall not soon forget. It was with a blessing that all the passengers



A FIJIAN HOUSE

Saluted the Rising Sun

as its rays glowed through the waves at the horizon. At three o'clock in the afternoon, our boat anchored at Moala before a strong village. I was soon ashore and readily found the hut of the Catholic catechist.

Ela, the wife of this catechist, is something of a heroine, and a defender of the rights of her co-religionists, living and dead. Here is her story.

Recently, the catechist went away to be gone several months. He left his wife and two little children in the care of four old men, the only other Catholics of the village. Soon afterwards, Faraika, one of the old men, feeling that he was about to die, called Ela and said to her:

"Years ago, when the first missionary came here, I was instructed and baptized a Catholic. I have kept my faith. We have not seen a priest for two years, but when I die I wish to be buried as a Catholic. You must read the prayers over me. See that no Protestant service is held in this house or at my tomb." A few days later he had passed away. As

Faraika Was a Chief

in the village there were preparations for a great funeral. The Methodist minister, on his part, ordered his catechist to prepare the body for burial and to intone the funeral dirge according to the Wesleyan fashion.

The Protestant catechist confidently approached the chief's hut, hymn book in hand. At the door he was met by Ela, who said to him, in her own simple Fijian vernacular:

"If you come to weep for our chief, you are most welcome. A worthier chief you will never see. But if you wish to say strange prayers over the body of our Faraika, that you shall not do."

Then, taking holy water, which she had preserved since the time it had been blessed during the priest's last visit, she sprinkled it over the corpse, and began to recite the rosary.

"I will bury Faraika as he bade me," she replied to all objections. "The chief was a Catholic. He commanded me to make sure that no Protestant service should be held over him."

The Catechist

gave way, but a meeting of the Methodists was promptly called.

"No woman must be permitted to raise her voice in public, St. Paul positively forbids it," declared the minister. "Ela can not be allowed to bury the old chief Faraika."

When the hour appointed for the funeral arrived, the minister presented himself at the hut, with his assistants, and the chief of the village ordered them to read the prayers before the body should be removed.

But Ela was there, also, with her two little children and the three feeble old men, a figure of the Catholic Church, in persecution, helpless humanly, and surrounded by enemies, but defending those committed to her care.

Ela again brought the Methodists to a pause. Once more she repeated Faraika's last words, and then began

to read the prayers for burial from her Catholic prayer book. The minister was baffled, and by a woman. Presently,

The Procession Started

for the cemetery. The Methodist catechists, notwithstanding their recent discomfiture, made ready to sing their hymns, but Ela forestalled them. Alone in the great crowd of natives and curious foreigners, she intoned the beautiful Catholic hymns for the dead.

As the mourners and sight-seers, following the bier, wended their way along the beach for more than half a mile, she continued to sing. The Methodists were no longer able to withhold their admiration for her courage.

At the tomb, she spoke a few words to her conquered auditors. Her text was: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church." Thus did Ela Levakau, the wife of a Catholic catechist, bury the chief Faraika of Moala.

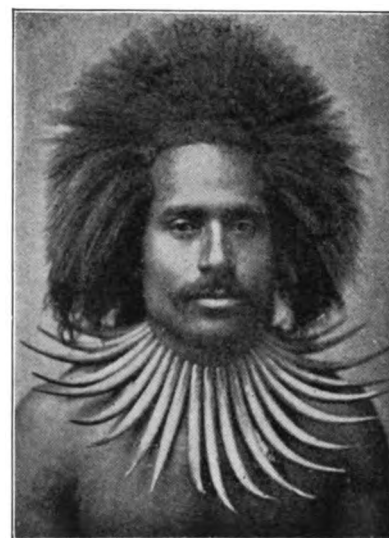
After that occasion no one ventured to annoy her. On the day I landed at Moala, I spent a short time gleaning news of this part of my mission from Ela. Since my visit, she has written me that she lately baptized two children who were at the point of death.

The Captain of the Ship

would not delay long at the island, so I had soon to take leave of our few Catholics there, promising to return at the first opportunity. On the way back to Levuka I found myself the only passenger. Two days, with a fine breeze, brought my sea-faring, for the time being, to a close. I was tired, indeed, but very happy. Now I am anxious to make another missionary trip to Moala, as soon as the stormy months are over.

Here at Levuka, nineteen white children, of my small congregation, have made their First Communion this year; there never were so many. Among the children of the natives, eleven approached the Holy Table for the first time two weeks ago.

Father Mousset has just passed through Levuka, again, on his way back to Tonga. He told me of the interest America is beginning to take in the work of the missions. To what other land can we appeal, now that the Church in France is passing through such a crisis? We turn, naturally,



A CHIEF WITH WHALE TOOTH COLLAR

To the United States

so near to us. Only an eighteen days' voyage separates us from our friends there. From France we are distant by a forty-five days' voyage, via Sydney.

I am eager to found a Marist Brothers' School at Levuka. Then, growing bold, I will, with more self-confidence than I have ever shown before, ask the friends of the missions to help me. For now I am far away, and our benefactors, not being confronted with my timid personality will, I hope, give more generously to the cause.

FROM THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE PHILIPPINES

"I should have to exhaust my vocabulary were I to attempt to thank the Propagation of the Faith for the constant and valuable help contributed to us by the Society. I am deeply grateful for the funds it sent to our missionaries. The suggestion is made that I hold back some of this money for future needs. As a matter of fact, our present needs are so pressing and great that we must leave the future in the hands of Providence. It would edify, astonish and gladden the charitable hearts of the associates of the Society if these friends could see the good to which every cent forwarded for the missions is applied. It is a question of putting a roof over the heads of our devoted missionaries, of supplying them with the necessities of life, and their lives are indeed most precious to the thousands of souls they are bringing back to God. I could relate wonderful stories of their work. I have completed three years of hard and anxious toil out here. The prospect looked very gloomy at first, but the effectual help of the Propagation of the Faith has given me much courage. Through the aid of this great Society we have brought valiant laborers into this apostolic field, the seed is growing, there is promise of an abundant harvest; a happy future is dawning for this poor Church, once so glorious. We have got back our church edifices from the Aglipay schismatics, but oh, in what a state of dilapidation. The war and insurrection caused the destruction of a vast amount of church property. True, the United

States Government has appropriated \$403,000 to cover our claim for two and a half millions. Yet, as this sum must be distributed all over the Islands, it will be but as a drop in the ocean. We are going to have up-hill work here for some years to come. Our friends in America must not forget us."

A. AMBROSE AGIUS, Abp., Ap. Delegate.

FROM THE ORPHANAGE OF THE CHILD JESUS, NAZARETH, PALESTINE

"I am very grateful for the aid you sent us, and I know you will ask the friends of the missions to aid us in saving the poor little compatriots of the Child Jesus, whom the Protestants are striving to gather into their orphanages. Do what you can for us, I pray, because the assistance we formerly received from France has been discontinued. Belgium has now many French charities to succor, Italy sends us nothing, and Germany gives only to German foundations. Our Christians here are poor and can do nothing for us, so that if we do not receive help from across the seas the children of the Nazareth Orphanage can not be supplied even with their daily bread.

"Surely you could not perform an act of charity more pleasing to the Divine Heart of Jesus, than to aid us in saving these poor little children of Galilee, who will pray that their benefactors may be rewarded a hundred-fold."

THE REV. ATHANASIUS PRUN.

Missions in Louisiana

By the Rev. J. M. Lelen

Interwoven as they are with our subject, we must needs set forth the chief phases of the history of Louisiana.

The Catholic Spaniards, Alvarez de Pineda and Hernando de Soto, are probably the first Europeans who ever reached our southern shores. Pineda, in 1519, coasting along the Gulf of Mexico, entered the mouth of the Mississippi, which he called the El Rio del Spiritu Santo, the

River of the Holy Ghost

In 1541, De Soto, starting from Florida, where he had established a colony two years before, reached the banks of the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Red Bayou. Here he intended to found another Spanish settlement, but he was suddenly seized with a fever, of which he died.

De Soto deserves a special mention from us, because when he came to America for the first time, in 1528, he brought with him twenty-five missionaries. Among these pioneers of the faith was Father Louis Cancel, who was martyred in 1544. I also like to notice that the explorer cherished a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, our National Patroness. "I order,"

So Runs De Soto's Will

"that of my goods a chapel shall be built, that shall have for its invocation Our Lady of the Conception. In this chapel, every year, twenty Masses shall be said in her honor."

After the death of de Soto, the missionaries and soldiers he had brought to this region returned to Florida, where, in 1556, they founded St. Augustine, "by more than forty years the oldest town in the United States."

From this time, the Mississippi was destined to pour its flood of waters into the sea for more than a century before a white man again came in touch with its history. In 1669,

Robert Cavalier de la Salle

resumed the project of exploring the land that was to be Louisiana. His was a higher motive than a worldly one. He thought, with his friend Champlain, that "the salvation of a soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire;" and that "kings should seek to extend their dominion in countries where idolatry reigns, only to cause the submission of these lands to the Lord Jesus Christ."

La Salle undertook his toils and labors with patience, in order to plant the standard of the Cross among the wilds, and to instruct the aborigines in the knowledge of God. He continued his explorations for thirteen years and, in 1673, after a truly epic journey with

Joliet and Father Marquette

reaching the mouth of the Arkansas, discovered the Mississippi. In 1682 he took possession of Louisiana in the name of France. The new colony comprised all that part of the American continent lying between the

Alleghany Mountains on the east, the Rocky Mountains on the west, the Great Lakes, Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south.

The ecclesiastical superior of this immense territory was the Bishop of Quebec, the Venerable Francis de Laval Montmorency, whose See had been created in 1647. Bishop Laval, at once, sent several Recollets and priests of the Parish Seminary for Foreign Missions to Louisiana as missionaries. His successor, Bishop de Saint Vallier, recalled them in 1718, and gave the field to the

Capuchins and Jesuits

The upper part of the country was allotted to the sons of Loyola, the southern territory to the sons of St. Francis. The first church built by the Capuchins in New Orleans was upon the site of the present cathedral. The record of baptisms, marriages, etc., begins with July 1, 1720.

By this time, also, the first shipment of negroes arrived as slaves from Africa to alleviate "the white man's burden." In August, 1725, six Ursuline Sisters landed at the settlement, and two years later they founded a school. They also took charge of

A Charity Hospital

Following the policy observed in Europe toward the Jesuits, at the time, the Governor of Louisiana, in 1763, expelled them from the land. This deed of persecution was destined to be one of his last official acts. Soon afterwards, France, by treaty, ceded Louisiana to Spain and England.

Spain obtained the whole western part of the Mississippi Valley and the Island of New Orleans. The religious affairs of the colony were, accordingly, placed under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Havana. England received the eastern portion of the valley, which remained under the spiritual care of the Bishop of Quebec. In 1764 the

Refuges from Acadia

began to arrive upon our shores. It is estimated that, from 1764 to 1788, this Acadian emigration to Louisiana numbered over four thousand souls.

The diocese of New Orleans was created in 1793, and Penalvert y Caretera, a priest from Havana, was consecrated its first bishop.

In 1800, Bonaparte got Louisiana back from Spain, but, within three years he sold the province to the United States. England futilely attempted to gain possession of it in 1815. Louisiana vainly strove to secede from the Union in 1863. Such, in a nutshell, is the story of

This Beautiful Land

That the field still partakes of a missionary character is not surprising, considering the vicissitudes of its history

Changes of flags, language and clergy cause an unsettled state of affairs. The nationality of the good people of Louisiana has been altered four times. She has never had a clergy of her own. New Orleans has not now ten secular priests who were born in the diocese. The Acadians, though so prolific,

Seldom Give a Priest to God

The harvest is great, but the laborers are few. "There are not many to break the bread of Truth and Life to those who are in need.

Some parishes are reputed to be so large that they cover a whole county. I hasten to say, this is not the usual rule. In this conservative land we have kept the quaint old parish names to designate a county, and this circumstance has misled various observers who are not familiar with our customs.

Notwithstanding the difficulties with which we have to contend, religion is making great strides in Louisiana, which has now a Catholic population of over four hundred thousand. The yearly twenty thousand baptisms foretell a fruitful aftermath. The negro missions are not, however, what they should be.

Acadians and Creoles

—by the latter we mean all natives descended from French or Spanish ancestors,—dislike the colored race, who are supposed to have been the cause of the Civil War.

Too often they do not remember that the poor black people are their brethren in Christ Jesus, and destined to share the same Eternal Kingdom, that man, white or black, is:

"The thing the Lord made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
To feel the passion of Eternity."

When Edwin Markham wrote "The Man with the Hoe," he pen-pictured the Southern Negro,

"Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf,
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed,
More filled with signs and portents for the soul."

After the

Whirlwind of the Civil War

the Louisiana negroes apostasized in great numbers. That it will, nevertheless, under favorable conditions, be easy to reclaim them, is evident to the workers who have taken up the duty.

Protestantism, with its dry, cold forms, can not satisfy these grown children, who remain always young, any more than it can satisfy the philosopher or anyone who has had a glimpse of something better. All the Acadians are Catholics, but their piety seems

Tinged with Jansenism

Few of them receive Holy Communion more than once or twice a year. They will not miss their Easter duty, but, when it is accomplished, they wait for twelve months more before they again "come fasting" to Mass. They forget that the Holy Eucharist is the food of the soul.

Among these people, more than anywhere else in this vicinity, we find an extravagant craving for luxury and pleasure. This easy life, casting its silken meshes around the heart, enslaves it more than turbulent vices.

May the holy Mother of God, our Patroness, who, in 1815, proved herself so powerful a protectress of our people of Louisiana, still bless and help this land of the future.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM JAPAN

"Yesterday I came to Nagasaki, and to-morrow I am going to Hirado. Before setting out again, I take this opportunity to thank you for the assistance you have sent us for our missions. Since the beginning of the year I have visited many missionary stations of the Hibosashi district, which is my especial apostolic field. I am really over-burdened with work. I am glad you were able to publish my sketch of

'The Lovers of the Cross'

in CATHOLIC MISSIONS. If kind friends help these good religious a little, they will be able to make the much-needed repairs upon their convent. As the building is at present, if a typhoon should come, this poor house would be in great danger of being swept away by the violence of the wind storm."

J. F. MATRAT, M. Ap.

THANKS FROM THE PHILIPPINES

"It is with a grateful heart that I am writing to thank you for the kind help you have sent us. I have just returned from a long visitation tour and expect soon to send you an interesting report of this journey and the state of the distant missions of our district."

REV. J. F. VERBRUGGE.

Superior Mill Hill Fathers, P. I.



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, HOKI, JAPAN

Autobiography of a Japanese Priest



A PRIEST OF THE ORIENT

The Very Rev. Canon Marnas, honorary Vicar-General of Osaka, Japan, has sent us the following letter from a native priest, Father Paul Houda, of the Nagasaki diocese. These lines, written by a confessor of the faith, can not fail to touch the heart of the reader, and awaken a response to the appeal that closes the pathetic and interesting narrative.

In the year 1869 a violent persecution of Christianity broke out in Japan. The Christians, who formed the posterity of our holy martyrs, were forced to endure many cruelties.

Four thousand of them, living in the valley of Urakami, near Nagasaki, were torn from their hearthstones and scattered throughout various provinces of the empire that were ruled by tyrannical governors. Two hundred of these Christians were thus exiled in Tosa, on Shikoku Island, and kept in prison during an entire year. At frequent intervals the governor

Sent Shintoist Priests

to visit the prisoners. These messengers exhorted them to abjure the Christian faith if they wished to save their lives. All of the brave exiles, however, notwithstanding their suffering, remained firm in their adherence to the truth.

Soon afterwards, Japan concluded treaties of peace and commerce with Europe and the United States. This circumstance, ere long, ameliorated the condition of the captive Christians, who were transferred from the prisons to the temples where, though still constantly under guard, they were not so severely treated. After the lapse of a few years they were set free and the greater number returned to their own province. Alas, during their long absence their former possessions had passed to strangers.

Neither Home Nor Lands

remained to them. They found themselves in absolute poverty and great distress. I, who write these lines, was one of these persecuted Christians. At the age of fourteen, I was exiled from Urakami to the province of Tosa. My youthful ambition was that I might walk in the glorious footsteps of our blessed martyrs. Cast into an obscure dungeon, a prey to hunger and illness, I was half dead when the order came for our transportation to the

pagodas. While I was in one of these pagan temples, on a certain day, the thought occurred to me that it would be far better for me to make an effort to preach the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ to my heathen compatriots than to live on, resigned to captivity, but able to do little for others. This idea became

The Wish of My Heart

and I decided to carry it out if I could elude the vigilance of my guards and escape. My father had been dead several years, but my dearly-loved mother was a captive in the temple, like myself. When I told her of my plan she wept, and was so overcome with emotion that she could not speak to me. She did not withhold her permission, however, and God protected my flight. I succeeded in reaching

The House of a Missionary

Soon afterwards I entered the seminary, where I remained until after my twenty-first birthday. Then, having completed the necessary course of study, I was ordained to the priesthood.

Thus it was that God, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, led me, through my desire to become a martyr, to the honor of being His minister. It was, at first, intended that I should remain at the seminary as a professor, but soon my bishop resolved to send me to Imamura, in the province of Chikugo, to labor directly for the salvation of souls. Here accordingly I have been for eleven years. I am the only priest in this locality.

Imamura Is a Pagan District

Idolatry reigns in the cities as well as in the villages. The temples where the demons are adored are not wanting in magnificence. In this vicinity the Christians are despised because they have only an old frame church, which is in a dilapidated condition. It may, indeed, be called the gateway of heaven, for it is open to the skies. Our enemies laugh at it.

My people are eager to build a new church. I long to be able to begin the work. If we had a plain, but well-constructed church, with a bell in its tower to call the people to come and hear the Word of the true God, not only the Christians but the pagans, also, would

Flock to Our Temple

and we would thus have an opportunity of explaining to them the meaning of the crucifix, and the pictures and statues of the saints, and of teaching them the truths of Christianity. The Christian, moreover, would not then be held in such contempt, but would be regarded with a respect favorable to the spread of our holy religion.

Unfortunately, my Christians are very poor; they can not without assistance undertake the expense of building a church. If they do not receive some help they must abandon this project upon which they have set their hearts. As for myself, I have nothing at all. The

proverb, "like father like son," literally applies to me. The little that my family possessed was taken from them at

The Time of the Persecution

I have no friends or acquaintances to help me, other than yourselves, dear readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS, to whom I am united by the bond of our Catholic faith. You only, who are my brothers in Christ, can aid me to realize the aim that years ago I set before myself in prison, namely, to glorify God and do something for the salvation of souls. I beg of you then, dear readers, to

Take an Interest

in my church. For five thousand dollars I could erect a commodious and substantial building. The smallest offering toward this object I will receive with joyful thanks.

Daily at the altar I will remember our benefactors, living and dead, and whenever my people are gathered together for prayer they will beg God to bless all the friends who assist us. I would travel through the world asking alms for the accomplishment of our ambition to raise a simple temple to the 'Most High,' but I can not leave my Christians since they have no one else to minister to them.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Cousin, of Nagasaki, in sending this letter to Canon Marnas, added these words:

"Father Houda is, certainly, one of our best native priests. He is intelligent, discreet, very zealous, and has always shown a most excellent and edifying spirit. He is worthy of your sympathy. In assisting him to build his church you will be doing a good work, and you may be assured of my gratitude."

A MISSIONARY IN JAPAN

"I have a new station at Komatsubaracho, which is getting on well. At Christmas I baptized thirty-three adults. For six weeks before the feast I worked as a carpenter with several men of my parish, in order to enlarge the temporary chapel, which was too small to accommodate the congregation. I live in a little room about seven feet square. Here are my books and a table. When night comes I spread my mat on the floor. Though my quarters are so small, I am content now that the chapel is large enough to admit of all the Christians hearing Mass under its roof. I could accomplish much more good

In This Quarter of Osaka

if I had a few more *yens* (dollars) a month at my disposal. There are so many families who wish to be instructed that my catechist and I can not get around to them all. I need another catechist. Unfortunately, I can not undertake the small additional expense, though last year I tried to economize a little by reducing my daily ration of meat. But there is a limit to fasting, and if I indulged in exaggerated mortification I could not do my work. Involuntarily, I have many times been forced to do without food. It has frequently happened that for days I had only two or three cents in my pocket, for I did not wish to borrow or to go in debt. But I did not care about this so long as the people were eager for baptism. Because of their occupations and lack of previous instruction, I have had to teach them the primary truths of religion, as though they were little children.

"As for the children themselves, it is often through their influence that I reach the parents.

"How sad it is when one sees so many opportunities for doing good, to find one's hands tied by a lack of resources. To a missionary, this is the greatest of all trials. I know God does not require me to extend my field if I have not the means, but surely He will send me help when there is so much work to be done and so many souls are to be saved."

The Rev. S. BOUSQUET, P.F.M.

IN THE SOUTH SOLOMON ISLANDS, OCEANICA

"You have often heard of the dangers to which the missionary in Oceanica is exposed—the perils of fever, shipwreck, the lance or battle-axe of the savage. Less is said of the minor trials that constitute the daily martyrdom of the

apostle in these islands—the intense heat, the poor food, the couch, which is often only a board; the pest of insects, such as the large spiders, that spin innumerable webs, and the ants. One of these ants is scarce visible to the unaided eye, but the peace-destroyers come in serried ranks like the battalions of an army. Passing over these small, but real miseries, at which one is tempted to laugh if one is not called upon to endure them, we will speak of the necessities of our missionaries. Briefly, they are in need of prayers, of resources, of assistance."

FATHER DUCLOS.



INTERIOR OF HISAKA CHURCH, JAPAN

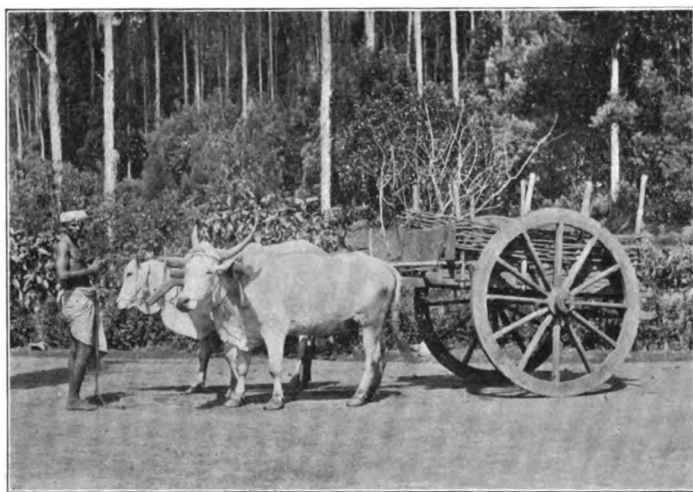
In the Nizam's Dominions

By the Rev. M. Forel, M.S.F.S.

Ghogargaon is a small town of the great plain of India. It is situated in the northwestern part of the Nizam's Dominions, namely, Hyderabad, Bengal, in the diocese of Nagpoor, and about three hundred miles from that city.

Fourteen years ago, not even one solitary Christian was to be found in this vicinity. Many of the inhabitants had not even heard of Christianity. To-day, this town is the center of a flourishing mission which numbers nearly four thousand Christians, among the fifty-five villages of this and the neighboring district of Vizapoor. Many of these villages are thirty or forty miles distant from Ghogargaon.

The foundation of the mission was arduous work. Mgr. Pelvat, then bishop of Nagpoor, thinking this lo-



AN EAST INDIAN CARRIER

cality might be evangelized, commissioned Father Thomas, a native priest, to come to Ghogargaon. Father Thomas came. At first

His Shelter Was a Tent

Then a rude hut was built for him, and this remained his headquarters for a number of years. The life was hard. Although the people of Ghogargaon were favorably disposed toward Christianity, those of the district at large were indifferent and soon became even hostile. Nevertheless, in three years, Father Thomas baptized more than two hundred persons. The majority of these were children.

In 1896, Father Thomas was succeeded in his charge of the Mission by Father Jacquier, a European missionary who had but lately arrived in the East and knew little of the language and customs of the natives.

In this country foreigners have no legal right to acquire land or to put up any building. Father Jacquier was called to account by the subaltern police of the Nizam, and these officials caused him much annoyance. The pagan chiefs of the villages and the brahmins of the

country also tried by every means at their command to drive him away.

But God helped him. Instead of becoming discouraged under his many trials the intrepid missionary grew bolder. He defended his Christians from the harassments they had until now endured from the people of higher caste than themselves.

Like a Knight of Old

he became a protector of the weak and the orphan; he helped the poor as far as his means would permit. After a while the mahars trusted him.

The mahars are the caste to which our Christians belong. Soon they asked for schools. The school means instruction, not only secular teaching but the instilling of the principles and truths of Christianity, which in this way, slowly but surely makes an impression upon the minds and hearts of the poor natives.

Father Jacquier established several schools. In the classes boys and grown people were taught the prayers and catechism. Then began the conversions.

The year 1900 has a special place in the annals of the mission. Then the long struggled-for success came at last, and in the twelve months the zealous missionary received twelve hundred and twenty-four persons into the Church.

During the following years, also, he instructed and baptized many adults as well as children. The Christians, being now more numerous, felt themselves stronger and were less afraid of their pagan countrymen, who threatened them with the reprisals of the caste. When, in 1903, Bishop Crocket sent me to be Fr. Jacquier's assistant, the mission numbered two thousand eight hundred neophytes, scattered among forty villages.

I Arrived at Easter

Six or seven hundred Christians from the different villages had assembled at Ghogargaon in order that they might avail themselves of the Sacrament of Penance and receive the Holy Eucharist on the great feast.

Twice every year, at Christmas and Easter, as many Christians as possible visit the mission in order to confess and receive holy communion. Their devotion is most edifying, and their fidelity is certainly a great encouragement to the missionary.

But there is a material side to the picture, and even the most willing hospitality is sometimes appalled when it has not the wherewith to indulge its generosity. All these people must be fed. They are too poor to provide for themselves among strangers, and they come a long distance.

The Missionary Empties His Purse

in an endeavor to take care of them all, and does his utmost for them.

Before I came here, five hundred of our neophytes had been confirmed by either Bishop Pelvat or Bishop

Crocket. In 1905, Bishop Bonaventure visited Ghogargaon. A procession of more than eight hundred Christians from the different villages welcomed him as he entered the town.

The People Sang Canticles

an address was read, and a band of music, made up of East Indian instruments and players, lent distinction, if not melody, to the festivities. The voices of the mission bells added a sweeter note to these rejoicings and rang out above the din with a clear insistence upon being heard.

Banners and innumerable little bright-colored flags enhanced the gala aspect of the scene. I almost fancied myself again in my native parish of Savoy and taking part in a religious pageant of Sunny Italy.

The next day the bishop confirmed two hundred and forty of our neophytes. More than four hundred received the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.

Soon after this an event occurred which proved of much importance to the mission. Two English officers who were employed by the Nizam's government, were sent to Vizapoor. Nobody in the district had ever before seen

Europeans in the Nizam's Service

The arrival of these officers was then of extraordinary interest to the natives. Greater still was the astonishment of the orientals when they beheld the respect with which these officers greeted Father Jacquier and the consideration they showed "the matrar padri," as the brahmins and native officials scornfully called the missionary.

One of the English officers, Mr. Gough, assistant to the inspector-general of police for all the Nizam Dominions, was a Catholic, and on more than one occasion he served the missionary's Mass. This circumstance greatly amazed the subaltern police and awoke in their breasts a wholesome fear.

"If the second after the king is the missionary's servant, who may the missionary be?" they exclaimed.

The pagan chiefs of the villages, also, remembering the trouble they had caused Father Jacquier, began to be afraid, and evinced toward him a subservience bordering on awe. From that time both the subaltern police and the chiefs have refrained from annoying us.

Mr. Dunlop, the other officer, belonged to the revenue department. He had come to see what could be done for the people, as the district was

Threatened with Famine

Father Jacquier obtained some help for our Christians from him. With this money we had wells dug in many villages where there had been no water supply. This gave work to many people and helped them for a while.

The release of our neophytes from a galling servitude, to which they were bound by their caste, was another favor obtained for them by the devoted superior of the mission.

Every evening each man was required to appear before the chief of his village. Nobody could escape this duty without a special permission, which was not easily ob-

tained. This obligation was often irksome, especially for the tillers of the land, who had to guard their growing crops against robbers and wild beasts, and for the field laborers in harvest time. It was with great joy that our Christians received the news that henceforth they were exempted from

"The Act of Presence"

as they call it. Thenceforth the pagan natives, as well as our Christians, regarded us as personages to be highly esteemed. In the villages that had been hostile to Christianity, the people now wished to make friends with us. Ere long, some of these villages asked for schools, but



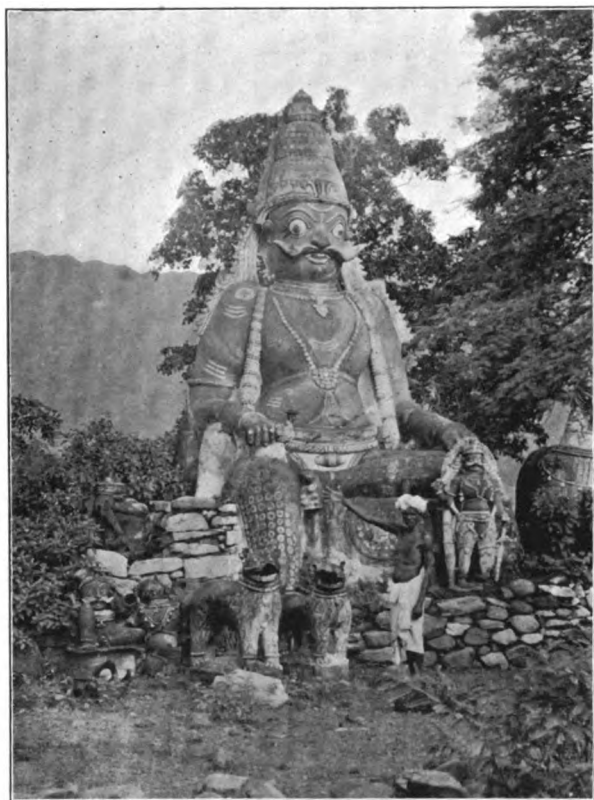
SERPENT CHARMERS

our means did not permit us to accede to this request at once.

Fearing so favorable an opportunity might not again present itself, however, Father Jacquier transferred several catechists from our Christian centers to the villages whose inhabitants desired to be instructed. As a result we had eight hundred baptisms of children and adults during the years 1906 and 1907.

Other villages are at present demanding schools, but we are not able to supply them. How can we undertake to teach the people of these new places if afterwards we can not give them the attention in spiritual matters that they need?

The villages that were converted earlier really require the presence and work of the catechists whom we have been forced to take from them. A short visit once a month, or even a longer annual visit from the priest is not sufficient to keep a Christian spirit alive among our neophytes. We need more catechists, but these



A POPULAR IDOL

Native Teachers Must Be Trained

and something must be done for their support. If they give most of their time to missionary work, as it is necessary they should do, they can not toil much in the fields or regularly follow other occupations. The life of a catechist is not an easy one. Often a man who has taken up the task gets discouraged and abandons it.

In every village we should have two catechists, and a house, or large cabin, in which our Christians can assemble for prayers and where boys may come to school. In the majority of cases we have no such building. The over-hanging branches of some large tree form the only chapel-roof under which our neophytes assemble to pray, and the shade of this tree also marks the boundaries of the school.

When our resources permit, or a kind benefactor perchance sends us a special donation, we build an adobe house, which serves as chapel and school. A structure of this kind is certainly very far from being a palace, yet it is costly enough if we consider the missionary's purse. To build such a school costs from fifty to seventy rupees,

THE BASUTOS

"With the exception of the missionaries, the shop keepers and the government employees, the people here in Basutoland are all negroes. One may safely travel through the country, however, for the feasts of human flesh are now only a memory.

The Basutos Love the 'Black Robe'

Many of them wish to be instructed. The chiefs are asking us to found missions in their districts, but on account of lack of

that is about fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars in United States money.

In this account of the mission, I have so far only made passing mention of the famine. Although I have been in Ghogargaon five years, I

Have Never Seen a Good Harvest

but I have twice witnessed a failure of the harvest and the consequent famine. This year, unfortunately, the crops do not promise well. During the last monsoon we had very little rain. The ground is, therefore, already parched and the water is low in the wells. Under these conditions the people will soon be reduced to suffering.

The most fanatical of the pagans declare that since Father Jacquier came to Ghogargaon, twelve years ago, there has not been a season of copious or sufficient rain here. Thus do their gods punish them, they say, for having allowed the "padri" to remain in the country.

Other pagans, some of the brahmins for instance, who pride themselves upon their broad-mindedness and culture, maintain that the missionary himself is not to be blamed for the drought. The

Missionary's Bell is the Hoodoo

"When it rings it disturbs the atmosphere and frightens the rain clouds away."

Now, at Ghogargaon, we are trying to build a church. Up to this time the mission house has served as both chapel and dwelling. It has two rooms, the one that is used as a chapel would, in Europe or America, accommodate perhaps forty worshippers. Here, about a hundred natives crowd into it. The other room serves as our sacristy, refectory and dormitory, yet we are three missionaries, for a new priest, Father Berger, has recently come to share our work. The bishop promises to send a fourth very soon.

We have not yet laid the foundations of the church but, in our scant spare time, we are collecting the material ourselves, bricks, stone, etc. We find a considerable quantity of limestone on the banks of the Godavery River. Soon we shall be

Ready to Begin

work on the foundations. This will be the first church in the immense plain of the Vizapoor and Gangapoor districts. As Father Jacquier is at the end of his resources, however, we can not go far with our building unless we receive some assistance.

The people here are poor and have no money to give. They often suffer from a scarcity of food.

funds we are forced to wait. The delay is unfortunate, for the spirit of darkness, assuming the guise of an angel of light, is seeking to sow false doctrines among the natives. Protestantism, assisted by the gold of Bible societies, has taken root in this country. Within the territory of our missions, alone, there are five Protestant stations. Thanks to the zeal of Father Dahon, however, we have a nucleus of fervent Catholics."

FATHER MONTEL, O.M.I., South Africa.

Catechists Among the Sioux

By the Rev. Henry Westropp, S.J.

One of the great means of working out the conversion of a nation is through a clergy composed of the same nationality. But as this is an impossibility, or nearly so, with the Sioux and, for the most part, with the Indian in general, we have tried the next best thing, Sioux Indian catechists.

Long ago, Bishop Marty strove to found, I might say *drum up*, an Indian clergy. For this purpose he sent a goodly number of bright boys to school, and even wanted to send them to Rome. The instability of character inherent in this nomadic race soon invaded the little band of students, however, and decimated their ranks. One of them I believe really reached the study and grade of philosophy in college, but he must have been a hero. He got no farther.

There is not a particle of doubt that many, if not all the collisions between the aborigines and the white men could have been happily avoided

If the Indian Nature Had Been Understood

and an individual acquainted with their customs had treated with the redmen. Not less true is it to assert that the missionary who understands and adapts himself to them—makes an Indian of himself, I may say—is the one who is going to bring them into the fold. Now, as this is not possible for many of us, there is but one plan left, and that is, to train some Indian and let him do the work under our direction.

He Knows His People

and they know him. He can nullify whatever mistakes the missionary may make. At Pine Ridge Reservation we have a great number of these mediums, if so I may call them. They are all supposed to receive some remuneration for their work, but, as a matter of fact, the majority of them obtain very little. The highest pay is ten dollars a month. Considering that each catechist has a family to support, and many expenses entailed by his position, this sum is, indeed, a trifle.

When I call these assistants catechists I do not mean that they deserve the title in its fullest significance. But they are very useful in forming little congregations, helping to put up log cabin churches, conducting prayer meetings on Sundays, teaching hymns, encouraging their tribe to love the Catholic religion, etc. They often succeed in converting heathens and others where a white missionary would fail.

Another Feature of Their Work

is the duty of looking after the society meetings. The Indians are very fond of these gatherings and, as the assemblies are of a religious nature, a good amount of instruction can be imparted on these occasions. The priest could not be present at one-tenth of these gatherings, since there may be fifteen of them going on in dif-

ferent parts of his district at about the same time. There is the catechist, however; he attends as many of them as he can. Again, the

Indians Are Very Unreasonable

in regard to sick calls. If any one among them, even a small child, is the least bit ill, they demand that "the holy man" or "the prayer man" shall come and pray over the patient. Even with the aid of an automobile, the priest would be unable to make all such calls.

Where the illness is not serious, he sends the catechist, who prays and sings hymns over the sick person. The anxiety of the family is thus set at rest. If the catechist had not come there would have been sad hearts in the tepee. The relatives of the individual who was ill would have vented their anger in staying away from church perhaps, refusing to bring an unbaptized infant to the font, etc. Among our catechists is one who deserves especial mention, as he is the most prominent of all. His name is

Nicholas Black Elk

though we generally dub him "Uncle Nick." He used to be a medicine man of the tribe and, during many a year,



AN INDIAN CATECHIST

fooled the people with his "Wakan" or remedies, supposed to possess magical efficacy. During the rising of 1890, at Pine Ridge, he played a conspicuous part. The missionaries had not paid much attention to him, for "medicine men" are about the last class of Indians whom we impress.

One day, nevertheless, Uncle Nick, following an inspiration, came to the mission, had himself instructed and, in due time, was baptized. Since then he has been a changed man. He immediately desired to become a catechist. If he had done harm in his younger years, he was now going to make up for it, he said. With the zeal of a St. Paul, he set to work.

In his neighborhood, conversion followed conversion, and the Black Gown had all he could do to follow in the trail broken by this earnest neophyte. Nick secured a horse and buggy and began to travel, preaching the Gospel in out-lying districts, and bringing many Indians into the Church. There was a great awakening among the tribe. Now, Uncle Nick, or rather Black Elk, is known far and wide. In the whole district where he works

Black Elk's Word Is Law

Nobody can gainsay him. We soon realized that such a man could do a vast amount of good among other tribes, as well. Some time ago, therefore, I suggested that he should visit other Indian nations and endeavor to work among them. All the Indians speak the sign language. He could, in this manner, make himself understood by any redmen of the West.

Black Elk eagerly grasped at the opportunity. After a few lengthy preliminaries, he was permitted to depart upon an apostolic tour to the Arapahoes, among whom he is now working with his customary vigor and fire. He seems to have forgotten family and everything belonging to him, for they are all at Pine Ridge. He knows, however, that I will look after them.

When he has finished up the Arapahoes, he wants to go to the Crows on a spiritual scalp-hunting trip, as I call it. I have often travelled around with him, sharing his blanket and food. We cared naught for difficulties of any kind, nor did he ever get tired. On coming to a house he was like

A Gun Always Loaded

and ready to go off, firing the words of the Gospel at his audience, and using scripture texts as easily as an old

preacher. He is nearly blind, and it was edifying to see him read the prayers with his eyes one or two inches from the book—for despite his poor sight, he has learned to read.

Thus he instructs himself and, in turn, others. Black Elk has sermons always in reserve, or "bottled up," like soda water, ready to spring out as soon as I touch the cork.

While Traveling Around

he oftens recites the rosary. Recently, he was anxious to obtain my permission to make a retreat, but I could not well spare him for the few days that would be required, so I was forced to defer granting his request until a more favorable time. It is amusing to hear him talk about his work. Sometimes he says:

"I am going to make this country all Black (Catholic). I will hammer the devil down tight."

"Yes, Uncle Nick," I reply, "the devil is much afraid of you."

Last summer I took him to the

Meeting of the Catholic Federation

at Indianapolis. The experience was of value to him and, with the true spirit of progress, he made excellent use of it in describing the incidents of his trip to the tribe at home. He likes to recall the good treatment he received, and all the great things he saw during this visit to a large city of the United States.

At one time, yielding to the inconstancy of Indian nature, Black Elk told me he had decided to give up catechist work. Disappointed in him, I accepted his resignation. But he was soon sorry for his fault. In less than a week he hunted me up and begged me to take him back. Since then I have had

No Reason to Regret

that I consented to receive him again. He has recovered from his passing discouragement and, now that he has held out steadily for two years and more, I have good hope for the future. Would that I had the means to assist my various catechists, including Black Elk, as they should be helped. Yes, the missionary—by day, and in the vigils of the night in his wigwam on the plains—ever plans for his Indian flock. At the same time he thankfully notes the strides that truth and light are making among the generous Sioux.

WORK OF SISTERS IN CHINA

"The old men and women whom we have taken under our care deserve the interest taken in them by the friends of the missions. You, dear benefactors, have begun this work; continue it, I beg of you. We are in greater need than ever. The price of provisions is very high, and our expenses are double what they were in other years, partly because we have more old people. During the twenty-nine years that I have been in China, I have never been in such great need of resources for our mission work as I am now. Moreover, we have obtained the rare favor of admittance into a Chinese institution where

Many Children are Received

Most of these die after a few days, so wretched is their condition when brought in. We have already baptized a number of them. To our surprise, the manager of this establishment has given us the use of a room for a dispensary. Crowds of women bring their babies to us to be cured. Sometimes they come from long distances. These good people have such confidence in us that they almost think we can perform miracles. If we can not always cure the little bodies, we can, nevertheless, save many souls. This is a great opportunity for doing good. We recommend the work to you, dear benefactors. We need two thousand dollars to obtain the necessary drugs for the dispensary and meet our other expenses."

SISTER FAURE, Tche-kiang, China.

A Caribou Hunt

By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I.

The caribou is the sole food of the Eskimos for a good part of the year. It is not easy to write on this topic. I still remember a day when a missionary bishop of N. O. tried to explain to us at the seminary what it is to fish under the ice.

We had never seen nets or lines, floats or basins. Our authors of philosophy and theology maintained a profound silence upon these matters. We understood, indeed, when the bishop spoke of a hole in the ice, of water under the ice, of a bait cast into the water, and then of fish. But, we did not comprehend exactly how it was all done.

In the same way, the caribou hunt in canoes must be seen to be thoroughly understood. I will, however, attempt to give some idea of it. For some time the caribou herds had been making their way to the southeast. I contented myself with killing several each day to provide for our subsistence.

Winter Was Coming On

The Eskimos begged me to help them lay up a supply of food to last them during the cold season. They do not shoot the animals for the pleasure of the sport. I was curious to witness this great hunt at close range. It was in the autumn. The caribous gathered in still greater numbers, coming down to the shores in order to swim across the straits.

The western margin of the lake is sheltered, bearded, as the mountaineers say. The caribous approach. Motionless, with neck stretched out and nose in air they seem to scan the horizon.

One among them advances before the others. Everything arouses his caution; even the rocks and the beaten tracks over which innumerable herds have already passed. He hesitates. The others all draw back their heads, anxious and fearful.

Again the Leader Scents the Wind

and seems to listen. There is no danger. He advances slowly and circuitously. The eyes of all the others are upon him; not one stirs yet. If he pauses suddenly or quickly raises his head, a general panic seizes upon the

herd. They scatter but gather again, crowding together, with heads lowered and rushing with great speed.

All at once they stop short, with necks thrown back, heads high, and forefeet thrust out. Anxiously they watch every motion of their leader. He draws nearer the lake; he examines and scents even the small rocks. At last, slowly, distrustfully, and as if with regret, he plunges into the water and swims toward the opposite shore. Several others, three or four at the most, detach themselves from the herd and follow the trail of the guide. They scrutinize the lake, and then with a bound leap upon the water.

This is the Signal

You know that something is happening; you hear the stamping of a thousand hoofs, but you can discern nothing but the cloud of dust and sand that suddenly arises.

What is it, then? The water is agitated. You see only foaming waves and, above them, a cloud of spray; at the same time, you hear a sound as of a wild torrent rushing over many rocks.

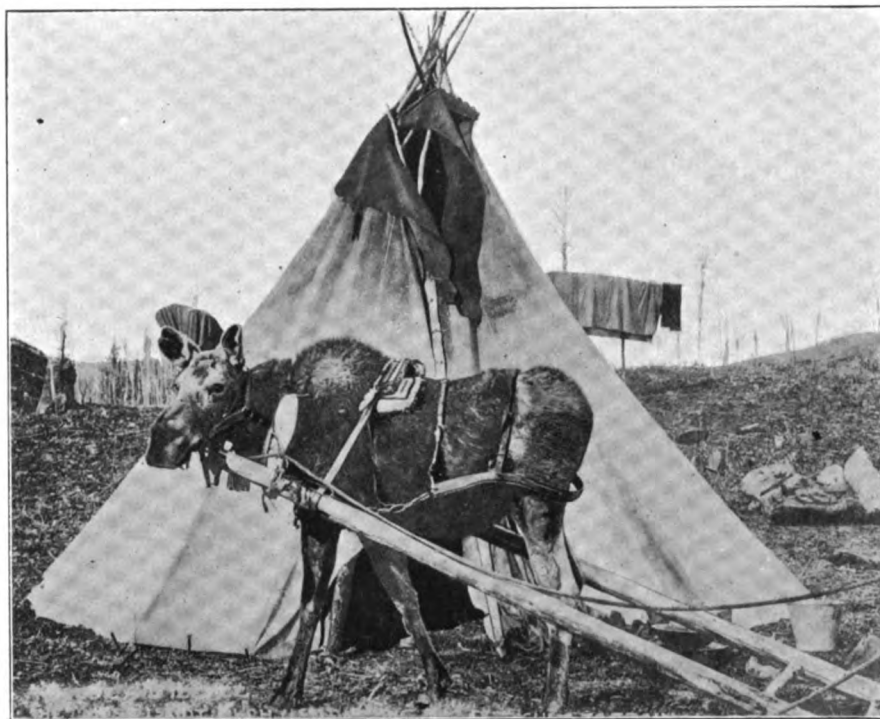
Presently a calm reigns upon the lake once more, a silence as of death. The caribous swim slowly, unceasingly, and without noise, toward the op-

posite shore. By degrees they approach, they are not more than a hundred rods from the land. The hunters, until now hidden and motionless, shoot out in their canoes. For a moment, the splendid columns of caribous pause; then, they rapidly face about.

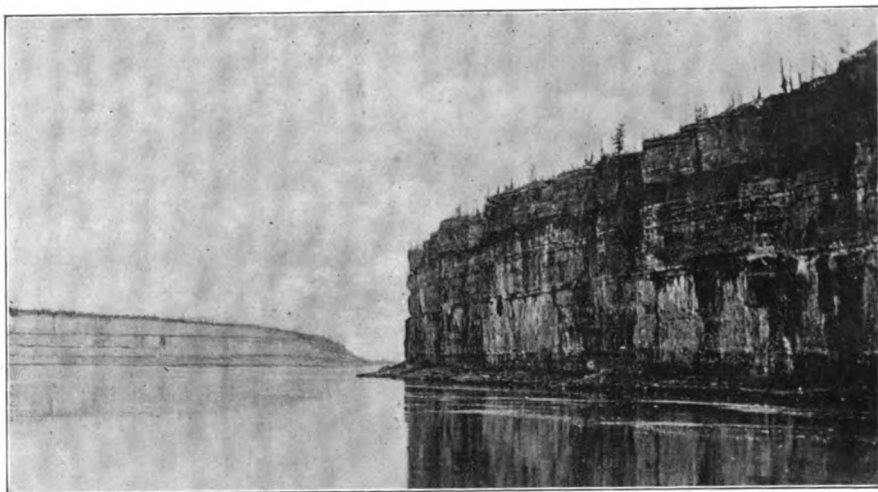
But the hunters are already among them. The canoes advance and range themselves on each side of the strange army, which is sometimes half a mile long. One can hardly describe what now occurs. Maddened by fear, the poor animals dash forward, backward; they strike against and butt one another.

The Antlers of Two Caribous Interlock

They spring up into the air in desperation, each wounding and destroying the other. A great number perish thus amid the terrible conflict and confusion.



A DOMESTICATED CARIBOU



A SCENE IN THE FAR NORTH

Ah, if the caribous but dared to turn against their feeble assailants; if they could even roar like the primitive beast, or the bull, for instance, it would be horrible.

But no, they are so timid that they have not sufficient fierceness to defend themselves.

This is why they have become the only and indispensable resource of the country. Their flesh feeds the inhabitants, their skins form the sole shelter, the sole clothing of the natives. The caribou is made for man; therefore, it should not be a menace to human life.

The canoes imperceptibly draw in upon the maddened herd. The poor creatures crowd together more and more, pressed closer and closer until they can not move a limb. The vacuum produced by the displacement of the water gives way to an irresistible current. The caribous no longer swim, they rather support one another. Their struggles are vain. They are powerless, they jerk their heads and stretch them out feverishly. They can no longer leap nor plunge; they can not separate. I give the signal.

I Command a Large Bark Canoe

manned by three young men, two mountaineers and an Eskimo. A few strokes of the paddle and the current has seized the canoe which collides with the living mass. The killing begins. The lance deals death on all sides, the lake is red with blood. It dyes the sides of the canoe, and bespatters our garments and the faces and hands of the hunters. Its scent excites the men to the pitch of frenzy.

Each blow of the lance penetrates the heart of a caribou, which cries out in anguish, and convulsively throws back its head, the neck becoming greatly elongated as if the animal struggled to breathe. Another long, audible respiration, and then the head falls heavily. The water rushes into the mouth and nostrils—the animal is dead.

And the lance continues to strike, to right and to left, before, behind. The wake of the canoe is a river of blood, and the slaughtered animals have become a floating island. Three-quarters of the herd have perished in this frightful carnage. The first ranks of the caribous approach the shore. At a given sign, laying aside their lances, the hunters take up the paddles once more.

the day.

The mountaineers and Eskimos have often been reproached for pursuing the caribou thus as if for the joy of savage sport. I must state that the reproach is much exaggerated. In summer, these people kill the caribous for their pelts; in the autumn and the winter they kill them for food.

I took part in many of the hunts last summer. I have seen many hecatombs, but I have never seen a caribou entirely lost. The natives always utilize the hide, the tongue, the marrow, and the sinews.

At the risk of not being understood, I will also say, that the thousands of animals which thus perish every year represent only a small proportion of the

Innumerable Herds of Caribous

which inhabit this immense country.

In its annual peregrinations, the caribou often covers a distance of more than three hundred miles. A great number of hunters might indeed decimate these animals. But the reality is that, from Lake Ennadage, where I lived last summer, to Lake Caribou, a distance of six hundred and fifty miles, on my return journey in November, I saw everywhere caribous and traces of caribous, and I found but one native camped on the trail of many hundred herds.

The reproach, then, that the natives kill these animals simply for the sake of killing, arises, I think, from an exaggerated and unfounded fear that the caribous may become extinct.

Among the Eskimos there is a great work to be done. To strive to convert them is

A Difficult Undertaking

But God aided me so visibly during my first attempt in this direction, that it seems as if the hour of the Gospel has come for these people.

Their disposition, with regard to Christianity, promises nothing positively in favor of the foundation of a mission among them. But they greatly desire a trading-post, and a mission seems to them the only sure means of obtaining the station. For this reason they wish to have the mission—not a high motive, but we must not ex-

With difficulty we free our canoe from the current that entangles it. The canoes, hitherto ranged along the sides, now dart swiftly forward and close every opening that might afford the survivors of the herd a chance of escape.

The hapless creatures make a desperate effort to regain their liberty. But they are doomed. Soon, compressed between the two lines of canoes, they engage in a new conflict, and the slaughter begins once more. Not a single caribou gets away.

I return to the camp, but the insatiable native again takes up his watch. Thus the caribous come, herd after herd, and the hunters rest neither at night nor in

pect too much of them. How can they greatly long for something of which they know so little?

For the establishment of a permanent mission, and the building of a mission house, the time has not yet come. I have found no practical means for the transportation, to this distant region, of the absolutely necessary materials and stores.

In deciding to erect a mission, for instance, one naturally selects a wooded locality. Timber is not to be found in the Eskimo country, and only sparsely at some of their camps.

For the Mission

it would have to be transported by these people from farther south. But would they do this? It seems to me that it will be better, at first, to visit them each year

and draw them by degrees around some chosen center.

The missionary would thus have the advantage of preparing his way, of better examining the ground, of acquainting himself with the chances of success to a degree that otherwise would be unattainable.

Such was the manner of the establishment of St. Peter's Mission at Lake Caribou. In their annual visits to that lake, the missionaries learned the means of communication, the resources of the country, and discovered that the foundation of the mission was possible. Ten years earlier it had been declared to be impossible.

May God, whose encouragement at the beginning of the work, leads us to hope for success, grant us the grace to toil patiently in this portion of the Lord's vineyard as faithful and zealous laborers, worthy of His promised recompense.

A Pagan Festival at Trichinopoly

By Father André, S.J.

Trichinopoly, a city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, is situated about half-way between Madras and the southern coast of Coromandel, in British India.

If the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS had been here, a few days ago, they would have had an opportunity of witnessing the festivities known as

The Tibavali

According to the pagan tradition, the origin of this celebration was as follows: During the days of remote antiquity, somewhere in the Orient, there reigned a king whose name is now forgotten. His character alone has come down in history. Dissolute and cruel, he ruled his subjects with a rod of iron, and his heart was as hard and cold as the stone columns of his palace.

At last, the enslaved people could no longer endure his oppressions. With one accord they cried out to the Sami (the Supreme Being of East Indian Mythology), to deliver them from their tyrant. The Sami, touched with pity by their wretchedness, said to Yamen (Pluto):

"God of the lower regions, remove this man from the earth. Plunge him into the depths of the seven infernal regions of Naragam, into the regions of darkness, cold, and smoke, of desert sands, of sleeplessness, blood and fire. I aver, by my supreme power, that Souvarkam (the East Indian heaven) was not made for such as he."

The Command of the Sami

having been given, Yamen must needs execute it. One evening, while a banquet and wild merry-making was being held by the wicked king, a loud noise, as of some one peremptorily demanding admittance, was heard at the gate of the palace.

It was Death who knocked. He had come to bid the king to follow him. The imperious monarch, filled with fear, attempted to parley with the uninvited guest, asking the reason for this sudden and unwelcome visit.

"Because of your wickedness you can not be per-

mitted to live any longer. Therefore, you must come with me," was the uncomprising reply.

Still hoping for a respite, the king fell upon his knees and appealed to the Sami, saying:

"Pardon Lord! I have sinned, it is true, but I did not think of what I was doing."

The pagan gods are ready enough to overlook the sins of a life-time. The king was restored to their favor, but, according to the fatalism of the Hindus, since it had been decreed that he should die, even the Sami was powerless to save him.

"I must, then, resign myself to my fate," said the monarch: "but at least this favor shall be granted to me.



A PROCESSIONAL CAR

I desire that the day of my death be forever held in remembrance by my people; that they may always celebrate the anniversary of that event by a festival in honor of the Sami, who is my judge."

The Sastris, or Learned Men

of the kingdom, being interrogated upon this point, answered that the Hindus would do well to honor the clemency of the divinity who was so ready to pardon all offences. They had only to say, "Pardon me, Sami, I did not mean to do it," and all was blotted out.

Such is the legend of the celebration. It remains to be seen how effectually the last wish of the king continues to be observed. On the day of the Tibavali, very early in the morning, the men of Trichinopoly gather in great crowds upon the banks of the river Cavery. A bath in the stream and an anointing with oil, symbolizing that a period of mourning is over, begin the ceremonies of the festival, and leave the ebony heads and bronze shoulders of the throng bright and shining. After these preparations, almost every native dons a new garment. Quite possibly it may be a gaudy, resplendent and

Rich Tunic with Yellow Fringe

or else one of gay-colored cotton fabric, or of rude homespun linen, or the breach cloth of the very poor. Among the specimens of gala attire one sees also many little oriental shawls.

The women array themselves in long parti-colored robes, with jewelled rings in their ears and sometimes through the lobe of the nose, which has been pierced for this purpose. Upon their wrists, fingers and toes, also, gleam jewels, or ornaments of brass or tinsel, as the family purse will permit.

But the effect is, invariably, gorgeous, and the sun, shining upon this marvellous assemblage of color and brilliancy, produces

A Really Splendid Spectacle

The poor unadorned widows join the throng, too, looking like the scare-crows set up in the fields to frighten away the birds from the newly-planted grain.

Soon the air resounds with the noise of fire-works. Every gamin of the town has, at least, a box of matches and a package of firecrackers. On all sides wages a merry war, wherein despondency and the blues are vanquished and slain. The excitement and rejoicings last throughout the day.

But, as fire-works are not all sufficient, the festivities, ere long, assume a more substantial character. The cooks have prepared mountains of

Rice, Yellow With Saffron

and seasoned with capsicum and other spices, cakes, shaped like disks, balls and rings, sugared and greasy, all the peculiar dainties that please the Oriental palate. After the feast, the remainder of the day is spent in family gatherings, in telling humorous stories, in gayety and laughter.

When evening comes, there is a grand illumination of the town by in-

numerable rows and festoons of small oil lamps. In each lamp floats a tiny wick whose light gleams like a fire-fly.

Seated, reclining or crouching on the verandas of the houses, the old and young people of Trichinopoly, with somnolent gaze,

Watch the Lamps

as the little flames lap the oil with their fiery tongues.

The watchers still make a show of entertaining one another, but the story-teller can no longer keep the thread of his story, and the listeners hardly know what he is saying.

At last the eyelids of all droop over the weary eyes that, during the day, have looked upon such festive scenes, even as the curtain of a theatre is lowered upon the last act of a drama. Good-night, the Tibavali is at an end. We must wait for another year ere we shall see it again.



A PAGODA NEAR TRICHINOPOLY

Effect of Confucianism in Japan

By the Rev. A. M. Roussel



A YOUNG SAMURAI

Confucianism maintains that the principle of order and activity (force) is endowed with integral perfection, and plays the part of universal organizer and of the supreme law of being. It produces beings, more or less perfect, according to the qualities, more or less excellent, of the matter it sets in motion.

Matter appears under a double form, active *Yang*, and passive *Yin*. From the union of these

two, sprang all that exists. The highest of all is "Heaven." Then, Heaven and Earth, having been themselves produced by matter, in their turn become the source of all other life. Man is superior to the other animals only because he is, in the words of the poet, "formed of finer clay."

The better the man, the more superior the quality of the matter that makes up the individual. The principle of force communicated by Heaven to all beings constitutes their nature. In the sage this nature, being perfect, resembles a precious stone shining in clear water; in the average man it is like the same jewel in muddy water.

Or again, passive or inferior matter is like the cloud that obscures the brightness of the sun and the moon. It is the source of man's ignorance and proneness to evil. This is why training and persistent personal effort should be exerted to reform what is defective in human nature, to find the precious jewel that lies buried in the mire, and to cleanse and render it more brilliant. Those who succeed in doing this are

The Sages

In the Chinese saints, and, above all, in Confucius, the last in point of time of these super-men, we find an exception to the general rule. Reason governs all his actions, and matter offers no obstacle to his attaining a knowledge of truth or the pursuit of goodness. He possesses all virtues and is never swayed by passion. Being impeccable, he does not need to pray. Even his excellence does not require him to thank Heaven for placing him in the midst of less exalted humanity; for, being formed by Heaven, he could not be other than he is. Such is the perfect man of Chinese philosophy.

From the doctrine that all men participate in the substance and nature of Heaven and Earth spring the theories so often amplified in Chinese literature, of universal brotherhood, the gradations of the social scale, the absolute authority of the parents over the lives of their children, of the sovereign over his subjects.

"In truth," says a commentator on Confucius, whose writings were edited by the Emperor Kang-hi, about the year A.D. 1700, "with regard to parents one can not speak of rights or wrongs. The parents are like 'Heaven' itself. Heaven produces a blade of grass; if this grass flourishes in the spring-time, it is because of the life given by Heaven. If it withers and dies in the autumn, this decay comes from Heaven also. To these parents the child owes its life; therefore, that life belongs to them."

These theories explain

The Frequency of Infanticide

and why it remains unpunished in China. For the rest, all men under Heaven are brothers, and form one great family. The center of this family is China, united as one man. "Our prince is the eldest son of our common parents. Heaven and Earth are the ministers and companions of this oldest brother. All mankind are the children of Heaven and Earth, but only the sovereign has received absolute authority over men and all beings and things; therefore, he is called the Great Son, and also the Son of Heaven."

Such is the philosophy of the origin of civil and political power. The whole world belongs to "the Son of Heaven," and whoever fails to submit to his authority is a rebel.

The doctrine and philosophy of this system is monopolized by Chinese scholars. What inducement is held out to the majority of the people to follow the practical part, namely, the five cardinal virtues, the duties depending upon the five social relations, etc.? The scholars pride themselves upon the practise of

Virtue for Virtue's Sake

This is the frequent theme of their writings. They are aware, however, that the masses are indifferent to these high-sounding declarations, and can not be led along the path of virtue by such impersonal motives.

This is why the philosophers, in their exhortations, hold out to the people a faith in a just reward, in this world, for good deeds and the punishment of evil as is taught in the ancient Chinese books. There is never a hope of reward or threat of punishment in a future life.

The orthodox *lettré*, or Chinese scholar, rejects as an invention of Buddhism the idea of a future heaven as a blissful abode, and of hell as a place of punishment. There is no paradise beyond that of a pure heart irradiated by virtue, as there is no *inferno* other than the evil

heart tormented by remorse. If the individual is not rewarded or punished according to his deserts in this world, the good or evil fortune merited by his acts becomes the inheritance of his family after he has passed away.

Nowhere in Chinese Literature or Philosophy

is the hope of happiness or the fear of punishment beyond the tomb suggested.

According to orthodox Confucianism, then, there is no God, no supernatural order, no future life. The wise man should seek after perfection, but by his own strength alone, and without other motive than love for the order and beauty of virtue. He approaches nearer to this perfection in proportion as his intelligence is enlightened and developed by study, for the practise of virtue is a necessary effect of a scientific knowledge of duty.

Thus do these proud *lettrés* silence the voice of conscience, and exalt the human reason and free will. They pretend to arrive, of themselves, at a knowledge of what is good, and to practise virtue without need of aid from any higher power. These ideas, together with their principles of the lowest materialism, logically lead to the most absolute fanaticism.

SECOND PERIOD OF CONFUCIANISM IN JAPAN.

Such is orthodox Confucianism which has reigned supreme in China for seven centuries. In Japan, though the moral code of Confucius had transformed society, his positivist doctrines long remained almost unknown. Only three hundred years ago were they generally introduced, but they revolutionized the ideas of the governing class and the social and political order.

For nearly a thousand years, as we have seen, from the seventh to the sixteenth century, the Buddhist monks in Japan preserved and taught the simple code of Confucius, contenting themselves with transmitting merely what they had received.



THE LOTUS GODDESS

The great philosophical movement that revived Confucianism in China during the twelfth century did not at once extend to Japan. At that time, direct relations, either intellectual or commercial, between the two empires were not so close as they had been from the sixth to the tenth century.

The Civil Wars in Japan

during this period, were an obstacle to philosophical study. In these wars, also, many valuable books and manuscripts were destroyed. Buddhism was triumphant, and may be said to have formed a State within the State. The education of the knights had to do chiefly with rules of conduct. There was no leisure for other things. In fact, these rules themselves became very flexible, since many *samurai*, not knowing to which lord they owed allegiance, sold their services to the highest bidder.

With the seventeenth century began the long period of peace, during which Japan was governed by the *Shogun Tokugawa*. The first of these, Ieyasu, without officially renouncing Buddhism, gave full scope to Confucianism. He collected the scattered Chinese books and manuscripts and encouraged the study of them. Moreover, it was under his patronage that the Chinese classics were first printed in Japan, where the art of printing had been known for eight centuries.

Ieyasu desired that these books should be known and studied all over the land, and he himself wrote out the Confucian rules for the education and conduct of the *samurai* or military class. At Yeddo, now Tokyo, his capital, he established a great college for

The Sons of the Samurai

or Japanese warriors, and the feudal lords, following his example, founded Confucian schools in the principal cities of the empire.

The impetus given to the Confucian revival was strengthened by the fall of the Chinese royal dynasty of Ming (1644), which was succeeded by the Manchous dynasty whose representative now reigns at Peking. In consequence of this political change, a large number of Chinese scholars, who had been persecuted at home, or banished, took refuge in Japan, where they were cordially welcomed.

In return for this hospitality, they instructed the Japanese in the new interpretation of Confucianism. Thus it happened that for two centuries and a half the education of the governing or military class was permeated by the philosophy, ethics, literature, and history of China.

All the official and intellectual life of Japan was pervaded by

The Spirit of Modern Confucianism

The people, however, felt the effect only indirectly. This teaching was not for them and they continued attached to the beliefs and practices of the popular form of Buddhism.

The early instruction of the children of the people at large, that is, the little instruction they received, was in the hands of the bonzes, who taught their pupils to read by the use of sentences chosen from Buddhist books and prayers. Their teaching was very rudimentary. One of the political rules of Confucianism is to make the people obey, and never mind about instructing them.

It is worthy of note, as unique in the history of the Mikado's Empire, that while, both in ancient and modern

times, Japan has impressed her own characteristics upon, and has transformed all else that she has received from the outside world, she has made no change in the philosophy of Confucius disseminated among her people. In China

The Literature of Confucianism

is very voluminous, and frequently of little value. There are commentaries and writings of all kinds upon the subject, treating both of the first period and the revival of this philosophy. In Japan there is nothing of the kind. Not a single original development or work of importance. The Japanese were content simply to follow the Chinese philosophers. The few writers on Confucianism that Japan has produced are merely exponents of the Chinese commentators.

One explanation of this phenomenon may be found in the attitude of the *Shogun Tokugawa's* government. It was, above all, from a political motive that Ieyasu honored the doctrines of Confucius in Japan. He wished to establish a permanent peace among the turbulent military class, and thus secure the tranquility of the empire. Buddhism

had shown itself incapable of contributing to this desired end. The monks, themselves, had participated in the civil wars and augmented the disturbances. It was necessary to return to the doctrine of absolute submission and obedience to the established authority, without destroying the exterior form of feudalism to constitute a strong central government.

Nothing could so effectively bring this about as to turn the thoughts of the educated, governing class to the principles of Confucius, in whose philosophy the ideas of subordination, duty, and order are most prominent. This was accordingly done, and with such thoroughness that all intellectual independence was pitilessly proscribed. One finds, then, in Japan

An Exaggerated Inquisition of the Index

not only against Catholicism, which existed there since 1640, but against every opinion or book suspected of non-

conformity with the doctrine considered essential for the security of the government and the empire.

The orthodox Confucianism of Chu-hi was the only authorized doctrine; not the least variation of or divergence from it was permitted. Any attempt to modify, enlarge upon, or perfect the teachings of Chu-hi exposed the audacious and impious innovator to the danger of imprisonment, exile, or death.

Not a single objection, not a single discussion, not even a free examination of Chu-hi's works was allowed, and the government censors were watchful and implacable. This explains why no other philosophical school worthy of the name has developed amid the Confucianism of Japan.

We must note two important effects of the revived Confucianism inaugurated by Ieyasu. At first, separate and distinct, they now converge and, re-inforced by certain Western influences, present a very serious

Obstacle of the Acceptance of Christianity

especially of Catholicism, by the Japanese.

The first of these effects is immediate. In Japan, as in China, the positive materialism of Chu-hi has turned the educated classes from Buddhism

and rendered them completely opposed to it. Chu-hi neglected no opportunity to manifest his hatred and disdain for this ancient religion and for Taoism.

Following his example, Chinese scholars decried the bonzes and disparaged their doctrine. Nevertheless, even the most outspoken of these opponents claimed the services of the monks on occasion, especially for burials.

From the seventeenth century it has been the same with the higher classes in Japan. All the writers on Confucianism attack Buddhism either in its religious principles or dogmas. In nothing is it logical. To the orthodox Confucianist what we call religion is absolute superstition. Since he does not believe in God, retribution, or the future life, any idea of the supernatural or of dogma is to him but an expedient to deceive the ignorant or console the unhappy.

The educated *samurai* who effected the Japanese Imperial Restoration in 1868 were imbued with these opin-



KIYOMIDZU TEMPLE, KIOTO



WRITING A LETTER

ions, which still prevail among the governing class in Japan to-day. To them, morality has no connection with religion. To many of them religion is but another name for science, and education is all-sufficient.

Religious Instruction is Prohibited

in private schools, as well as in those supported by the government. Practically, however, this strictly secular teaching is simply a matter of etiquette with the pagan professors. Materialistic or Protestant school books are used.

The second effect of the Confucian revival in Japan was not fully manifested until the nineteenth century. We will briefly summarize the chain of ideas and circumstances brought about in our times by this philosophy.

A special characteristic of Confucianism is the importance it attaches to history, but history interpreted in a particular manner. Admitting no idea of the reward of virtue or the punishment of vice, save in this world, which is the only life to the Confucianist, it maintains that nations as well as individuals are rewarded or punished according to their merits.

The Confucianist writers regard history, then, as a treatise on moral action, useful as an incentive to virtue, and therefore they have always encouraged this study as a valuable adjunct to the teaching of morality. In order to prove that the good are always rewarded here below, and the wicked always punished, they sometimes alter and misrepresent the facts of history, it is true, but this lack of veracity is of no importance in their estimation so long as they attain their end. When

Japan Adopted the Doctrines of Confucius

the study of Chinese history was, naturally, taken up by the Japanese. Later, the *samurai*, seeking for examples of virtue in the founders of their class, began to devote more attention to the history of Japan.

The grandson of Ieyasu, Tokugawa Mitsukuni (1622-1700), feudal lord of Mitu, and himself a distinguished writer, assembled the most learned men of Japan, and a

number of exiled Chinese scholars, and with their aid compiled a voluminous history of the Mikado's Empire, which is now esteemed a classic.

His disciples and successors continued to occupy themselves with historical study. Their works were, indeed, written according to the plan and idea followed out by the Chinese historians, but they could not ignore the fact that since the beginning of the twelfth century the Shoguns, and not the Emperor, had governed the country.

On the other hand, the Confucian classics recognized only one authority, that of the Father, the Sovereign, sole representative of the Son of Heaven. The Japanese were thus confronted with the fact that their

Sovereign Had Not Really Governed

for seven hundred years.

From this the sentiment spread throughout the empire that the Shogun could not, without usurpation, exercise the supreme authority, and that the Emperor should be the actual and absolute head of the government. The historical school of Mito, therefore, in the end, overthrew the government of the Shoguns.

This same school also produced an offshoot that separated from it and became hostile to Chinese philosophy, but afterwards united with the Confucianists to achieve the imperial restoration.

The historical studies encouraged by the lord of Mito led certain learned men to go back still farther, namely, to the investigation of the national antiquities. Once this path was opened, it was traversed by other explorers, and the eighth century

Writings of Kojiki and Nihongi

were brought to light.

These works contained the Shinto legends of the divine origin of Japan and of the imperial family. There are various erudite commentaries upon them and upon the Shinto ritual.

This school with enthusiasm took up the task of rehabilitating Shintoism, and also the national language and dress, which the Chinese classicists had derided. To the latter it returned scorn for scorn, and condemned Chinese philosophy because it had never produced aught but disastrous results in Japan, among others the continual change of the imperial dynasties.

The two schools, though now animated by totally different principles, were united upon the necessity and obligation of suppressing the Shogun usurpation, and restoring to the Emperor the supreme power that they believed to be his right. The abuses of the Shogun government were favorable to the diffusion of these ideas. What followed is simply political history. The arrival of

The Europeans in Japan

about the middle of the nineteenth century, and the opening of the country to Western influences and commerce, did not of themselves cause the fall of the Shogunate, but they, undoubtedly, hastened this event.

In 1867 the Emperor, the sovereign of Japanese tradition, was reinstated in all his powers and prerogatives.

Editorial Notes

Secretary Taft on Foreign Missions

THERE are items of special interest to us in a speech delivered by Secretary Taft in New York before a mass meeting of the Protestant Laymen's Missionary Movement. Referring to the time when swayed by a smug provincialism, he believed in home missions to the exclusion of foreign, the Secretary adds: "Until I went to the Orient, until there were thrown on me the responsibilities with reference to the extension of civilization in those far-distant lands, I did not realize the immense importance of foreign missions."

Would to God so-called Catholics, who constantly maintain that we need everything at home, could be aroused to their responsibilities in regard to the extension of their faith both at home and abroad! We say *at home and abroad*, because, according to our experience, individuals who thus betray an unchristian selfishness do nothing whatever for the missions.

Needs in the Philippines

ALLUDING to his recent visit to the Philippines, Secretary Taft makes statements that show how justified we are in appealing to the charity of American Catholics for our brethren there.

"I have been at the head of the Philippines, and I know what I am talking about when I say that the hope of the islands depends upon the development of the power of the churches that are in those islands. One of the most discouraging things to-day is not the helpless, but the poverty-stricken condition of the Roman Catholic Church, which has the largest congregation in the islands; and every man, be he Protestant or Catholic, must in his soul hope for the prosperity of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines, that it may do the work that it ought in uplifting the people."

Comfortable Missions

CONTINUING, Secretary Taft says: "I have read many books describing how comfortable foreign missions are, and declaring that missionaries are living better than at home. It is true, some of these missions are comfortable, for I have seen them. It is necessary to fill the Oriental eye with a building of spacious size and appearance, in order to have it deemed of some importance."

Our eminent statesman's observation with regard to *comfortable missions*, certainly does not apply to the *personal* comfort of Catholic missionaries, most of whom are existing on a monthly salary of \$10.00 or \$12.00. But it is true that in a few places our missionaries have (at the cost of untold sacrifices and much begging), succeeded in erecting churches less unworthy of the One Who dwells therein. When we see pictures of these structures let not selfishness again assert itself and cause us to exclaim: "Why that cathedral in China is better than our own church!" Let us remember that our missionaries have

to compete with the beautiful pagodas of Japan and China, the gorgeous temples of India, and the magnificent mosques of the land of Islam. They should be able to attract the natives of these countries by edifices that will convey an idea of the sublimity of the Christian doctrine. A cabin built of bamboo stalks, or a hut of straw, will hardly do this; yet, for the most part, it is in such rude chapels that the Word of God is preached amid the culture of the Far East, as well as in the wilds of Africa and Oceanica.

Pagan Misery and Chris- tian Charity

WE quite agree with our esteemed contemporary, the *Ave Maria*, that incidents like the following should multiply contributions to our foreign missions. The excerpt is from a letter written from Hiroshima, Japan, during the recent war with Russia, and to be found in the pages of *The Lady of the Decoration*, a graphic narrative of missionary experiences published by the Century Company.

Many of the warships were coaled by women, who, generally, each with a baby on her back, carried heavy baskets on both ends of poles swung across the shoulder. They worked with terrible energy, straining every nerve, and often bearing loads that would have taxed the strength of an able-bodied man.

"One day," relates *The Lady of the Decoration*, "as Miss Lessing and I were resting by the roadside, one of these women stopped for breath just in front of us. She was pushing a heavy cart, and her poor old body was trembling from the strain. Her legs were bare, and her feet were cut by the stones. There was absolute stolidity in her weather-beaten face, and the hands that lighted her pipe were gnarled and black. Miss Lessing has a perfect genius for getting at people; I think it is her good, kind face, through which her soul shines. She asked the old woman if she was very tired. The woman looked up, as if seeing us for the first time, and nodded her head. Then a queer look came into her face, and she asked Miss Lessing if we were the kind of people who had a new God. Miss Lessing told her we were Christians. With a wistfulness that I have never seen except in the eyes of a dog, she said: 'If I paid your God with offering and prayers, do you think He would make my work easier. I am so tired!' Miss Lessing made her sit down by her on the grass, and talked to her Japanese about the new God, who did not take any pay for His help, and who could put something in her heart that would give her strength to bear any burden. I could not understand much of what they said, but I had a little prayer-meeting all by myself."

As the *Ave Maria* so aptly remarks, the horror of war, the sadness of heathenism, the power of sympathy, the beauty of hope, and the sweetness of charity are all illustrated by the tender pathos of this simple incident.

In pagan and heretical countries we have 65,000 mis-

sionary priests, brothers and nuns, who are doing just what the Christian women of this sketch are represented as doing and much more. They are also constantly making every effort to extend their work. But, alas, how meagre is the help they receive! As Catholics, we at home do comparatively little for our missions. Are we not neglecting our plain duty? Will we not have to render an account to God for the selfish wordliness and narrow-minded indifference that make us deficient in zeal for the propagation of the faith—of which each one of us, according to our sphere and surroundings, should be an apostle—and lacking in the charity that strives, with tireless ardor, for the extension of the Kingdom that Christ came to establish on earth?

Is It Honest?

IMITATION is the sincerest flattery, and we feel complimented when our confrères of the Catholic press deem some of our sketches worthy of reproduction in their own columns. When an article is copied in full, however, we naturally expect to see it credited to us. Two articles that appeared in the May CATHOLIC MISSIONS were republished last month by two Catholic papers: one in St. Louis, the other in Chicago, but, from all appearances, it might be supposed that the material had been contributed directly to these papers. No credit whatever was given to the magazine from which the articles were taken. Is this honest? One paper complains of reprinting from its own columns!



MISSIONARY NOTES

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

And News

AMERICA.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. The Rt. Rev. D. J. O'Connell, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., was consecrated titular Bishop of Sebaste, on May 3d.

NEW YORK.

The Rt. Rev. Jean Marie Merel, Bishop of Kouang-Tong, China, recently visited New York, to study the dialect of the Mott street Chinamen in order that a priest familiar with it may be sent to them upon his return to the Orient. A native of France, Bishop Merel has been on the mission in China for twenty-seven years. He speaks Chinese and many of its dialects fluently. In his mission of Kouang-Tong he has 122 priests, twenty of whom are Chinamen. Out of a population of 30,000,000 inhabitants 60,000 are Christians.

BALTIMORE

The Rev. Justin McCarthy has been elected Superior of the Josephite Order, whose mission is to labor among the colored people of the United States. Father McCarthy is a native of Ireland, and is about fifty years old. He has been in this country thirty years and was ordained in 1897. In 1898 he was appointed rector of Epiphany Apostolic College, and in 1901 was made rector

of St. Joseph's Seminary, and consultant to the late Father Donovan, whom he succeeds as Superior.

CLEVELAND.

The Rt. Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, Bishop of Cleveland, died suddenly at Canton, Ohio, on May 13th. Bishop Horstmann was born in Philadelphia, December 16th, 1840. He was graduated from the American College in Rome, ordained a priest in 1865, and appointed to the See of Cleveland and consecrated Bishop in 1892.

SANTA FE.

The Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, Archbishop of Santa Fé died on May 17th, aged sixty-three years. Born and educated in France, he went to Arizona as a missionary in 1869, and was ordained at Santa Fé the same year. In 1885 he was consecrated Bishop, with the titular rank of the ancient See of Thaumacum, and in 1897 was nominated Bishop of Tucson, Arizona. In 1899, Bishop Bourgade was appointed Archbishop of Santa Fé.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Paulist Fathers are meeting with great success at San Francisco in mission work among the Chinese. They have nearly

two hundred of the children of Chinatown attending their Sunday school.

BAKER CITY.

The Rt. Rev. C. J. O'Reilly, Bishop of Baker City, desires to induce Catholics to found colonies in his diocese, where land can be obtained on most advantageous terms.

OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

Pope Pius X has sent an Apostolic letter to Cardinal Gibbons commending the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children and the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

INDIAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The Supreme Court of the United States has unanimously affirmed the judgment of Justice Wright, of the District of Columbia Appellate Court, in the matter of the use of tribal and treaty funds of the Indians for Catholic schools. The decision is a signal victory for the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

FRIEND OF COLORED RACE.

A benefactor of the colored people of New Orleans, Miss Anna Meyer, died recently. Miss Meyer pursued her chosen missionary work for forty years, and through her influence many negroes of the Crescent City have become good citizens and faithful Catholics.

JARO.

The Rt. Rev. D. J. Dougherty has been transferred by the Holy See from the Diocese of Nueva Segovia to the diocese of Jaro, P. I., left vacant by the death of the lamented Bishop Rooker.

The Rev. A. Ebus, one of the Fathers of the English Foreign Missions, recently sent out to the Philippines by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, has already been called to the reward of his short but arduous apostolate in the diocese of Jaro. Father Ebus was only 26 years old.

**NUEVA
SEGOVIA.**

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. James J. Carroll, vicar-general of Nueva-Segovia, has been appointed Bishop of that See, to succeed the Rt. Rev. D. J. Dougherty, D.D., who has been transferred to the diocese of Jaro. Bishop Carroll was born in Portland, Maine, forty-five years ago, and is an alumnus of the Catholic University of America. The See of Nueva-Segovia is more than three hundred years old. It has a Catholic population of a million souls.

TORONTO.

The Rt. Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, Bishop of London, Ontario, has been appointed Archbishop of Toronto, to succeed Archbishop O'Connor, who recently resigned.

**VICTORIA,
B. C.**

Archbishop Orth, of Victoria, B. C., has resigned on account of his serious illness. Father Brabant, a pioneer priest of British Columbia, has been named administrator, pending the appointment of a successor to Archbishop Orth.

EUROPE.**ENGLAND.**

The Rt. Rev. S. W. Allen, Bishop of Shrewsbury, England, is dead.

OBLATES OF ST. FRANCIS. At a special Chapter, held in the Oblate Monastery at Albano, near Rome, on May 14th, the Rev. J. Deshairs, O.S.F.S., was elected Superior General of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales to succeed the late Father Brisson, founder of the Society. Father Deshairs was long the assistant general. Two years ago he visited the institutions of his Order in the United States.

PARIS.

M. de Lapparent, Vice-President of the Paris Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith, died recently in France. M. Lapparent was also permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences and dean of the Faculty of Sciences at the Catholic Institute, in Paris.

ASIA.**CHINA.**

The Rt. Rev. Athanasius Goette, O.F.M., vicar apostolic of North Chen-Si, died in that Chinese province on March 30th. The deceased prelate was born April 11th, 1857, at Paderborn, Germany, and entered the Franciscan Order in 1874. Forced to leave his native land because of the Kulturkampf, he came to the United States and was ordained at St. Louis in 1881. He labored for some years in San Francisco, California; was then sent to China by his Superiors, and was consecrated Bishop and appointed vicar apostolic of Chen-Si in 1905. In this district there are 25,000 Christians and 1,000,000 pagans.

**EASTERN
HUPE.**

Through a recent inundation, caused by a rise in the waters of the Yang-tse River, at Hankow, province of Eastern Hupe, ten thousand Chinese, men, women and children, met death. The Vicar Apostolic of this district is Bishop Carlssare, a Franciscan, who is assisted by twenty-four priests of his own Order and seventeen native Chinese priests.

JAPAN.

The Archbishop of Tokio has effected the opening of a school for the education of Japanese women of the higher classes, and has confided the work to the Religious of the Sacred Heart. Two bands of nuns of this Order, from Europe and Australia, respectively, have arrived in Tokio.

AFRICA.

Bishop Kunemann, **SENEGAMBIA.** vicar apostolic of Senegambia, and prefect apostolic of Senegal, perished at sea on March 20th, by the foundering of the mission boat "Saint Joseph," near Joal, on the way to Dakar. The Rt. Rev. Francois Nicolas Alphonse Kunemann was born at Schweighanssen, Germany, in 1856, was ordained at Rome in 1870, and consecrated Bishop, in Paris in 1901. A month later he arrived in West Africa, where he remained from that time. He visited all the stations of his vast field, and in the seven years of his apostolate, accomplished an immense amount of missionary work.

WEST CAPE.

The Rt. Rev. John Leonard, O.M.I., vicar apostolic of West Cape, South Africa, died on February 19th. Bishop Leonard was born in Ireland, in 1829. He was pastor of Blanchardstown, in the diocese of Dublin, and succeeded Bishop Grimley in the Irish colony of the Cape, thirty-six years ago.

TASMANIA.

The Most Rev. Dr. Delaney has been appointed Archbishop of Hobart Town, Tasmania, to succeed the Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, who died, December 29th, 1907.

**NEW
ZEALAND.**

The Rt. Rev. George M. Lenihan, Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, visited the United States a few weeks ago, on his way to Rome.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

The **Annals of the Propagation of the Faith**, for June, contains the Society's annual report. During 1907 the receipts amounted to \$1,328,879.54, an increase of \$48,087.82 over the sum received the preceding year.

Again the United States takes second place in the list of countries con-

tributing to the work. France still leads the world in her zeal for the apostolate. Notwithstanding the persecution of the Church and the new demands upon French Catholics at home, their alms to foreign missions actually exceed by \$9,629.61 the sum donated by them in 1906. The ten

countries that contributed the largest amounts are:

France	\$624,692.68
United States and her Colonies	194,547.09
Germany	142,753.22
Belgium	72,821.92
Italy	54,759.39

Argentine Republic	37,318.30
Spain	36,794.75
Ireland	30,016.33
Switzerland	19,276.01
Holland	19,034.91

In almost every case these figures show an increase over the amounts contributed the previous year.

The following dioceses made the largest offerings:

Lyons	\$71,209.35
New York	65,446.21
Boston	43,177.36
Metz	38,423.06
Nantes	34,775.25
Saint Briec	32,246.22
Paris	31,591.92
Cambrai	31,009.18
Strasburg	30,495.25
Cologne	26,972.45

Of these ten dioceses, two are in the United States, three in Germany, and five in France.

The report for the United States is very gratifying. The second and third places on the list are occupied by two American dioceses, and the total shows an increase of more than nine thousand dollars over the amount contributed in 1906. We notice also the splendid record of Ireland (considering her difficulties and limited resources), a showing of ten thousand dollars above her alms of the year before.

The entire report is most encouraging. It evinces that the missionary spirit is growing and becoming more ardent, and that Catholics all over the world are taking a greater interest in the great work of the Propagation of the Faith.

The other topics treated in the *Annals* are "The Boxers of China in 1907," "The Paris Society for Foreign Missions," "The Sultan Kiratou and His Sister Unda," a biographical sketch of Bishop Lechaptou, "Fort Vermilion Mission, Athabaska," by Father Fahler, O.M.I., and "The Elephants of Ceylon," by Father Gille, S.J.

The Good Work (May) describes "A Mecca for Catholics on the Bowery," New York, namely, "Holy Name Mission," and the hope and succor it extends to homeless men out of employment and often on the verge of despair.—In "The Church in the Heart of the Sunny South," M. M. Stratner depicts the trials of a Catholic family who inadvertently settled in a district of Florida far removed from priest or the influences of religion, and have been forced by circumstances to remain there twenty-six years. Now there is a prospect of having a church in the vicinity, but building even a Catholic chapel in a community almost entirely Protestant, is a hard, slow task.—"Our American Nun in Africa," Mother Mary Paul, tells of

the great missionary work accomplished in Uganda during the thirty-two years since King Museta begged the explorer, Stanley, to ask teachers of the religion of Jesus Christ to go there and enlighten him and his people—"They Were Men in Those Days," is a tale of the Chinese Reign of Terror, beginning with the first Boxer insurrection of 1900.—"My Self-Supporting Mission" is a misleading title since the station at Gunter, India, presided over by the writer of the sketch, Rev. J. Aelen, is as yet, far from able to maintain itself. The zealous missionary is, however, teaching his people the necessity and obligation of sharing in the support of religion, according to their small means. The majority of them are very poor.

The Field Afar (April) prints on the first page a unique picture captioned "Baskets of Babies in China." Abandoned infants rescued by the missionary sisters in the Celestial Empire are placed out to be nursed. At the beginning of each "new moon" the babies are brought to the orphanage for inspection, and their board is paid. Those who are weak are retained at the asylum. The babies are transported from the distant villages tucked in baskets that swing from the ends of bamboo poles carried on the shoulder by the nurses. Sometimes vegetables are packed in the baskets at the same time, to be sold in the town.

The Chinese government is now making an effort to suppress the awful practice of infanticide so prevalent in China, and recently the Pei-Tang-Koang-Pac, a native newspaper controlled by the Viceroy of Pekin, made an appeal to the people, a translation of which is published in this number of *The Field Afar*.—The magazine also calls attention to a new departure in our mission work, namely, the proposed Catholic Medical Mission for the native women and children of India. The plan is being followed out by an association of English ladies and has the approbation of Pope Pius X.—A letter from Bishop Gragnano, O.C., of Allahabad, tells of the present distress in India. "Unfortunate as the famine is for the physical condition of the people, it is our harvest time of souls," he says.—In the instalment of the serial "The Homes of Martyrs," the writer takes leave of the little town of Assais, France, the birthplace of Venerable Théophane Venard, and of the good Curé Father Eusebius, brother of the Modern Martyr of Tonquin.

Extension (June). The initial article, by a Jesuit missionary, under the startling title "Where the Priest

Is Not Loved," depicts life in the coal camps of Colorado, and the work of the writer and his predecessor among the hundreds of Catholics there, chiefly Italian immigrants, whose indifference regarding religion was, until recently, simply appalling.—"Missions and Immigration," by the Rev. P. Bandini deals with the advisability of starting Italian settlements in country-places, and so preventing the immigrants from going to large centers, where many of them become corrupt. Moreover, the majority of the Italians who come to the United States are farmers. The Colony at Tontitown, Arkansas, is mentioned as an example of a successful immigrant settlement. "It is the same with Catholics of other nationalities," says Father Bandini, "if they are not safeguarded in the beginning and helped a little to build a church and school, after a time it will be too late and their children will be lost to the faith."

This number of the magazine calls attention to the fact that "A Catholic Chautauqua of the West" is to be opened this summer at Spring Bank, Wisconsin, with the approbation of the Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee, who is president of the general committee.

Extension, for May, the Diamond Jubilee number, commemorates the seventy-five years of Catholicity in Chicago since the first resident pastor built a small frame church near Fort Dearborn.—"A Missionary Among the Indians," the Rev. Aloysius Vrebosh, S.J., writes of his labors among the Crows of Montana. Of this arduous toil he says: "If it were not for the salvation of souls, I would not do it for all the gold in the world."—"News from the Chapel Car," is accompanied by a half-tone of the interior of the car, showing the altar, statue of St. Anthony and religious pictures of this little mission oratory, by means of which good work is being accomplished in isolated districts of the Sioux Falls diocese.

The Missionary (June) considers the New Oxford Movement, namely, the flood now bearing down the thin barriers of separation between the High Church party of the Episcopal denomination and the Catholic Church. The basic reason for the breaking away of many who have become converts, is the "open pulpit" policy adopted by the last Triennial Episcopal Convention at Richmond, Va.—*The Missionary* announces that the Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C.S.P., will, during July and August, visit some of the seminaries of England, Ireland, and the continent to explain the mission movement for non-Catholics, that has secured such notable results in the United States.—"The

Report of the Catholic Missionary Union" states that twenty-five dioceses are now fully equipped with apostolate bands, who are working along the lines marked out by the Apostolic Mission House, at Washington, D. C., of which Father Doyle is rector. *The Missionary* for May, in "Vigorous Work in Florida," by the Rev. P. Bresnahan, gives the brief history of a mission for negroes held in a "white folks'" church which at first they feared to enter lest they should be attacked by their white neighbors.—"The Apostle of His Family," a true story by Rev. Richard W. Alexander, is a touching narrative of a child's influence in the conversion of his parents.

The Colored Harvest (June) pays a special tribute to the late Rev. P. F. Dissez, so long Superior of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, who was a devoted friend of the colored missions, and lost no opportunity of reminding the Josephite seminarians that they had a great work before them.—The recent mission at St. Barnabas Church, in the same city, with its record of good accomplished among members of the fold, and fifty converts, is a specimen of what may be done to extend the blessings of the faith to the negroes in the United States. Several incidents of the mission are given.—Father Samuel J. Kelly tells of his remarkable success in settlement work and house to house visitation at Scranton, Mississippi.—*The Colored Harvest* publishes a pretty story of the lives of the rich and poor contrasted. The scene is laid chiefly in Chicago, and the little sketch ends in an unexpected manner.

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London (June).—The second chapter of Father Le Marié's serial, "A Corner of the Mikado's Empire" treats of Yatsushiro and the Rock of the Conqueror Kato, near which, three centuries ago, hundreds of Catholic Christians were put to death, by order of the cruel Governor. The first installment of this fascinating work, published in May, was a pen picture of Kuma, a small town encircled by mountain ridges, whereon grow gigantic trees whose summits seem almost to touch the skies.

In the current number, Dom Martinus Spitz, O.S.B., continues the history of Catholic Missions in the Caroline Islands, which were called "The Enchanted Islands" by the old Spanish explorers. To-day the archipelago is known as "The Island Venice of the South Sea."—An article entitled "The Foreign Missions and the White Fathers" describes the immense work accomplished in Africa

by the Algerian missionaries, founded by Cardinal Lavigérie.—The "Qu'Appelle Catholic Industrial School" of Manitoba, is a pleasing contribution, brightened by a number of excellent illustrations.

Anthropos (Summer Quarter). Contrary to the usual custom, the latest issue of this noted quarterly contains no treatise in English. The Italian language is the medium through which the Rev. Th. Gordaliza, O.P., conveys to the reader the result of his learned "Study of the Tho Dialect, of Langsön, Tonkin, China."

In French, "Ethnological Notes on the Kouy-tcheou Tribes of China," by the Rev. P. A. Schotter, P.F.M., deals with the characteristics of the tribal families and dialects of this mountainous Chinese province, which possesses wealth only as a poor man with many interesting children is said to be rich.—"The Stone Age in Phœnicia," by the Rev. P. G. Zumb-offen, S. J., Professor of St. Joseph's University, Beyroot, Syria, describes the pre-historic remains found at Akbyeh, Doukha, Keferaya, Nahr Ibrahim, Antelias and Nahr el Kelb or Djaita.—The Rev. P. C. Coll, C.S.S.R., writes entertaining and instructively of the "Traditions and Legends of Surinam," South America.—In an article on "The Chronology and Astrology of Siam and Laos, Father Majos Pionnier explains that the people of these countries divide the duration of time into three eras—the Buddhist, beginning 544 years before Christ; the era of the Siamese Solomon, 658 years after Christ; and the present era, dating from the foundation of Bangkok, 1782 years after Christ.—"The Rocusians," by the Rev. Anastase M. de St. Elie, answers the objections of Father Cheikho, S. J., to the writer's statement in a former treatise, namely, that the followers of this sect were the disciples of the heretical Cyrus, patriarch of Alexandria.—The editor, Rev. P. W. Schmidt, continues his learned and critical study of "The Origin of the Idea of God" among pagan nations.

The topics treated in German are: "The Königseid in Kpandu," Togo, W. Africa, by the Rev. Anthony Witte, S.V.D.; "The Relation Between Names and Peoples in New Mecklenburg," by the Rev. G. Peckel, M.S.C.; "The Status of Woman in Japan," by Dr. F. Crasalt, and "The Isikula Language of Natal, South Africa," by Br. Otto O. Trapp.

The Report, for 1907, of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions (Father Ketcham) to the incorporators of the Bureau, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Farley and

Ryan, is a record of visitations to the Indian schools of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Oklahoma. It also furnishes a tabulated statement of the condition of the missions from Holy Cross, Alaska, to St. Stephen's, Wyoming.

Under the heading, "Catholic Indian Schools," are given the views of Bishops having Indians in their dioceses, and of our missionaries to the Indians, regarding what should be done to maintain and extend Catholic Indian mission work. As to resources, very little that is encouraging can be reported. No substantial progress has been made. Mother Katherine Drexel still bears the burden of the far greater part of the annual expenditures for Indian schools. During 1907 her donations for this purpose amounted to more than a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Indian Sentinel, published annually by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Washington, D. C., in the interest of the "Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children," is approved by Cardinal Gibbons, the Most Rev. D. Falconio, apostolic delegate, and many distinguished members of the hierarchy of the United States. The conditions of membership in the Society are: First, to pray for its success. Second, an annual subscription of twenty-five cents. The *Indian Sentinel* has interesting articles on "St. Michael's Mission and School" for the Navajo Indians, Arizona; "Holy Rosary Mission School, Pine Ridge, South Dakota," for the Sioux, and "Ideas and Experiences of a Missionary" among the Indians of Wisconsin. The magazine is illustrated and forms an attractive reminder to the reader to help, at least in the small way asked, a cause that ought to appeal to every American.

The Indian Advocate (May) explains the "Agency System," under which the United States government conducts Indian affairs, and gives valuable information upon the history and administration of this system, describing the duties of the interpreters and Indian police, and dealing with the question of annuities and rations. Except in a few instances, where treaties still require this method of payments for land or as indemnity, rations are not now issued, unless great poverty or some disaster makes it necessary thus to supply the Indians with food.

The Advocate mentions the arrival in this country of Bishop Henninghaus, S.V.D., vicar apostolic of South Shantung, China, and makes a generous appeal for the foreign mis-

sions, especially for the work of spreading the Gospel among the poor Chinese.

St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Advocate (Spring Quarter) has an article on "Queer Chinese Customs," the special examples quoted having to do with feasts, the expelling of devils, and methods of burial.—A letter from Bishop Hanlon reveals the poverty of the Uganda mission: "Since I returned (from Europe) I have traveled over 800 miles, on bicycle or afoot in Uganda, Nsoga and Bukeddi," says the Bishop.

The journey was undertaken that he might see for himself the condition of struggling churches, and give help for repairs, where possible. "I can do nothing for Nsambya yet," he continues, "though when storms come the Fathers are in a state of trepidation on account of our grass roof. If there was a safe one on this house of mine (the Episcopal palace!), an iron roof, they would be less anxious. This station is our sanitarium as well as the mission headquarters." The Bishop then goes on to speak of several missionaries who have broken down from hardships and overwork.—"A Sketch of Missionary Work in British East Africa," by the Rev. Francis M. Burns, shows the manner in which missionaries set about founding a mission, cutting down trees in the forest for building, etc., cultivating the acquaintance of the chiefs and people, and enlisting their interest in the project.—Father Wittox, E.F.M., writes of the ravages of the plague in Budaka, and involuntarily reveals the heroism with which, as a missionary, he combatted the epidemic, caring for the patients when they were deserted even by their own families.—In "The Month of May in India," the Rev. J. Aelen describes the popularity of devotion to Our Lady in the province of Madras.

The Salesian Bulletin (April). An editorial on "The School and Religious Instruction" says of the Society's venerable founder, Don Bosco: "All the evils which he saw around him, particularly in relation to the boys with whom he, as a priest, was first brought in contact, he attributed directly to lack of early definite religious teaching and training. 'Amid the increasing perversions of society, the Catholic catechism is the great means of salvation for the young generation,' he was wont to repeat.—'Notes On the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites for the Introduction of the Cause of Don Bosco,' is really a beautiful history of his life, and gives the story of the nucleus of the Salesian dormitory at Turin,

where a thousand boys are now sheltered. This great work of charity was begun by lodging one homeless boy, whom Don Bosco and his good mother brought into their house out of the rain.

The Annals of the Congregation of St. Vincent de Paul is a collection of letters, descriptive of the work of the Lazarist missions, sent to the headquarters at Paris by the missionaries and the Sisters of Charity connected with the mission schools.—From Africa, the Rev. Stephen Sournac, C.M., writes of the Gouala mission and a journey to Adouah.—From Asia the Rev. E. Cazot giving statistics of the Bulgarian missions in Macedonia, of which he is Superior, says: "In this country entire villages, supposedly Christian (Greek) exist where not one mother of a family knows the Lord's prayer. What can we expect from the children of these mothers?"

BOOK ON THE MISSIONS.

"**Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642-1710**," by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., Fordham University Press. The early American missionaries of the Society of Jesus whose lives are given in this volume are those who had to do with the Iroquois Indians. Though, with one or two exceptions, practically unknown to-day, some of these men were not only wonderful apostles but conspicuous figures in the political events of the colonies. The desire to revive the memory of their intrepidity and holiness is the motive of the brief studies of their careers, by Father Campbell, the distinguished Jesuit, writer and editor.

Among these absorbingly interesting life-stories the first place, both in point of time and heroism, is, naturally, given to Isaac Jogues, who escaping from the savages, after having suffered extreme torture and all but death at their hands, had the supreme courage to voluntarily return among them and met the reward of his apostolic zeal in martyrdom.—Joseph Bressani, second only to Jogues in the torture he endured, was nevertheless denied the martyr's palm. Returning to Italy, his native land, he became a great preacher.—"The kind and gentle Poncet" (so-called by B. Marie, of the Incarnation) received a missionary's full share of indignity and cruel treatment from the treacherous and terrible Iroquois.

Next we read of Simon Le Moyne, whose autobiography in *The Jesuit Relations* is brightened by an exquisite touch of delicate humor.—Le Moyne, the ambassador, whose wisdom saved the infant colony of

Maisonneuve. — Brave, light-hearted Dablon was a musician as well as a missionary, and the notes of his flute charmed the fierce warriors, even as Orpheus cast a spell over the wild creatures of the forest. Dablon, as Superior General at Quebec, sent Marquette with Joliet to discover the Mississippi.—We become acquainted with Chaumont, "one of the most beautiful figures of the Church in Canada," Ragueneau, who averted the massacre of every white man in the Iroquois territory, and made the first attempt to plant the Church in the present New York State, René Menard, who saw the Mississippi twelve years before Joliet and Marquette looked upon its waters, Fremin, who bore himself with the air of a soldier. Bruyas possessed the art of governing savages better than administering a college.—Pierron invented a remarkable game through which he taught Christianity to the redmen. John de Lamberville was so beloved by the Onondagas (a branch of the Iroquois) that they begged to have him sent back to them.—James de Lamberville, brother of the above, discovered Tégakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, an Indian virgin and saint.—Peter Millet was made an Oneida chief.—Stephen de Carheil, "the admirable unknown," a Breton nobleman, unusually gifted and firm as the granite of his own Brittany, devoted sixty years to a hidden but glorious apostolate in the wilderness.

Continuing the perusal of these pages, more fascinating than any romance, we learn something of Peter Raffeix, who founded the Indian settlement of Caughnawaga, of Francis Boniface, who helped to effect the change that transformed many of the Mohawk tribe of the Iroquois into devout Catholics, and Julian Garnier, the apostle of the Senecas who, like de Carheil, spent sixty years laboring for the salvation of souls in the wilds that are now United States' and Canadian territory.

Such is the glorious list of names chosen from the roll of the illustrious company whose histories are preserved in that great record of apostolic endeavor, *The Jesuit Relations*. A number of these heroes of God among the Iroquois underwent all but martyrdom, through the barbarity of the savages; the sacrifice of one, Father Jogues, was consummated by death for the faith; all of them, through privations, the constant danger of attack, and the apparently paltry return for years of self-immolation, were living martyrs in the wilderness. "Pioneer Priests of North America" should be found in every Catholic home of the United States where there is a library shelf, for it is a stimulus to a love of good reading.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

VOL. II

SEPTEMBER, 1908

No. 5

St. Paul's Country

By Father Constant, O.M.

This interesting and picturesque sketch was sent to us by a missionary stationed at Tarsus, Turkey in Asia, the native city of the great apostle to the Gentiles.

Yesterday, at our school recreation, a group of small boys gathered in the middle of the room, and their voices could be heard above all others, as they discussed some matter that evidently had aroused their especial interest. One of them held in his hand a little black cross which he was trying to break. I drew near and he immediately offered it to me saying:

"Father, you are strong, try and see if you can break it?"

Humoring him, I attempted to break the wood, but it resisted all my efforts, being as hard as iron.

"Ha-ha," laughed the boy, "You did not know I set you an impossible task. 'This is a piece of St. Paul's tree.'"

A dead trunk of colossal dimensions, this tree is preserved in the courtyard of the Schismatic Armenian Church here. The tradition is that it was planted by the apostle himself. Of this assertion, however, there is no proof other than the popular belief.

"Yes," the custodian of the church tells the visitor, with positive insistence,

"This Is St. Paul's Tree"

The strangers who come here always beg me for a piece of the wood, in order that they may preserve it as a precious relic."

Nearer to the mission, before the house of a Greek schismatic, is "St. Paul's Well." Unfortunately this tradition appears to have no better foundation than the preceding. As a matter of fact, there remain no authentic traces of the apostle in this Anatolian city of his birth.

Here, to-day, the gilded minarets of many mosques

flash in the sunlight, but where is the Catholic temple dedicated to the Saint of Tarsus? The inhabitants of the town now number twenty thousand, yet three-quarters of the population are Mohammedans. There are, in addition, four thousand seven hundred Greek and Armenian schismatics and only two or three hundred Catholics.

I might, indeed, tell you incidents of our spiritual conquests in this vicinity, for we are making some progress.

To-day, however, let us undertake a little excursion among the mountains, that we may learn something of the general state of the country. It is the last week in October, we shall not suffer from excessive heat, for now the air is only balmy and delightful. Let us, then, visit

The Oulou Djami or Great Mosque

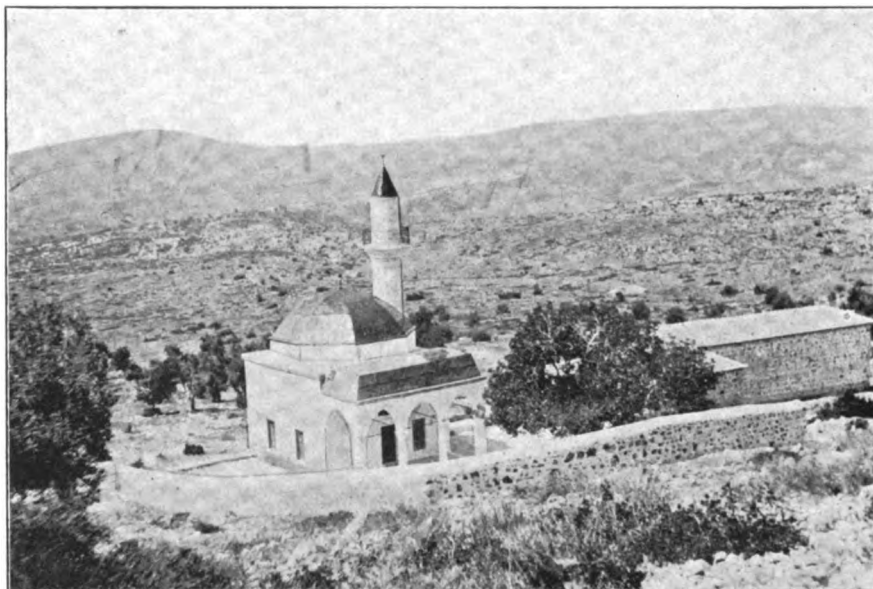
a celebrated Mohammedan place of pilgrimage. We

leave the city by "St. Paul's Gate" and set out upon a road bordered on one side by tall green reeds, and on the other by a screen of poplars.

Presently a team of oxen drawing a rude and heavy cart passes us, stirring up a cloud of dust so that we can not see more than a few steps before us. But we must not be too fastidious, we are in the Orient, and here many of the comforts of Western travel are unknown. Having traversed the rough way, we find ourselves at a point considerably higher than Tarsus, and

Among the Vineyards

where we see numerous white villas surrounded by verdure. All have balconies supported by light columns. Here during the summer evenings the vine-grower smokes his nargileh (water-pipe) and entertains himself or is entertained with music or other diversions until far



OULOU DJAMI, MOSQUE NEAR TARSUS

into the night. Here the breeze renders the heat less insupportable.

Many people, nevertheless, consider the air in the vicinity of the vineyards oppressive during the warm season. Those who do not have to repair to the city daily to pursue their business or work, therefore, go up farther among the mountains. Now, the autumn has come, however, and the great heat is past.

Long Caravans Descend the Hills

slowly and follow the windings of the Cydnus River. In the more elevated localities the mornings and evenings are positively cool, and the families who sought these retreats in mid-summer are now returning to the plain. Each family forms a group; every one is mounted on a horse; the moukres lead the procession and, by their songs, add to the good spirits and gaiety of the cavalcade.

This habit among the natives of retiring into the mountains for the summer during the early days of June, is a very ancient custom. When St. Paul visited the regions of the coast, as we are told, he found only a few people, and had to go into the mountains to find and instruct the new Christians.

Every Step of the Way

discloses fresh beauties. The heather is in bloom; the pink laurel and the myrtle vines adorn the little dales, and render the air fragrant.

Here, above all else, we perceive the law of contrasts. Above the smiling valleys is complete aridity. In the heart of this desert lie the Mohammedan burial places, whose white tombs reflect the intense sunlight, almost blinding the wayfarer.

Sometimes these necropolises are inclosed by an aloe hedge. Oftener they extend away as far as the vision can reach, for among the Mussulmans it is forbidden to bury twice in the same spot. Occasionally, at the head of a tomb may be seen columns supporting a kind of turban. This distinction indicates that beneath this monument rests a marabout, or Mohammedan "holy man." Do you see that



TURKISH DOCTOR OF THE LAW

White Minaret on the Mountain Side

Its surmounting crescent stands out distinctly against the blue sky. That temple

is Oulou Djami Mosque. In another quarter of an hour we shall reach it.

✱

While the custodian of the mosque goes for his keys, we pause a moment to take breath at the foot of the great tree that rises opposite to the minaret. It conceals the entrance to a deep subterranean retreat where tradition says a singular and surprising drama was once enacted.

The marabout returns with the keys of the cavern in his hand. With imperturbable gravity, he removes his slippers before crossing the threshold of the building. Do you wish to enter? If so, you must take off your shoes, also.

Having thus conformed to the custom, we listen while our guide tells us the marvellous history of this cave into which we are about to penetrate.

Many Hundred Years Ago

seven brothers, from Tarsus, came and lived here. One day, while together, they all fell into a deep slumber. Centuries passed, yet still sleep hung heavy on their eyelids. At last, they awoke and found that they were nearly famished.

One of them immediately set out for the city to buy bread. This he obtained, presenting in payment a coin which the baker angrily refused because it was an ancient piece of money, unlike anything then in circulation, or that he had ever seen. He demanded the return of the loaves and a dispute ensued which soon aroused everyone in the market-place. The people wished to arrest the stranger, but he, though unable to understand what the excitement was about, at last, freeing himself from the crowd, fled toward the mountains.

"Something Strange Has Happened"

he said to his brothers when he again reached the cave. "The people of Tarsus were all strangers to me and the money I offered in payment for bread was refused, on the ground that it is no longer current coin. I was mobbed and came near being cast in prison; I escaped, but, doubtless, I shall be pursued even to this retreat."

Dismayed by what they heard, those who had remained at home knelt with their messenger in prayer, and the seven young men fervently begged God to save them from the people who were, so mysteriously, their enemies. While they prayed

A Spider Spinning His Web

drew a fleecy curtain across the entrance to the grotto. When the citizens of Tarsus reached the cave and found it thus closed they hesitated:

"It is long since anyone either entered or left the cavern," said the leader of the throng.

"I will see this strange adventure to the end," cried a comrade, and pressing forward, he brushed away the spider's web and entered the grotto.

No One Was There

Angry and disappointed, the crowd returned to the city, believing that the man they sought had eluded them by

escaping from the cave through some secret exit. God had miraculously called the Seven Sleepers to Himself.

But what is this singular black rock, shaped like a beast of burden, that stands out from the wall of the cavern?

A legend says it is the camel of the seven brothers, and was turned to stone during the long and tranquil slumber of its masters.

Before the marabout conducts us, by yonder rude stairway, to a lower recess of the cave, look about you.

The Camel

is surrounded by many fragments of linen bandages, locks of hair, etc. These are the ex-voto offerings of the pilgrims to this Mohammedan shrine, who claim that here they were cured of their infirmities.

Listen, the marabout is speaking.

"We are now at the entrance to the Place of Pardon," he says. "Under this great rock, which is hollow, and thus forms a vault, the pilgrims reverently pass, and are cleansed from their sins. Through the thousand veins in the strata trickle rills of clear water, during the winter, and this precious water is collected in marble basins. It is called *zam-zam souion*, and is sent in sealed flagons to the chief families of Constantinople. It possesses a marvellous power of healing, being equal in virtue to the water brought from Mecca. Take a taper, for we shall soon leave behind us the glimmer of light that penetrates to this sanctuary. Thus prepared we will pass into the depths of the cavern."

Bi-ism Allah! Bi-ism Allah! Bi-ism Allah!

Why do you draw back? There is no reason for alarm. The marabout believes the spirits of the Seven Sleepers still haunt this spot, and he calls upon God that they may know we are not their enemies.

It is not very pleasant to follow the obliging marabout through the mazes of this labyrinth for, after descending the steps, we sometimes have to crawl upon our knees. But we are not the first to make this journey. The ground is strewn with bits of wax from many tapers,

a proof that the place has been visited by a great number of pilgrims.

Arrived at the end of this tortuous excursion, we find there is nothing to be seen after all, but the dark walls of the recess, and as we have no intention of invoking the spirits of the mysterious sleepers, we are glad to retrace our way through the narrow passage, up the stair, and across the upper chamber. At the entrance we put on our shoes again, and I reward our guide for his trouble by slipping into his hand the

Customary bakhshish, or Tip

Before we leave the vicinity, however, let us survey this temple that surmounts the rock. Pompously denominated "the great mosque," it was built by the Turkish government about twenty years ago. The minaret is of a still more recent date. The buildings lower down on the hill are for the accommodation of pilgrims.

If I were not afraid of tempting you to over-exertion, I would propose that we climb the mountain opposite to us. From its summit the view is like a dream of fairyland. On one side a vast plain extends away to Messinia Bay, whose waters lave

The Shores of Greece

Upon the bright tide one may see many ships, either under sail or riding at anchor.

Gazing in the opposite direction one beholds the beautiful Taurus chain of mountains.

The summits of this lofty range are covered with snow and, as the rays of the setting sun fall upon them, these snow-capped heights seem a colossal diadem of gems, or hills studded with precious stones. We will make this excursion another time. At present we will return to Tarsus. The monotony of our trip back to the city is relieved by one of

The Little Incidents

that prove so interesting to travellers from Western lands. We overtake a wayfarer who holds in his hand a long stick. Is this, perchance, his pilgrim's staff? Not at all. In a few moments the stick will become shorter. It



CHILDREN OF ANATOLIA

is a stalk of sugar-cane, and from time to time, our fellow wayfarer will cut off a piece and refresh himself therewith.

Another scene will also interest you. Watch this procession that unwinds before us like a gaudy ribbon. It comprises many groups, and numbers in all two or three hundred

Peasant Women in Gala Attire

Some wear long gowns of black silk belted at the waist, others silk robes whose colors rival the tints of the rainbow. All these travellers are veiled, that is, the features are concealed by the folds of the veil, but the eyes are uncovered, and their inquisitive glances rove about at liberty.

These peasants are returning from a pilgrimage. One can not but regard them with compassion. The Mohammedan woman is bowed down in slavery and abasement. Will she ever arise from the abyss of degradation wherein she is plunged? We must hope this opportunity and

strength may one day be hers. Recently, one of the most influential Mussulmans of the city said to me: "If the Mohammedan women were free they would all become Christians."

We have again reached Tarsus. The sun is setting behind the Taurus mountains and from the minaret of the mosque the muezzin proclaims the praise of the prophet of Islam.

La Mohamed Habid Allah

O Mohammed, well-beloved of God. But it is Thou, Lord Jesus—whom we have come to make known to these infidels—*Thou* who art, in truth, the Well-Beloved of God the Father and the Holy Ghost! Grant, then, that one day, these Moslem minarets may be replaced by towers whence shall ring forth Christian chimes, and the people of Tarsus, united in a temple under the patronage of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, may celebrate the era of their deliverance.

A CISTERCIAN ABBEY IN CHINA

"The Cistercian or Trappist Monastery of Our Lady of Consolation is situated at the distance of a four days' journey from Pekin, in the province of Tchéli or southern Petchili. It was founded in 1883, through the efforts of Bishop Delaplace, then Vicar-Apostolic, by means of resources received from a legacy.

"In time, with the approval and encouragement of Bishop Favier, and his successor, Bishop Jarlin—the present incumbent of the episcopal see—the various buildings were erected. In 1892, Rome raised the monastery to an abbey. Rev. Dom. Bernard was named the first abbot. He died during the political outbreak of 1900, and the Rev. Dom Maur Veychard is now superior of the community, which comprises seventy monks, of whom twenty-nine are choir-religious and forty-one lay brothers. Although

The Chinese Element

predominates among the brethren, the abbey is under the direction of the European monks, who are eight in number, six being from France, one from Holland, and one from Alsace. Seven of these are priests; the eighth and youngest is, as yet, only a sub-deacon.

"Among the Chinese monks, four are priests, two deacons, four have received minor orders, and five the tonsure. The other choir-religious are still novices. The

Site of the Abbey

is a narrow gorge between two mountains. This ravine was once the bed of a torrent, which has shrunk to a narrow stream. The monastery lands consist of barren and rocky hills, whereon grow a few stunted trees. We have, so far, been able to bring only a comparatively small portion of these lands under cultivation, and, notwithstanding all our toil and effort, they do not even produce a sufficient quantity of vegetables, such as potatoes, beans, etc., to supply the community.

"As for wheat and rice, the staple food, it is impossible to grow these grains, because of a lack of irrigating facilities and the prolonged heat of summer. In fact, this region is the poorest and most wretched of the Chinese Empire. Last year we had the care of

Forty Catechumens,

the greater number of whom were very poor, and we, therefore, had to frequently help to support them. Twenty-four

have been baptized; the preparation of the others must be continued for a while longer.

"We are ready and glad to contribute of our poverty as well as by instruction, toward the evangelization of the pagans, by whom we are surrounded, but our zeal and charities are hampered by a want of means. In order to obtain resources we began

The Manufacture of Cloth

upon looms that we bought. This work must be abandoned because of the disastrous competition of European, American, and, until recently, Japanese industries. We are now about to try to raise milch cows, in the hope of realizing a fair profit by the sale of butter. We have thirty cows, but the grass is scant upon our mountains and, during the eight long months of the rigorous winter, we have to feed our cattle on black beans, which we grind and mix with water and a small quantity of hay. Because of

Our Desperate Straits,

the Father Abbot has gone to France, hoping to collect at least sufficient funds to supply our most urgent necessities. Yet, we can expect little from that distracted country, because of the religious persecution through which the faithful there are passing. That is why we turn, also, to the United States, trusting to enlist the co-operation of generous friends of the missions, who may ever be sure of our gratitude and a share in whatever merits are acquired by our prayers and sacrifices."

THE REV. MARTIAL GIGOT.

APPEAL FOR A MISSION STEAMER

"For the last thirteen years I have been a missionary in the Gilbert Islands, Oceanica. Our mission is one of the poorest in the world. The soil produces nothing but cocoanut trees and pandanes. We receive a little assistance from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and from a few benefactors in France. Since the Separation Laws, however, we can not expect a continuance of this latter help. Nevertheless, the mission can not be abandoned. We ask your readers to remember it. We desire to purchase a small steamer, so necessary for us in these islands for the evangelization of the natives."

THE REV. J. LEBEAU, M.S.C.

The North Pole Parish

By the Rev. Joseph Bernard, S.J.

The Eskimos depicted in this sketch belong to the third and highest type of natives mentioned by Father Turquetil in his articles on the Frozen North. They are a white people and much superior to the other Eskimos. In disposition they are frankly gay and unconstrained. Their glance is bright, proud and independent.

Fifty, or possibly twenty years from now, when the American-Asiatic transcontinental railroad crosses Behring's Strait, express trains will, no doubt, stop at Nome, and the employes on the station platform, modernized Eskimos, perhaps, will cry out with all the strength of their lungs:

"Nome! Twenty Minutes for Refreshments!"

By that time, however, my bones will probably be at rest in the frozen soil of Alaska. At present, Nome is only a camp of the gold-seekers, lost upon the shore of Behring's Sea, and at this place we have a mission for the natives of the vicinity.

A few topographical details will help to determine the approximate position of our penates. Nome is just below the polar circle, near where Behring's Sea enters the Arctic Ocean. We are, I believe, the farthest Catholic mission from Rome. News from the Holy City seldom reaches us. This is a great privation; we may well feel that we are at the furthestmost bounds of the earth, and far beyond the pale of civilization.

The mission buildings, which are only of wood, be it understood, are situated upon the strand. Behind them extends a range of high, bald mountains. Not a tree, not so much as a bush is to be seen upon them. *This is Nature dead.*

Our vast apostolic field extends from the mouth of the Yukon River on the south, to Behring's Sea on the west, and the Arctic Ocean on the north. On the east there are no limits placed upon our zeal. After all it is something to have

The North Pole in Our Parish

What shall I say of the climate? There are only two seasons, the winter, which lasts eight months, and four

months of what is called summer. About November, the sea freezes over, like a pond in more temperate regions, and the ice remains upon our shores until the end of June.

In the summer the heat is not excessive. During this season steamers ply between this point and Seattle, Washington State, an eight days' voyage. The arrival of a steamer naturally causes a great stir and excitement in Nome. It is then that we receive our provisions, the majority of our visitors and our bills. The latter never fail to come regularly.

And the subsidies, you say? That is another matter. We obtain no aid from the American government, which is not so liberal, in this respect, as the British on the other side of the border. Therefore, it is hard for us to get along. Living and shelter are, however, on a very modest scale here. The menu varies from boiled fish to smoked fish, from dried fish to frozen fish, and then begins all over again.

There is still another way of preparing fish, although it is not very palatable. The receipt is simple and might make a good showing in a cookery book. Take a quantity of fresh fish, preferably salmon, put it in a deep trench that has been dug in the ground; cover it with moss previously soaked in oil; fill the trench with sand and earth. Let

the mass settle; let it simmer in its juice for six months or more. Then serve the fish when the thermometer is fifty or sixty degrees below zero and the intense cold has deprived the diners of all sense of smell.

There, indeed, is a dish worthy to set before a king—or so think the Eskimos.

In Alaska the thermometer sometimes goes down to seventy-five and

Eighty Degrees Below Zero

a frigidity that can scarce support life. At forty degrees below it is dangerous to touch any object made of metal. The effect is the same as a burning and extreme heat



A HEAVY BURDEN



INDIANS PACKING IN ALASKA

In winter we have the apparently interminable polar nights. About eleven o'clock in the morning, Phœbus lazily awakens, pokes the end of his nose out of his blanket or fur sleeping-bag, finds that the ice and snows absorb too much of his precious heat, no doubt, and precipitately thrusts his head beneath the coverlet once more. At half-past one or two o'clock in the afternoon the lamps must be lighted.

The soil of Alaska is frozen to a great depth. Even in summer, ice is found several feet below the surface of the ground. Below this crust of earth, gold is often found in greater or less quantities. Thus, we sleep upon "the base metal," which, unfortunately, however, adds nothing to our meagre resources. Last winter we were visited by

A Succession of Blizzards

For a month and a half we were favored by at least two of these raging snowstorms every week. In a blizzard, the velocity of the wind is from fifty to seventy-five miles an hour and is accompanied by eddies of blinding snow that stupify and confuse the traveler, and an intense cold that is like the breath of death.

While such a storm rages, even in the full light of the short day, it is impossible to see anything at a distance of more than three yards; everything is white; huts, paths, hills, all are engulfed in a great whirlpool of snow.

The blizzard constitutes one of the great perils of Alaska, for it usually lasts two or three days, and people

who happen to be traveling at such times are in imminent danger of perishing from exposure to the fury of the storm.

If they have good dogs, these much-enduring and sagacious animals will, probably, bring them safe through the blizzard. That is if the wind is not directly against the team. Otherwise, if you are overtaken by such a tempest, make a hollow in the snow, lie down in it, let the dogs lie beside you, and beg your guardian angel to watch over and protect you from being buried alive without hope of rescue.

Every year travelers perish in these blizzards and their bodies are found at the time of the breaking up of the ice. When a man finds himself far from home at the beginning of a storm like this he realizes his own nothingness and helplessness, alone in a frigid desert, enveloped in a whirlwind of snow which blinds him, penetrates his clothing and renders him stiff with cold.

Last winter I was caught in the end of a blizzard. On another occasion the Father Superior of the mission was abroad in one of these storms during all one night and a part of the next day. He struggled on, without knowing where he was, or whither his dogs were taking him. Happily they were strong, faithful and well knew their duty.

Let me tell you, dear readers of the CATHOLIC MISSIONS, something about our apostolate among the Eskimos. It was for the sake of the natives, above all else, that we came to live

Amid the Snows of Alaska

The mission of Nome is only four years old, and therefore is a very newly cultivated field of the Master of the harvest. We have a church here for the white people, namely the miners and prospectors for gold, and one for the Eskimos, the most interesting portion of our great parish.

In 1904, Father La Fortune, S.J., was sent from Canada to Nome to begin the evangelization of the Eskimos of the shores of Behring's Sea. It would take too long to enumerate the trials that he encountered and surmounted.

The greatest difficulty that presented itself was the language. This he learned word by word, without books of any kind, in talking with the natives. I can assure you it is a language by no means easy to acquire, and I have profited by the experience of Father La Fortune.

By degrees some of the natives became interested in religion, were instructed and baptized. Now we have about two hundred and fifty Eskimo Catholics, besides those who were received into the Church in their last hours.

Two Hundred and Fifty Neophytes

may seem to you a small number. It is true, compared to the missionary statistics of China, for instance, we have little to show for our work. In this fact lies a special difficulty of our American missions to the Indians, as well as among the Eskimos. On this continent there are no conversions by tribes, or legions of dying infants sent to paradise. Here souls must be gleaned one by one, slowly, with unfailing patience, without the legiti-

mate spiritual consolation experienced by the missionary whose record annually shows hundreds of baptisms.

The majority of our two hundred and fifty Eskimo Catholics are scattered all along the shores of Behring's Sea and the Arctic Ocean. Only a few live at Nome. Hence we have to travel from place to place in order to visit our people, to instruct and encourage them, afford them opportunities of frequenting the sacraments, to baptize their children, etc. Many of the Eskimos who live at a distance come to Nome during the summer in

Their Kayaks Or Canoes

made of sealskin. Then, indeed, we have all the work we can do. Catechumens are to be instructed, neophytes must be prepared for Confirmation, the sick must be visited, and all communication with our flock must be carried on in the Eskimo language as though it were our native tongue.

Every evening from seven to ten o'clock we have an instruction class for the catechumens. Father La Fortune, who has been our Superior for the last year, is strict with regard to admissions to baptism. The applicant for the reception of the Sacrament must know the catechism well, also the prayers, and must give proof of genuine good will.

In this vicinity, the faith of our poor Eskimos is menaced by the so-called Protestant missionaries who overrun the country. All, or nearly all, of them are miners or

Prospectors for Gold, and Fur Traders

They say everything that is bad of the Catholic religion, and our converts must be able to refute their calumnies. Father La Fortune's demand that the candidate for baptism shall meet all his requirements has borne excellent fruits.

Were it not for these Protestant attacks upon the belief of our Christians, and the degrading example of the whalers who winter here, the evangelization of this country would offer no real difficulty, for the Eskimos are naturally good, and the consequences of original sin do not seem to have taken a strong hold upon them. Perhaps this is due in part to the climate and their life of privation.

The two great obstacles to the evangelization of almost all pagan nations, immorality and superstition, hardly exist among these Eskimos. Even the pagan Eskimos believe in a personal devil, however, and they say of a man who, according to their judgment, does not amount to much, "the devil take him."

As regards morality, they scrupulously observe the natural law; with them marriage is a contract for life; they know nothing of a plurality of wives, nor of the exchange of wives so frequent among the American Indians. Moreover, the Eskimos are naturally religious, and very

Tractable and Pacific

All along the borders of Behring's Sea and the Arctic Ocean there is a magnificent harvest of souls to be gleaned. Unfortunately there are only two Catholic missionaries here, and we can only visit the Eskimo camps from time to time. These people are continually beg-

ging us to go and live among them in order that we may the better instruct them.

"Come, if only for two or three little months, Father," they plead.

Most unwillingly we are compelled by circumstances to refuse. We have not the means to found another mission. It is, indeed, hard to put them off, especially as we know what will happen some day. A Protestant minister will come and take up his abode among them under the title of official schoolmaster, and he will be sheltered, warmed and fed at the expense of the United States government.

He will spread abroad his calumnies and, gradually, will acquire an ascendancy over the poor Eskimos who will be forced to avail themselves of his services as intermediary in dealing with the fur traders.

He will attract their interest by his hymns and meetings in a cabin called a church, and our work of evangelization will be rendered far more difficult. If we could establish ourselves among them before his arrival the

Eskimos Would All Be Catholics

The history of the Alaska mission may be summed up in a single phrase, "We arrived too late," the Protestants were already in possession of the field, and that because we lack a sufficient number of missionaries. For I, being the last to come to this region, can well testify that the Fathers who were here before me were heroes of virtue and courage.



AN OLD ALASKAN SQUAW

May God inspire some of our fellow-priests to come to our aid. They will almost work miracles in our frozen North. Those especially who do not need a bed to rest upon, but can content themselves with a fur sleeping-bag. If they will come I promise them an arduous missionary life and a bounteous harvest of souls.

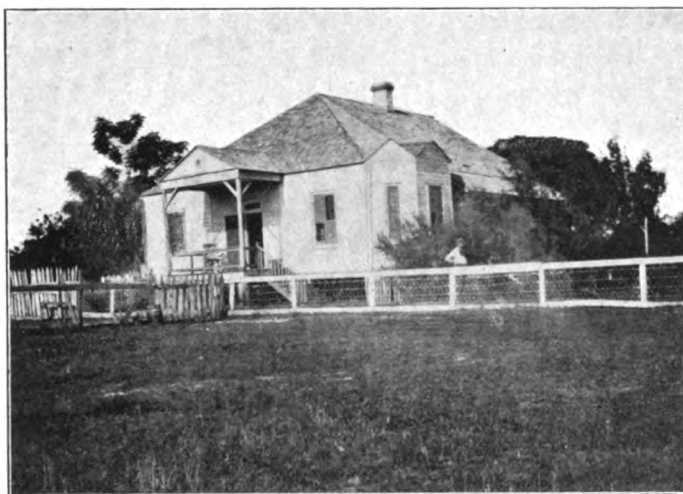
The Alaska mission is now again under the care of the Canadian province of the Society of Jesus. During the winter, that is, with us, eight months of the year, we are entirely cut off from correspondence with the rest of the world. For next season we are promised a better postal service. The dogs, splendid, noble animals that they are,

Will Do Wonders

it is said. At present we have seventeen dogs. Each one of them is worth at least fifty dollars. Our kennel represents considerable capital. Under a shed outside my room I have stored a large quantity of dried salmon for my canine charges. They live on fish and the flesh of the seal.

In conclusion I beg to recommend the Mission of Nome, its missionaries and its catechumens to the prayers of the friends who have followed this sketch to the close with interest and, I hope, with pleasure.

A Negro Mission of Louisiana



MISSIONARY'S HOUSE AT PALMETTO

The Immaculate Conception Mission for the Colored People at Palmetto, Louisiana, was founded in September, 1897, by the Rev. P. O. Lebeau, a Josephite Missionary who had prepared for this especial work among the negroes of the South, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, the headquarters of the Society.

Father Lebeau is by birth a southerner, and his father was a slave holder.

The field upon which the missionary entered in this section of Louisiana was a new one, and he had to begin at the beginning. For seven months he lodged with a colored family. Mass was said in an old building 25 by 30 feet in dimensions, which had formerly been used as a store. It was three years before he had the means to build a church on the land whereon to erect it. Then a colored man generously donated seven acres of ground for this purpose. The epidemic of yellow fever that broke out about this time retarded the growth of the mission; also the low price of cotton for three years. Cotton is the crop of this region and the people depend upon it to provide for their subsistence. The small return they received from their little plantations during

these years caused them much suffering. Of course, as they could do little or nothing for the mission, it suffered too.

In its territory now, however, there are three churches, one chapel and two stations. There is also a school in charge of colored Sisters from New Orleans, one hundred and fifty miles distant. Father Lebeau was veritably the pioneer missionary of the district; he was by turns woodman, carpenter, painter and gardener, as the work of the mission or his own support required, but he went at his toil with unflinching cheerfulness, and his people seeing him laboring with so much energy and good-will were encouraged to do what they could to help him.

Palmetto is in the heart of the country. Fresh meat is seldom to be had. There are no butchers; ice is not known in the neighborhood. It would have to be brought from New Orleans. Good Father Lebeau is perfectly contented and satisfied.

The people of the Immaculate Conception Mission are very devout Catholics, and faithfully attend the services of the Church. Many of them, even women, walk eight miles to Mass on Sundays. They are good and pure. There are no illegitimate children among the people of Palmetto Mission.

With the exception of one Jewish family, there are no white people in the vicinity. Palmetto might be in the heart of Africa.

The negroes speak French, or Creole French and English. The pastor is familiar with the Creole dialect, having learned it as a boy on his father's plantation.

During the first year the mission had seventeen baptisms; now it averages one hundred and ninety-five annually. There have been many converts to the Church.

Father Lebeau has now an assistant priest. The begging for the church was quite hard at first. Many times the missionaries in their rounds slept on the floor of a negro's cabin, and in the morning had to wash their faces in a bayou, as there was no water basin or bucket in the house.

The colored people, both Catholic and Protestant, are

always glad to welcome the missionaries. "We live as the people do in regard to our table," said Father Lebeau, in a recent letter. "Our household expenses amount to about three hundred and fifty dollars a year for two priests. We cannot afford more, because our people are poor and we depend upon them and upon stipends for all our expenses of house and church. Mother Katherine Drexel has been a very good friend to us in helping to build up the mission."

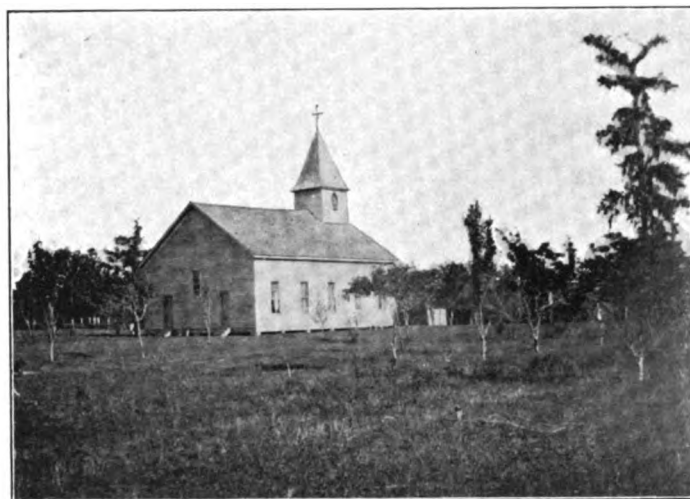
The Creole language is soft and melodious. Here are a few of the negro songs:

A LOVE SONG.

Si to te tit zozo
Et mo-mème mo té fizi
Mo sre tchoué toi-boum
Ah! tchére bizou
D'acayou
Mo l'aimin ou
Comme cochon laimein la bon.

CHILDREN'S SONG.

Pitis sans popa, pitis sans moman
Qui ca' ou' yant fé pou gaginein l'azane



CHURCH AT PALMETTO

No courri l'ant bard pou cerci patt c'at
No tournein bayou pou pecé patassa
Et V'la com ça no te fe no l'ayane

Mo couri dans bois fouille eatanie
No vend so racine pou foubi plucerce
Et v'la cour ça est.

May the readers of this brief sketch of a little Colored Settlement of Louisiana be interested in the Palmetto Mission.

FOR A HOME MISSION SCHOOL

"St. Mary's Mission, Okenagan County, Washington, has been established for a long time, yet, so far, it has been almost impossible to do anything here for the girls. We have a good school for boys, conducted by the Christian Brothers, but we have to beg for its support.

"Many times we have tried to get Sisters to come and start an institution for the neglected girls. There are not a sufficient number of Sisters in the United States for the immense work that is to be done throughout the country. This section is, however, filled with public schools. The catechists, who have been organized for many years in this mission, have attempted to

Do Something For the Girls

but an organized effort is greatly needed. If we had been able to provide a school, many girls of the vicinity would have been Catholics. Now, numbers of them have no religion, and have become intemperate or lead a bad life. Seldom do we see a girl here make a good marriage. Few of the Catholic girls know their catechism. Something should have been done for them long ago, and it is not my fault that it has not been done. I have represented the situation many times and asked help. Finally, the hour has come; I have full permission to found the new institution, but to go ahead with it I must have means to build and support the school. We have three lady catechists, and pray that others will be inspired by God to

Join in the Work

"St. Mary's is the only Catholic institution in all this region. The nearest toward the west, is 150 miles away; to the north,

200 miles; toward the east and south, 300 miles. To think that all the girls in this vast tract of country have never had the chance to have a Catholic school and a Catholic training! Is not this a shame? I will not seek to picture the consequences; any one can draw them. Who will

Help Us Now?

The salvation of all these children and young girls depends upon charity. If friends of the missions will furnish the means, the work will go on. If there is no adequate response to our appeal, we can not do anything."

REV. E. DE ROUGÉ, S.J.

A PROMOTER'S BEAUTIFUL LETTER FROM REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA

"I thank you for your kind acknowledgment of my small remittance for the missions, and the books that you sent me, especially the Annals.

"I wish I had made a beginning long ago to help those brave, courageous souls who are toiling amid untold privations to extend our holy faith. I am poor but feel rich when I read about them. I am sending to San Francisco for a mite box, and hope some of my good friends will have something to put into it.

"It were well for our Catholics to know what works the propagators of the Faith willingly undertake, and what privations they lovingly undergo, to turn the minds of the pagans from the darkness of Brahma's code to the light of Christ's Gospel."

REV. JUSTIN OOGHE, S.J.

Modern Japan

By the Rev. A. M. Roussel

The suppression of the Shoguns in 1867, and the reinstatement of the Mikado as the supreme actual, as well as the traditionary ruler of the empire, marked a new era in the history of Japan. To the Shintoists the Emperor was not only their feudal lord, but the god of the national religion, the Confucianists accepted him as their absolute sovereign, according to the spirit of Confucius. Under this double aspect the Emperor was, therefore, the Representative, the Son of Heaven, in whom was vested the supreme authority, according to the most radical principles of Cæsarism. In the province of religion

The Victorious Shintoists

strove not only to obtain a decree for the disestablishment of Buddhism which, though sleeping, still retained the nominal rank of the religion of the State, but also to suppress and annihilate this worship.

The decree for its suppression was, indeed, signed, but was almost immediately recalled. The government contented itself with the disestablishment and the complete separation of the two religions that had for centuries been united under the name of

Ryobu-Shinto. It also ousted the bonzes from the great Shinto temples, and proceeded to take these structures under the direct control and charge of the State. The temples were, moreover, "purified" of all Buddhist emblems. Christianity was still rigorously interdicted.

The Descendants of the Sixteenth Century Catholics were persecuted and exiled by thousands until the year 1873.

Then the religious ardor abated. Both Shintoism and Confucianism appealed to modern methods to disseminate their tenets, and availed themselves of academic teaching and the press with an ardor and perseverance that were crowned by success.

The Constitution of Japan, promulgated in 1889, officially granted freedom of worship to all the Mikado's subjects. Nevertheless, stringent measures were taken, in order that few Japanese might be inclined to reap any advantage from this liberty. If it pleased the Emperor to graciously accord, by this Constitution, certain rights

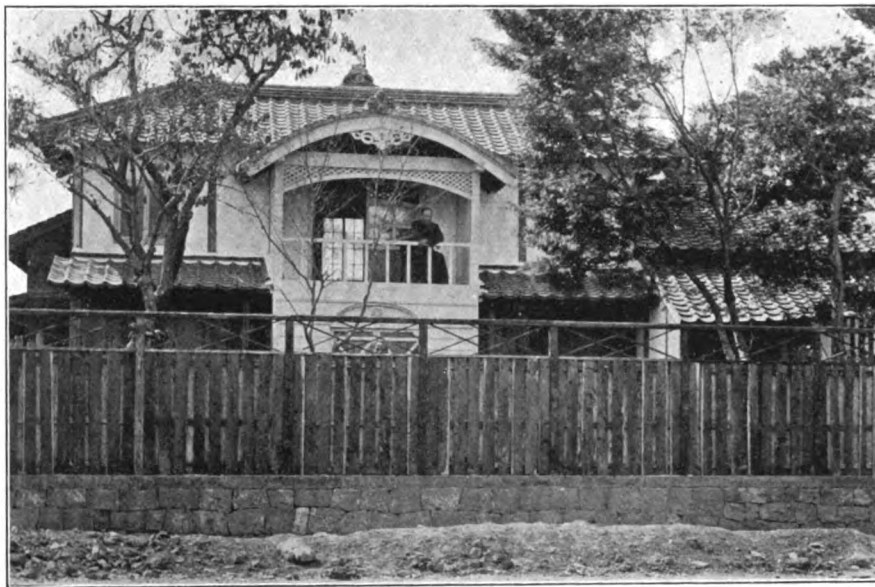
and privileges to his people, it belonged to him to, paternally, guide these same subjects in the observation of the moral law. The following year (1890), therefore, saw the publication of the celebrated

Imperial Rescript on Moral Education

inspired, perhaps, by the example of the Chinese Emperor Kang-hi who, two centuries earlier, had issued his Holy Edict. This Rescript contains, in a brief form, the quintessence of the principles of Shintoism and Confucianism combined, and may be termed the Gospel of Modern Japan. It summarizes, and adapts to the ideas of the times what is called the *Bushido*.

Certain Europeans, dazzled by the seeming beauty of these formulas, are unstinting in their praise of what ap-

pear to them excellent rules of social and moral conduct, and even do not hesitate to place them above the Decalogue. If these individuals did not ignore Christianity, however, they would notice that the Rescript only enumerates the obligations defined in our Fourth Commandment, and that here, by leaving out the earlier and later commandments,



A MISSION IN JAPAN

the Decalogue is decapitated and abridged, God's place being usurped by the Emperor and his so-called divine ancestors.

Also, if such writers were better versed in the history of Japan, they would understand the spirit hidden under the letter of these fine formulas and the social condition to which they correspond. This we have seen in our study of the five relations of Confucius.

For Forty Years

Western influence has certainly ameliorated the laws and modified the customs of Japan. But it is hardly possible that the European and American idea of "the family," with the individual rights and duties of its members, will, in Japan, ever replace the idea of the ancestral "house."

To be convinced of this one need only witness the sad fate of certain European and American women who have married into Japanese families (houses) of the middle class. Fortunately, such marriages are rare.

It is hardly probable, either, that the European or

American idea of the State will ever be evolved from the Japanese conception of civil authority, based upon the paramount dignity and so-called divine power of the Emperor. How, then, can the Imperial Rescript be superior to the Decalogue and to the Gospel of Christianity?

Eighteen months after the publication of this Rescript, in 1892, at the very time when

The New Civil Code

founded upon the model of occidental laws, was about to be put into effect, the Confucianists obtained from the Japanese Parliament the postponement of the operation of these laws, and the revision of the Code to a more Japanese construction and application of it.

Then were heard in the court, during a very instructive debate, objections founded upon Confucian principles, which regard morality and legality as identical. They also confound the natural or personal rights of individuals, rights of ownership, etc., with political rights, in making the former, as well as the latter, dependent upon the pleasure of the sovereign.

In fact, they are altogether opposed to the principles of Western civilization with regard to the constitution of the family. The Government granted the revision by a vote of the Chambers.

It would take many pages to describe and explain the fluctuations of Japanese thought on these subjects during the last forty years, to tell in detail how men of intelligence and learning have said, over and over again, that they could not be at the same time Christians and subjects of Japan, and how many of the Japanese are still of this opinion. The so-called.

Divine Right of the Emperor

is the center around which everything else in the country and in the lives of the people revolves, and, in the estimation of many Japanese, it is an insult to place above the Mikado a God who, they say, exists only in the imagination of certain Europeans and Americans.

The admiration and commendation accorded to this entirely human and materialistic system of morals, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, after the military successes of Japan, which they attribute to the influence of this morality, have had their effect in that country.

On April 28, 1907, the ancient Temple of Confucius, at Tokio, which, after the Restoration of the Emperor, was

almost eclipsed by the shadow of a modern Educational Museum, saw

The Revival of Many Ceremonies

that had been in disuse for half a century. To this temple the three acting Ministers of State, a number of ex-ministers, and many so-called representatives of the intelligence of Japan, came to gravely render religious homage to the Chinese sage of more than a thousand years ago.

The president of the committee that organized the festival was the Director of the Higher Normal School of Tokio. This fact shows the spirit that rules the schools. The orators vied with one another in praising Confucius, whose extraordinary personality they claimed "surpassed both the greatness of Buddha and of Christ. . . . Religious education being more and more dis-

favored by modern nations, and moral education being substituted for it, the teaching of Confucius, which has to do only with morals, coincides with the spirit of the times."

So, among others, spoke Mr. Inoue, ex-dean of the Faculty of Letters at the Imperial University of Tokio, the most celebrated professor of philosophy in the empire. It is evident, then, that far from being dead, in new Japan.

Confucianism is

firmly rooted and under high patronage. If Shintoist and extreme nationalistic ideas may be said to be the foundations of modern Japan, and the source of its intense patriotism, the principles of Confucius form the cornerstone of the edifice. They forbid the entrance of any doctrine of the supernatural, and consequently of the religion of Western civilization.

The mass of the people have not yet abandoned their traditional superstitions, the pilgrimages and visits to the temples, the worship of ancestors, etc., but they follow these observances chiefly from unreasoning habit. The schools and the press, in diffusing the radical positivism of Confucius, tend to banish these ancient customs. For the rest, among the educated classes,

Neo-Buddhism

attracts the more emotional souls enamored of mysticism, who are dissatisfied with the dryness and aridity of Confucianism. The vague pantheism of this Neo-Buddhism, that accommodates itself to all doctrines, sees no differences in religions that it can not attempt to harmonize, and is disposed to seek to absorb even Christianity itself,



AN AFTERNOON'S DIVERSION

Such are the two attitudes, or positions, of contemporary Japanese thought with regard to religion and morality. We must add, however, that a great number, in fact, perhaps, the majority of the people of the higher and middle classes engrossed by the affairs of everyday life and the events of the times in Japan, take little interest in these questions, and thrust them aside. Their chief aim is to avail themselves of the material advantages offered by the introduction of Western civilization.

I will venture no prediction of the social and moral future that the

Founders of the New Japan

have, in following these principles, prepared for their country. Japanese mentality with regard to religion differs so completely from ours that it would be difficult to prophesy the outcome. I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts I have set forth.

In the Philippines

By the Rev. J. F. Verbrugge, E.F.M.

Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers in the Philippines

I beg to thank the American friends of the Philippine Missions for the interest they take in our work out here. Through the help sent to us from the United States, by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, I now have sixteen priests for my mission and we shall be able to greatly extend our work. Of the

months ago the good Father gave First Communion to four hundred and seventy-five children. So large a throng of First Communicants, on the same day, had never before been known in the Philippines. From Maasin I went to San Miguel, some two hours distant from Jaro. Here, again, I found

Seven Mill Hill Missionaries

who came out here with me two years ago, poor Father Smale, a young Hollander, died after about four months of active work. He had a very large district, with many sick calls at two, three and four hours' distance.

Moreover, these journeys had to be made under a tropical sun, over bad roads and through many streams. The work proved too much for him. He died, I may almost say, in harness; four days after being taken ill he was no more. God took him to an early reward. The six other members of this band are laboring arduously in their districts and reaping a good harvest. Two administer a parish in the Province of Iloilo,

A Flourishing Mission

This parish had been abandoned since the revolution. It was too small to be noticed, having only seven thousand inhabitants, while much larger places were without pastors. There is a fine little church here, and a fairly good convent.

Protestantism has been at work in San Miguel, and it apparently gained ground while there was no priest. As soon as the Catholic Missionary came and set to work, however, one family after another returned to the Church. Now, thank God, the Protestant meeting-house, opened to entice away the Catholic natives, is closed, and its teachers are forgotten.

Maasin and San Miguel

and the people have taken to them wonderfully. I have just finished a visitation tour of our several stations and have come back full of hope.

Maasin station was started in June, 1906. The place is a poor settlement near the mountains. Before we came two priests had, at different times, endeavored to do something for the people, but they were forced to abandon the attempt because they could not obtain a living here.

Bishop Rooker wanted to give it another trial. Thanks be to God, we have been able to get along. The work is very hard, but now it is no extraordinary occurrence to have four, five, and six hundred communions on a single Sunday. In fact, the Father in charge told me that for nearly a year he has had from twelve to fifteen hundred confessions a month, and during Lent he expected three thousand. His

These Isolated Missions

give us an immense amount of work. Besides the central station, there are always from five to fifteen villages to be visited, and these are usually two or three hours distant. Sick calls are very hard. In the dry season some roads are fairly good, and one can travel on horseback, but when the rains come, frequently not even horses can pass.

These sick calls are of daily occurrence. At some seasons the Father must wade through mud and rivers, at others he rides under the intense heat of the sun. I feel more and more convinced that I shall have to assign two priests to every station unless I want to kill them straight off. Confessions, also, are very hard here. There are from thirty to forty a day here at San Miguel. There is, too, a well-attended catechism school. The good Father has work for every moment of the day and far into the evening.

Catechism School

is also very consoling work. I found from three to four hundred children daily present at the classes, and a few

I Also Visited Antique

This province was given to us by the lamented Bishop Rooker to be our especial field of labor. The Aglipayans

had taken firm root here and seized nearly all the churches and convents. Now, however, the High Court of Manila has pronounced sentence, and all this property must be restored to the Catholics.

I am, at present, on the point of setting out for the province, in order to take legal possession of all church property there. Alas, it has suffered much; churches, priests' residences and convents have been entirely neglected for ten or twelve years; not a cent has been spent on them for repairs. Some are falling down; others are in so dilapidated a condition that we shall have to pull them down, use whatever portion of the material remains strong and sound and, with the little help we can get here and there, build them up again on a smaller scale until better times come and we can have more substantial churches. Last year I opened



MR. W. H. TAFT AND FILIPINOS

Four Stations

in Antique Province—Cassay, Dao, Antique, and Patnongan. The first two have both church and monastery, or priest's house, but both have been occupied by the Aglipayans.

Our Fathers have been living in a native cabin. Some good people gave up a part of their house in order to have a priest again among them.

Naturally, there was little comfort for the missionaries. At best the cabins are small, and living in a single room, separated by a matting partition from the family of noisy children in the next room, is not conducive to work by day or well-earned rest in the evening. Now, however,

The Aglipayan Question

is finished and the *Pari-paris* or Aglipayan priests have been told to leave the place, which refuses to support them any longer. Next week we shall take possession of the church and parochial residence.

The Cassay station includes the Cagayancillo Islands. With a favorable wind the voyage thither may be accomplished in twelve hours in a native sailboat. Under less favorable conditions it often takes two or three days to reach the islands. The people there are dreadfully poor, and live chiefly on fish and rice. Scarcely anything else in the way of food can be found in that locality. Some three or four years ago

An Aglipayan Priest

went over there and represented himself as a Catholic. He performed the marriage ceremony when requested, and baptized the children born on the islands, and the people were glad to have a pastor once more. Before long, however, the Anglipayan's conduct began to excite suspicion. When the people found him out they simply took him down to the beach and sent him off in a boat, bidding him never to return.

The Mill Hill Father who is stationed at Cassay, recently spent four months among the islands, and was loath to leave his flock there when the time came for him to go back to his central station, the natives of the Cagayancillo are such a good, kind, simple people, and so well disposed.

The Town of Antique

although never in the hands of the Aglipayans, was, for several years, without a pastor. Here we have a church and monastery, but both are in a wretched condition. As in nearly all other parts of the Philippines, the people are very, very poor, and we can not expect help from them. The missionary here, as also in Dao, has some twenty villages to visit, and should not be left without the help of a colleague. I must either send a second priest or divide the district. If I had only the means and the men what an immense amount of good work could be done! Alas, I have few missionaries and absolutely no money. I visited

Patnongan, Too

Until last year this was a stronghold of Aglipayanism, into which it was difficult for the missionary to penetrate. Had he been a coward the stones literally cast at him in the streets would have frightened him away. He had the courage to hold out, however, and during my visit I saw changes in this town that I hardly dared to expect.

On Sunday, February 9th, the Association of the Sacred Heart was installed here. All day Saturday three Fathers were hearing confessions, and Sunday morning I distributed Holy Communion to nearly five hundred people. To each of these I afterwards gave a badge of the Sacred Heart. Before Mass there was a beautiful procession, at which almost all the inhabitants of Patnongan assisted. At the same time Mass was being said in the Aglipayan chapel, and not more than ten or twelve people were present.

The Local Presidente

and the Justice of the Peace have done all they could to tire the Father out and drive him away. Time after time has he been fined \$25 upon some trumped-up charge; and when he asked for bail they demanded \$1,000. Thanks to the fairness of the American Government, however, the amount of the fines exacted had to be returned, and these officials of Patnongan received a good lesson.

After my visit to this place I went all over the province, looking up every town and village, for I expected the

decision of the High Court, and I have six men ready to open new stations.

Of the nine missionaries who were enabled to come out in January, by means of the aid received from the United States, through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, one is now assistant at Maasin; another is parish priest at Arevalo, our central house. The above-mentioned six are ready to start new mission posts, and one, alas,

Father Ebus

has just died in the Manila hospital. He came here in good health, full of life and courage, but within a month was taken down with pneumonia or quick consumption, and after an illness of three weeks was called to his reward. Only twenty-six years old, he was a man of much promise. The death of Father Ebus is a great loss to our small band of missionaries.

In this tour through the province of Antique, I had to make the whole journey on foot, as horses were quarantined. Daily I trudged along for four, six, and sometimes eight hours under a broiling sun. Often, too, I traveled during a part of the night. Yet this hard work has not killed me; indeed, it does not seem to even seriously affect my health. Now that the church question is settled, I have decided to occupy

Sibalom

without delay. This town is the headquarters of Aglipayanism in the province, and the residence of the Aglipayan bishop, a renegade native priest.

Barbaza, Culasi, Sebaste, San José, which the Spanish Fathers are leaving, and Valderama—nearly every place in the province, in fact, is full of Aglipayans. We have no fear for the future, but this state of affairs makes the beginning of our work here particularly hard.

The missionary can not find his living. He must first win the people back to the Church; even then, for a long time they must be treated gently, and little can be asked of them. They have been bled by the Aglipayans.

The Churches

are greatly in need of repairs, and the houses for the priests are hardly habitable. Moreover, they have not a stick of furniture nor a kitchen utensil; not a chair or a table, a dish or a saucepan.

We spent the little money we had on our first six stations, and were it not

that a few of us had some private means we could never have accomplished what we have done.

Now we are at the end of our personal resources, the diocese has no funds, and we must rely upon providential help and a little assistance from our friends. I have had to borrow funds in order to carry on our work. I have to purchase an outfit for every new station, and though I buy scarcely what is absolutely necessary, the expense for each station amounts to three or four hundred pesos or dollars. Moreover,

Each Missionary

must be provided with a horse, otherwise it would be impossible for him to pursue his work. I must also make sure that he has some kind of a roof over his head.

For a year or more, until we have won the people back from Aglipayanism, our missionaries can not obtain their living here.

There is so much to be done among the people that I ought to have at least thirteen priests for this province. Even then, it would be poorly provided.

Towns numbering twelve, fifteen, and twenty thousand inhabitants would have only one priest. I have already asked Father Henry, the Superior-General of our St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society (Mill Hill) for another band of eight or ten missionaries, and have begged him to send them as soon as possible. In this request, humanly speaking, I am, perhaps, not prudent, since the missionaries we have find it so hard to get along. Yet, what else can I do when I know that

Thousands of the Natives

here die without the Sacraments because there are no priests to minister to them, and others are lost in ignorance and error. Friends in America could help the cause for which we are working by sending us Mass stipends. It would be so sad if we should have to restrict our sphere of work for want of our daily bread.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES

"I am very grateful to you for the remittance you sent me. It will be a great help to our poor priests and an encouragement to them to know that the Catholics of the United States sympathize with them in their poverty. I wish every blessing upon your work for the missions."

RT: REV. THOMAS A. HENDRICK,
Bishop of Cebu, P. I.

CORRECT WITH REGARD TO CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

"We are engaged in the Philippines in a great missionary work that does our nation honor and is certain to promote, in a most effective way, the influence of Christian civilization. It is (would be) cowardly to lay down the burden until our purpose is achieved."

WILLIAM H. TAFT.



A LADY OF THE PHILIPPINES

"Even making due allowance for the difference of conditions, it seems true to say that the Protestants show more readiness and prove more generous in helping their foreign missions than do our people."

Blacks and Whites in Zanzibar

By the Rev. Joseph Cayzac, C.S.Sp.

The Europeans in Africa maintain a haughty bearing toward the natives and regard themselves as so immeasurably superior to the blacks in all things, as to constitute almost a different order of beings. The blacks, though outwardly submissive and respectful to the new lords of the land, often secretly mock at and regard their pretensions with derision. Never did pupil watch his teacher more closely and successfully than the

Natives Watch the Foreigners

who have taken possession of their country. Nothing escapes them, and especially do they note every defect or weakness, moral or physical, betrayed by the strangers.

The ordinary white settler usually takes little or no interest in the blacks; but the missionary braves the smoke and uncleanness of their cabins in order to make their acquaintance. When the native comes to the white man, he regards the latter as his master. To become his friend, the white man must

Go to the Negro's Hut

Beside his wretched fireside one learns to know him and becomes familiar with his language. There, also, one begins to think better of him, to see that he has more intelligence than might at first be supposed. Would that I could adequately describe the vivacity and picturesqueness of detail wherewith, on a certain evening, a native related the following incident for my benefit:

"One day a white man, hunting in the plain, said to Ali, the chief of his native attendants:

"You know, I do not care to shoot the smaller animals. Your chiefs may find good sport in pursuing them, but I am a son (subject) of the British Queen. I shall hunt only lions, or perhaps, the rhinoceros, as it, also, is

Big Game"

Having thus announced his ambition, the Queen's son proceeded to seek refreshment from the flask of ardent spirits that he never failed to carry.

Not long afterwards, Ali caught sight of a fine rhinoceros grazing beside a stream. In all haste he ran to his master with the news. The white man took his rifle and, led by his guide, came quite close to the animal without being perceived by the great beast.

"So that is the rhinoceros of your country! Why, in England the cows are twice as large!" he said to Ali. "Go bring my tent and chair, I will stay here a while and make friends with this native."

When the small, easily movable tent and chair were brought, the white man seated himself and proceeded to attract the attention of

The Rhinoceros

"Good morning, comrade," he cried, "How do you do? Won't you have a drink?"

Therewith he rose from his camp chair and held out

his flask, which flashed in the sunlight before the eyes of the animal.

The rhinoceros, now for the first time, noticed the man. Lowering his head he charged upon the obstruction in his path. The hunter, instead of seizing his gun, seated himself anew, saying that with his fists alone he could subdue so small a rhinoceros. Thus, in the attitude of a boxer, he awaited the attack of his infuriated antagonist.



ONE WHO BELIEVES IN THE OGRE

Alack for his British pride! A moment later the Queen's son (subject) received so formidable a blow from the rhinoceros' great horn that he was

Hurled High in the Air

Ali, leaving the man's other servants to care for him, fled in all haste to the nearest settlement of the Europeans for a surgeon. He was so fortunate as to find one, who hurried with him to the scene of the disaster. The surgeon, to his surprise, discovered his patient lying on the grass

Smoking a Cigarette

"Ah, doctor," cried the hunter, hospitably, "help yourself from my flask; then, I think, you will have to cut off my arm, it is so horribly mangled."

Later, the sturdy Britisher related his adventure and told of the accident that had befallen him, in the newspapers, though in somewhat different terms.

"*Nakuambia inzungu mlevi kweli!* Truly the white men are always our masters, even when they are not quite sober," said my native friend, in concluding his narrative. Here is

Another Story

About nine o'clock, one evening, a white officer, who had been imbibing freely, heard an appalling roar in the distance. A native soldier was on guard before his tent. Calling out to the man, the officer inquired:

"What kind of a creature sings so loud? I must get a view of this wonderful bird of the jungle."

The guard, who recognized the roar of the lion, nevertheless pretended ignorance, and proposed to summon the corporal, who was also a native.

The corporal, upon being warned that the white chief intended to set out immediately in pursuit of the disturber of his slumber, had recourse to strategy. "Oh, yes," he declared, "that is a bird, to be sure, a bird of the night. You can find it without trouble, to-morrow, my lord."

"But if it is a night bird how can I see it in the daytime?" protested the officer angrily. No, hand me my rifle, I must go at once. Take two men and come with me. I will kill this marvellous bird and send it stuffed, to be preserved in the British Museum."

Forced to obey, the corporal saluted, retired and presently returned with the two men, ready for escort duty and a long tramp.

With Little Delay

the party set out in the direction whence the weird cry proceeded. The officer, though somewhat unsteady on



A GENTLEMAN OF ZANZIBAR

his feet, valiantly kept the lead, until, after some time, he reached the lion's lair, revolver in hand.

Verily, here was such a bird as he had never before seen. With a savage bound the king of the jungle leaped upon the hunter, and at the same moment the latter fired. The lion relaxed his deadly grasp of the white man and attacked the corporal, from whose rifle the shot seemed, to the enraged beast, to have come. In a few moments

The Unfortunate Corporal

was torn to pieces. The other natives fled. The officer, in his terror, became confused, took the wrong road, and after wandering about all night, arrived toward morning at a settlement far from the post at which he was stationed.

Such is the character of some of the anecdotes told around the hearth-fires of the natives of Zanzibar. During these evenings, each individual of the group describes something he has seen, or repeats a story or incident that has been told to him. Thus, it occasionally happens that the listener obtains news of some important occurrence, or is informed of

An Extraordinary Tradition

Here are several examples that purport, respectively, to explain the cause of the invasion of the country by the white men, the African manner of trading for pearls, and the destiny of the natives who become Christians.

"Mokonaroko is a terrible giant who lives beneath the current of a river so wide that from one bank it is impossible to see the opposite shore. The waters of this river are bitter as salt.

The Ogre

has two pairs of eyes, one pair being at the back of his head. He is white, and the white man's country is at the farther shore of his river. Pearls of many hues, such as are known nowhere else, are to be found in the depths of this mighty stream. They are the exclusive property of Mokonaroko, but he is willing to exchange them for ivory, which he needs. This transaction is accomplished in the following manner: The blacks and the Arabs who come

To Zanzibar to Buy Ivory

having purchased it, set out on their return journey. Upon reaching Mokonaroko's river, they unload the ivory on the strand, and in order to inform the giant that it is there, make a loud noise by striking two of the elephants' tusks together.

Then, running off, they hurriedly hide themselves, for many evils would afflict the country if the giant should be seen by any human being. Having given them time to disappear,

Mokonaroko Emerges

from the flood, casts a sack filled with pearls upon the bank, and carries away the ivory to his mysterious abode. While he is above the water he keeps a sharp

lookout with his two pair of eyes, to make sure that no one is watching him.

One day, a white man could not resist the temptation to spy upon the giant. For this purpose he concealed himself among some bushes close to the river and observed all that went on. Just as Mokonaroko was on the point of plunging again into the depths of the current, however, the luckless European rushed out of his hiding-place, forgetting the eyes in the back of the giant's head. These Argus eyes instantly perceive him, and the man's rash act brought a speedy punishment upon himself, and misfortune to his compatriots. Mokonaroko collected all

The White Ants

of the whole world and precipitated their swarms upon the white man's country. These formidable pests at once invaded the houses and destroyed them in a few hours.

"But,"—the European listener to the tale may interpose,—“in the white man's country the houses are not built of straw; they are chiefly of stone and brick, and the supports are often of iron!”

“That makes no difference,” the native story-teller is sure to reply, “no building material can resist the rapacity of the white ants or the power of Mokonaroko.” Several attempts were made to rebuild the villages, but when the work was finished the ants speedily destroyed the new dwellings.

The White Men

were therefore forced to leave their country. That is how they happened to emigrate in such numbers to Zanzibar. Having driven them into exile, Mokonaroko, now, after the lapse of several years, has relented. On condition that each missionary will supply him with a certain number of Kikouyou natives for his food, he will permit the foreigners to return to their own land and rebuild their villages without fear of harassment from their former foes, the white ants.”

That these tales are credited and told with absolute seriousness, not as stories to provoke laughter or amuse children, is proved by this accusation brought against myself. A young Christian, who lives at the distance of a two days' journey from the mission, came to request me to bless his marriage, which was soon to take place. In the course of our conversation he told me

An Incident

that had happened a few days before. His mother had called to him in the middle of the night, crying:

“Mouegai, Mouegai, wake up! I have had a terrible dream. The missionary was talking to me. I told him it was said he wanted many of our people to take to Mokonaroko. He answered that he needed to baptize fifty more natives, then he would take all his Christians away, to be served up as a feast for the ogre. Do not go near the missionary. He will give you over to become food for the powerful and terrible giant.”



THE STORY-TELLER AND HIS FAMILY

The good fellow told me all of this, as a jest, for he no longer believed in Mokonaroko.

“Very well,” I said, “since, in spite of my kindness to your mother, she believes me capable of giving you over to be eaten by the ogre, tell her I refuse to send her the package of tobacco she told you to ask me for, as usual.”

Of the superstitions, numerous as the sands of the sea, that are believed in this country, one of the most curious and potent, is indicated by the words: *Koringa Senge*, “strike the goat!”

The goat is to be found everywhere throughout Zanzibar, and much abuse is heaped upon the poor little animal, the sole aim of whose existence is to be let alone. In the present instance its name only is employed. The real object is

A Human Skull

which is thrown at the feet of an enemy, while misfortune is called down upon him from the abode of the spirits by the terrible malediction:

“Strike the goat, strike the scapegoat!”

The sight of a human skull inspires these people with supreme terror. Except when they wish to “strike the goat,” they will not touch a skull.

Perhaps, for instance, a man finds that a thief has been at his patch of sugar cane. He puts a skull upon

the end of a pole and sets it up in the middle of his field. For anyone else to enter the field is suicide; the speedy death of the intruder is certain.

Or An Enemy

may, in this way, be prevented from crossing a river. It is only necessary to set up a skull beside the ford and the passage is as well-guarded as though protected by a battery of artillery. Sometimes the natives, closing a path by means of the ghastly warning of a skull, leave only one road open, and thus catch their enemies in a snare.

The human skull is more potent still when employed to satisfy a grudge, wreak vengeance, or compel the payment of a debt. A man approaches a former comrade, casts a skull at the feet of his unsuspecting victim and cries:

"Give me back my cow, or your head will soon become like this skull."

The cow is given up immediately, even though he who demands it has no right to claim the animal. The native's terror of the malediction that accompanies this custom is so great that he will do almost anything, and

Make Any Concessions

to prevent his enemy from "striking or playing the goat" against him. It must be admitted, however, that the people seldom go so far as to have recourse to this awful expedient. They are too much afraid of it, and except in rare instances, employ it only when they are greatly exasperated or absolutely desperate. The amazement of even the blacks themselves may, then, be imagined when the circumstances I am about to relate became known.

Two Children

a girl of eight and her brother, six years of age, lost their mother by death. The father married again, and the step-

mother proved cruel. The poor little ones were given only scraps of food and never enough to satisfy their hunger. At night they shivered on their mats, for the climate of Zanzibar is inclement during the winter. The little Kikouyous are naturally alert and inquisitive, and unfortunately their elders speak in their presence without reserve.

These two children had suffered much. At last an idea occurred to them. One evening their father and his new wife were seated in the cabin. The father was taking his supper of steaming hot corn and beans; the step-mother was blowing the fire to make it burn brighter. Suddenly the little girl rushed into the hut, and throwing a skull at the woman's feet, cried:

"For the future we shall eat of the best there is, and we shall have as much as we want, or else your head will soon become like this skull." Scarce had she uttered

The Ominous Words

when the boy followed, and casting a second skull before the step-mother, added:

"My father shall sleep with me to keep me warm, and you shall sleep with my sister, or else your head will soon become like this skull."

When I heard the story, I said that if two white children dared to defy father or step-mother in that manner, they would be well thrashed and sent to bed supperless. Here the act was regarded as the most appalling ever conceived by a young mind.

"It was not natural, the little ones were but the instruments of malevolent evil spirits," the people said.

The children are now well fed and care is taken that they no longer suffer from the cold during the chill winter nights.

The incident shows that youthful independence, the spirit of the age, exists in every country, even amid the wilds of Africa.

NEGRO MISSIONS IN GEORGIA.

I thank you very much for your check and am glad to tell you that we have made quite a little progress since you last heard from me. For three months we worked here among the thirty thousand Baptist negroes of Augusta, and the only result we could see was a smirk on their faces when we met them on the streets.

On Easter Sunday

we had at the first Mass only one negro (a man) present. This man became a missionary, however, and the following Sunday he introduced us to his wife and offered his two children for baptism. The next Sunday the woman came to the late Mass bringing twelve boys. She had prevailed upon the parents of these boys to permit them to attend our Church services and Sunday School.

Since Then

she has come to Church regularly. All this is very encouraging. By the fourth Sunday after Easter we had twenty-five negroes attending our services. I have recently started a new mission in the cotton fields of south-west Georgia.

REV. IGNATIUS LISSNER.

FOR THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTH.

A missionary who is doing a great deal for the negroes of the South, writes us:

"I don't know how to thank you for your continuous donations. I am simply going ahead, planning and working to increase the facilities of this mission to gain souls. The harder I work the more donations increase. It is only impressing upon us the lesson that God is not outdone in charity."

REV. S. J. KELLY, Scranton, Mississippi.

At Beagle Bay, Australia

By the Very Rev. George Walker, P.S.M.

The Beagle Bay Mission, formerly in charge of the Trappists, but now under the care of the Missionary Society known as the Pallotins, is situated a little south of 15° south latitude, and between 120 and 125° east longitude, reckoned from the meridian of Paris. It is in the political division of Kimberly, and the vicarate apostolic of the same name, the vicar being the bishop of Geraldton.

Strangers who do not know the aborigines of Australia are apt to form an erroneous opinion of them. On the other side, the missionaries who make friends with and show an interest in them, discover many excellent qualities in these barbarous people. Any one who will take the trouble to study them will soon learn that

Fewer Crimes are Committed

by the natives than among the white population of Australia. Far from being vicious, the former, at least those with whom I have come in contact, are peaceable, kindly, generous and honest.

Sometimes we have had a considerable quantity of provisions stored for our future needs at a distance from the mission station. The blacks knew that at these points were to be found rice, flour, tobacco, etc., yet never were any of these goods stolen. It was a knowledge of the

Admirable Dispositions

of these people that led the Rt. Rev. Matthew Gibney, D.D., Bishop of Perth, West Australia, to found the Beagle Bay Mission.

Animated by apostolic zeal, he undertook a voyage to the north of his see, and carried out his plan despite many obstacles and difficulties.

The bishop visited many parts of the country where the white men were almost unknown and the inhabitants were reputed to be barbarous and cruel. Into that region he sent a community of

Trappist Monks

to begin the work of cultivating the soil and teaching the natives, by example, something of the tilling of the ground and the discipline of civilization.

When these earnest religious pioneers were recalled he saved their work from being entirely swept away.

From the time of our arrival here Bishop Gibney has never ceased to aid us by his advice, financial assistance, and powerful influence with the government. It is owing to his interest and help that

Beagle Bay Mission

has, so far, made most encouraging progress. We have not, however, by any means completely attained the end for which the mission was established. The adult natives can not be civilized suddenly or in a short space of time. They must be gradually induced to adopt Christianity and the customs of civilization. Nevertheless, we have reason to hope that after a while many of them will become good and faithful Christians and Catholics.

At Beagle Bay we already have one hundred and eighty baptized neophytes, sixty at Disaster Bay, and more than a hundred at Broome. These people lead a more or less

Nomadic Life

but there are always about a hundred of them in the vicinity of the mission. All of them approach the Sacraments three or four times a year.

The Australian native, once converted, often leads a purer and better life amid his savage surroundings than the white man with the advantages of civilization.

Some of our neophytes help us to till the ground and care for the crops. On occasion we have employed as many as fifty at a time.

Our School

forms the basis of our anticipations for the future. We already have thirty pupils. The greater number of these children are quick-witted and intelligent. They learn to speak English readily, to write neatly, and obtain an idea of the rudiments of arithmetic.

They have a natural taste for singing, and some possess sweet voices. In fact, I may truly say without boastfulness, that our classes rank as well as any primary school in the colony.

When the new school law goes into effect we expect to obtain other half-breed and native pupils. In this way the influence of the mission will be extended.

We have arranged that the Sisters of St. Joseph, from Fremantle, shall take charge of a school for girls here. The co-operation of these good sisters will be of great assistance to us in the training of the rising generation of the aborigines. We wish to give

The Boys

a good mechanical education, and have, therefore, brought out to this country brothers who have a practical knowledge of the various trades—carpenters, blacksmiths,



NATIVE HUT AT BEAGLE BAY



TEACHING THE CATECHISM

bakers, tailors, etc. The pupils show much aptitude and interest in learning these trades.

At the Mission

we have, at present, three priests and ten lay brothers who teach their trades as well as work at them. Our house is large enough to accommodate fifteen religious. It includes a chapel, four dormitories, a large refectory, and the work-shops of the various trades. We have also a large tract of

Ground Under Cultivation

This year we had a good harvest of sorgo, or Indian millet, and beans. Unfortunately wheat and other cereals of the temperate zones do not grow well here. But we count chiefly upon

Stock Raising

Our herd now numbers thirteen hundred cattle. We have sunk wells and inclosed our fields. This work is rendered absolutely necessary by the frequent droughts in Australia.

In the carrying out of these undertakings we have been greatly assisted by the natives. From the present outlook it is almost certain that our mission will, after a while, be self-supporting. The period of trial and need through which we are passing is only temporary. Notwithstanding the

Service Rendered

to the country by this agricultural mission, our work has not escaped criticism which, however, we have easily refuted. We have proved to the government and to the public that the motive of these criticisms was simply a hatred of Catholicity and of Catholic missionaries.

An inquiry was held and—I am happy to be able to record—we were completely exonerated. The visiting committee returned well satisfied with the result of our labors. Among these visitors was Dr. Klaatsch, savant,

of Heidelberg University

who came to Australia to study the primitive races. Before his visit to our establishment, this learned man declared in an interview which appeared in the *Perth Morning Herald*, that "the efforts of the missionaries can not but be detrimental to the welfare of the natives. To seek to Christianize them is as criminal as to kill them on the spot; the only difference is that the first named method takes more time than brutal extermination."

Upon His Arrival

in the colony, the doctor was, therefore, thoroughly prejudiced against us. He spent a fortnight at the mission and, when he went away, his opinion was altogether changed.

"The missionaries of Beagle Bay," he wrote to a friend, "have undertaken the difficult task of civilizing the Australian aborigenes. They have accomplished wonders in the few years they have been established here. The good health of the blacks at the mission, and the small number of deaths among them, are a proof that their physical needs are looked after. I was accorded the pleasure of being present during one of the meals and thus had the opportunity of personally assuring myself that these people are well treated by the missionaries. I also

Visited the Schools

Everywhere I found perfect order. Some of the pupils are very bright. I asked them to make certain drawings and was surprised at the sketches they immediately dashed off. All the children have perfect confidence in the Fathers and Brothers of the mission, and really love them. The majority of the adults have adapted themselves to the requirements of civilization. They will become useful members of human society. Students like myself, who, from a humanitarian and scientific point of view, desire the preservation of

The Aboriginal Races

will be rejoiced to hear of these results. In the north-west exist many poor half-breed and native children, in continual contact with people of the worst sort, who teach them many kinds of vice. Let us hope that at some not far distant day these wretched little ones may be gathered together and trained in institutions like the Beagle Bay Mission."

We are most Thankful

that Providence has called us to evangelize so poor and misunderstood a race. Our only regret is that our resources are not sufficiently abundant to permit us to extend our work to the extreme North, where the aborigenes have not yet suffered from pernicious contact with the Europeans and Asiatics.

Upon the last page of Father Walker's report we find the following testimonial from the pen of the Rt. Rev. William B. Kelly, Bishop of Geraldton, West Australia.

"Having passed several days at Beagle Bay Mission, and had many opportunities of observing the work accomplished there, I wish to add a few words to Father Walker's narrative. In the last few months the mission has made

Remarkable Progress

The community is numerous and devoted. The natives under the care of the good Fathers are evidently happy. The younger generation show a great aptitude for civilization and evince great attachment to their teachers. This latter trait is a guarantee against their relapse into savagery. The temporary shelters erected by the Trap-

pists have been replaced by substantial and sufficiently spacious buildings to suffice for the present need. The land under cultivation has yielded well and the herd has increased.

In a Few Years

the harvests and the live stock will furnish a revenue large enough to carry on the mission. Father Walker, Superior of the station, has planned with wisdom and foresight, and I feel sure that under his able direction the Beagle Bay Mission will become the most remarkable Australian institution of this kind—an institution of which not only our people of Oceanica, but the Catholics of the whole world, may justly be proud."

Autobiography of a Congolese Catechist

The following interesting and naïve autobiography reveals the various stages in the conversion of an ingenuous and upright soul. A like sincerity and good will are found more frequently than is generally supposed among members of the half-civilized races evangelized by our missionaries. The letter containing the life story of this earnest young catechist was addressed to Father Goedleven, C.S.S.R., superior of Kionzo Mission in the Belgian Congo, who has sent us a translation from the Congolese language in which it was written.

I, Philip Kinkela, am now catechist of the Matadi Catholic Mission.

Long ago, before the arrival of the white men in this country, our native chiefs ruled supreme, and the people suffered much through the tyranny of these princes. If it suited a chief to command a man to kill another, he was bound to obey the cruel order or he, in turn, would be condemned to death.

When the strangers came many barbarous practises were discontinued, for the Europeans put an end to the abuses of authority formerly common among the chiefs. My people tried to prevent me from going among the white men. "If you go to live with these foreigners you will soon die," they said. But I paid no heed to these warnings. I went first to the English Protestant mission at Vivi, but remained there only two months. Then I went into the service of the white officials here at Matadi. At that time there was no Catholic priest here. We natives had never seen a priest.

The First Missionaries

came several months after work on the railroad was begun. They arrived early one morning, and one among them began the mission by saying Mass. Our people gathered to behold and watch him. We had never heard of the like before. To us the missionaries were mysterious beings. Our chiefs told us that we might consider our children lost to us forever if we permitted them to go and live at the mission school.

"The missionaries are ndoki, evil genii; they will eat your children; they will kill and devour you," said our sorcerers, and the Congolese believed these foolish and

Extraordinary Tales

You would like to know how I became a Christian? On a certain day, while I was journeying afoot, as our custom is in this country, about noon I came to a river. Near the strand stood a house. From it came the sound of a bell ringing. I entered the house and met a native whom I now know well. His name is Alphonsus Menzeze.

"Have you been baptized?" he asked.

I stared at him, not knowing what he meant, but answered, after a moment:

"No, I have not been baptized."



A GOOD WIFE IN THE CONGO

"Oh, then, my good fellow," said he, "if you want to be happy forever in heaven you must receive the sacrament of baptism."

"Of course I want to be happy forever. What must I do in order to receive baptism?"

"You must, above all, make a firm resolution to lead a good life. You must also study the catechism with great diligence."

I was afraid to promise so much, and in discouragement returned to my own village.

Several Weeks Passed

I continued to think of the mission house by the river, and of what Alphonsus Mendeze had told me. At last, I decided to go back to the place and ask to be instructed. I did this. The missionary began to teach me the truths of Christianity but, after two or three months, he had to go on to another station.

Then I was left alone. I sought for some one else who could teach me "the lessons of God." Before long, I met a man named Louis Zieta, a native of the Lower Congo. He had been brought up at Landana, at the school of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. But his occupation compelled him to work early and late. To induce him to teach me the catechism I said:

"If you will help me, I will pay you two dollars a month."

He agreed to give me a lesson every evening, and we began well. Alas, an interruption came, and Louis, too, soon left me. His employer sent him to Songololo.

Another Christian, Maurice Leonard, continued my religious education. When he thought I was well enough instructed, he took me to another missionary, Father Hooze, of holy memory, who was called by our people,

Father Doko

I asked for baptism. The good Father questioned me upon the catechism and my understanding of it, but was not satisfied with my replies.

"No," he said, "you are not yet sufficiently prepared. Study a little while longer."

Two days afterwards I became very ill. At the end of a week it was thought I would surely die. Late on Sunday night, one of my friends went for Father Doko. He came, baptised me, and had me taken to a hospital. There I remained for a time. When I was better Father Doko said to me:

"You have been baptized." That is how I learned that my ardent wish had been granted. At last, happily,

THE TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

In order to help the missions it is not necessary to be rich, or even prosperous. A generous zeal can accomplish wonders. From St. Ignatius' Ursuline Convent, Montana, we have received the following response to a circular asking aid for the missions. It is a good example of the true missionary spirit, and at the same time portrays some of the difficulties that our teachers and people have to contend against in the far west:

"The letter from the Propagation of the Faith came a few days ago, and oh, how I wished I could answer it by sending

I Was a Christian

After I was able to return to work I began to prepare for my first communion. One day, Father Doko said to me:

"Does your wife also know the catechism?"

"Yes," I answered, "she knows it well."

"Bring her to see me, then," he continued, "and, if I find her dispositions good, I will baptize her and then unite you by the sacrament of Christian marriage."

My wife went with me to see the missionary. He interrogated her upon the duties of a Christian and the lessons of the catechism, and she answered readily.

"Very good. On Sunday I will baptize your wife," said the Father.

Alack, on Saturday, the eve of the great day, my wife forgot all her promises and fell into her old faults of intoxication and infidelity.

At this I was filled with anger. Leaving her I went to the missionary and told him how matters stood.

"My son," said Father Doko, "you did well to separate from this wicked woman. You are not bound to her, and she has no claim upon you."

Not long afterwards, I made my first communion. Then I asked Father Goedleven to train me

To Become a Catechist

The good missionary gladly accepted my proposal; taught me to read and write, and also how to administer baptisms in cases of danger of death. When I had finished my studies he married me to a good woman and sent me to Matadi to teach the people here the lessons of Christianity and prepare them for baptism.

[Signed.]

PHILIP KINKELA.

Such is the Story

of the first convert among the natives in the vicinity of Matadi. This young man is from Kionzo, where he is generally esteemed and respected. His zeal for the cause of religion has not abated. Recently, on the occasion of the baptism of a band of catechumens there, he was delighted to see a number of his pagan fellow-citizens at the ceremony. He was so distressed, however, because the church at Kionzo is so small, that he contributed three dollars toward the building of the new church which we are anxious to begin. May his example find as generous imitators.

The new edifice will be a little over one hundred feet long and forty-five feet wide. Kionzo Mission was founded only five years ago, but it already has three hundred baptized Christians and more than two thousand catechumens.

a large donation. I shall be most happy to do what I can, and will try to get the children of the school interested in the work. We can use the *mite boxes* to good advantage, I think. As for subscriptions from ourselves, we are hard pressed at present. We have a heavy debt, but are forced to make improvements to keep our pupils from Government schools, where there are many temporal advantages and much more liberty. Yet, amid these secular surroundings, many children in time lose their faith.

SISTER SCHOLASTICA.

The Interior of China

By the Rev. Angelus Blesser, O.F.M.



FATHER BLESSER'S ALTAR
BOY

In a Chinese inn the floor is earthen; an elevation of clay (sang) is called a bed; a table, and at most two chairs, constitute the furniture of a guest room. For ornament, upon the smoky walls may perhaps be seen three or four Chinese pictures, caricatures to the eyes of the foreigner. In these inns the donkeys and dogs are one's near neighbors.

Oh, the fatigue that made us submit to stay in such a purgatory for two days and a half, as we did at Sechou on account of the rain that fell in torrents. Oh, the idle and impudent curiosity of the natives! Surely if we had no vocation to the apostolate we would have turned back,

long before the end of this expedition.

Beginning Missionary Life

Notwithstanding the hardships of our journey into the interior of China, Father Juniper Doolin and I knew it was God's Will that we should press onward. Wearying as were the trials of the way, at another season they might have been even worse. Now we had the mud and cold of autumn, but these drawbacks were surely preferable to the dust and stench of summer in the villages where we were forced by circumstances to halt.

This trip was, in fact, a real novitiate for the trials of our future apostolate. At last we reached

Our Longed-for Goal

Sianfu. When our caravan approached the mission, Bishop Athanasius hurried out to receive us. In response to his hearty and paternal greeting Father Juniper could only stammer:

"Deo gratias, I'm almost dead!"

The answer involuntarily expressed what we had undergone during the seventeen days of travel from Tschengtschou. The kindness of the bishop and his brother, Father Capistran, was so pleasant, however, that we soon forgot all our trials. Fr. Capistran had come from his mission, thirty-three miles away, to welcome us. My expedition of

Over Twenty-Five Thousand Miles

since I left my home in Springfield, Illinois, on June 7th, was at last ended. "Deo gratias," I, too, murmured with fervor. On December 22nd, the bishop, accompanied by Father Juniper and myself, set out for Tungyanfang, 90 li, that is, thirty miles, north, to spend Christmas at the

former Episcopal residence. Now what is the famous old Tungyanfang? It is, in a few words,

Our Place of Refuge

in case of a political outbreak, and such disturbances are frequent in China. A fiercer insurrection than has been known here in modern times will certainly come when the Empress Dowager dies. The area of Tungyanfang is about that of five square city blocks in the United States, and it has a very high wall of stone, brick and clay which is, also, eight or ten feet thick. On the small watch-towers in the wall are a few old Chinese cannon. Who will present us with a modern Krupp cannon for the protection of our citadel?

Almost every missionary in the interior of China finds it well to carry a weapon for self-defence in case of attack. I have a revolver, a Winchester rifle, and a double-barrel shot-gun, so, if occasion arises, I can pass some of them around among my friends.

Do not imagine, however, that I believe in spreading the Gospel by means of gun-powder. Fire-arms are, also, useful here in hunting. Only a few days ago three leopards were killed by some of our people, near-by in the mountains. The men presented the beautiful pelts to the bishop.

Inside the Walls

of Tungyangfang are the two seminaries, the orphanages, a school for teaching French, a home for old people, another for the poor, a hospital and dispensary, eleven Sisters, six or eight missionary priests, and the old cathedral with a congregation of one hundred and fifty families, in all fully a thousand Christians.

As our party passed through the great gateway, the bishop was welcomed by a fanfare of trumpets and, to the astonishment of Father Juniper and myself, the brass band of the college and orphanage struck up an air familiar to us. It was: "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing."

We discovered later that Father Francis, a Spaniard, is the teacher of the band. The instruments were presented to the bishop by a friend in Germany. According to our western ideas, the

Chinese have Little Musical Talent

Nevertheless, under the patient direction of Father Francis, the boys of this band have learned to play about ten simple musical compositions fairly well.

Tungyangfang is, indeed, a splendid foundation. The bishop introduced us at the orphanage and promised the children, on our behalf, that the new American missionaries would provide them with the holiday sweetmeats. This we did, personally distributing the little gifts on Christmas day. The cost was only five dollars, and over three hundred little ones were made happy.

Father Juniper and I made an excursion of twenty li, nearly seven miles, on December 24th. I was mounted



A MANDARIN

on the bishop's horse; it was but the third equestrian feat of my life. Father Juniper rode his bicycle. We visited a little parish where the Christians were very anxious to see the

"Ma - Govi - Sjen" or American Men

Christmas Eve! Oh, how homesick we felt! Christmas eve, and we were not among our friends in the pleasant climate of

the United States, but were strangers in a strange land, pagan, inclement, bleak China! Moreover, I was a little ill.

At midnight the bishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass, Father Juniper and I being the deacons of honor. It was really grand. From early in the evening the Christians had flocked into Tungyangfang. Some of them came from a long distance, and actually lived in the church from the time of their arrival, through

All of Christmas Day

How fervently they prayed; how finely the bishop chanted the Mass; how touchingly the choir of seminarians sang; with what spirit the band played! When again I heard the strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and this time on Christmas eve, I could not keep back the tears of loneliness and emotion that started to my eyes.

This loneliness, this longing for home, is one of the greatest trials of the missionary. Thank God, however, one gradually becomes accustomed to the self-imposed exile from native land, and home and friends. It seems to me that no human priestly heart can show greater love of one's neighbor than the missionary who devotes his life to the poor, dirty,

Ignorant Millions of China

But I know God wills that I should be here, and here, with His help, I am going to stay, whatever sacrifices may await me. Having read my three Masses on Christmas morning for my generous benefactors of last sum-

mer, I spent nearly all the remainder of the day—where? In our heaven on earth, during illness or after arduous duty—in bed.

At ten A. M. the bishop celebrated another Pontifical High Mass and ordained five sub-deacons, deacons. At 2 P. M. the orphan children had a little entertainment for the Bishop and the Fathers. In order not to disappoint them I managed to be present. The Sisters had prepared a beautiful tableau of the Stable of Bethlehem, and the infant in the crib was

A Tiny Abandoned Waif

that had been picked up by the roadside on Christmas eve. The scene was very touching. Later, a bit of humor was added to the entertainment by the antics of a very intelligent elephant that twice approached the bishop and where we were sitting, carrying in his trunk a gift for each one of us, namely a strawberry-like hat that the priest wears during Mass in China. Four of the older girls of the orphanage made up the elephant, we were told.

The Day After Christmas

we returned to Sianfu. At Easter I shall probably go to Tungyangfang again, for there, in two divisions, the priests of the vicariate make their annual retreat.

The bishop accompanied Father Juniper Doolin and myself to our temporary stations, on December 28. At these missions we are to study the Chinese language; in fact, we shall be forced to learn to speak Chinese, for we shall have no opportunity of communicating with anybody in any other tongue. I am to stay, for the present, at Schangjentze, 110 li southwest of Sianfu. The bishop remained with us until the following morning. Father Juniper left me on the morning of December 31, for his station at Wichetaze, 35 li north of here. The parting was an ordeal for both of us.

"Now What is Schangjentze"

"And what are you doing there, anyhow?" perhaps readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS may ask. This is a little country village of four hundred people, half of whom, that is, thirty-four large families, are Christians. To the north and west is a vast plain; on the east is a little river which, in the rainy season, being fed by many streams, becomes a broad current; on the south the great Tsinling mountain range begins.

The church here (St. Anthony's), is 40 x 120 feet, and was built by the bishop, then Father Athanasius, in 1902. He even burnt the bricks for it in a kiln that he, himself, built. The materials used in the construction of the church are bricks and clay. The style of the architecture is partly Roman and the rest Chinese! In this country, considered by comparison with others, it is regarded as a fine church, and cost about two thousand five hundred dollars. In the United States it would have cost at least ten thousand dollars. But here the missionary performs even manual labor gratis, and many of the artisans gave their services also. The old church is now the missionary's residence. It comprises one large and one small room for the Father and his servant when they are here.

The parish consists of nine stations within a radius of twenty or thirty miles, and includes

A Thousand Christians

Until I came it was, except when visited by the bishop, looked after entirely by Father Andrew, a native priest of the Third Order of St. Francis, who, by the way, is now here, ill from cold and over-work. Behold then, a field wherein I may roam about, in case of sick calls!

Father Andrew remains a longer or shorter time at each village according to the number of his neophytes or catechumens there, but he visits each station during the year, and, indeed, leads a veritable nomadic life.

His headquarters are, however, at Schangjentze. Here he stores the vestments, etc., and this is his base of supplies.

Pay a visit to the church and village for a day. I am the only individual in the place who has a watch, but every morning, about 6.30, the Christians assemble in the church for prayer in common. At 7 A. M. I say Mass. Oh, the fervor of these Christian Chinese! They pray and sing

With Heart and Soul

and that, too, kneeling on the brick pavement in the cold church. At Mass my fingers are simply benumbed. Yet any attempt to have a fire in the church would be regarded with astonishment. Well, if the natives can stand the cold I must get

used to it. At 7.30 P.M. the people gather together for night prayers, after which the missionary (if he is at the station), gives the blessing. On Sunday, Mass is at 7 A.M.

In the afternoon we have the Way of the Cross and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At both of these services there is Chinese music, or rather the most frightful discord that can be imagined. At 10 A.M. the congregation recite the rosary together,—not five, but at least ten decades.

Frequently during the day the people pray aloud in the church, for now the Blessed Sacrament is kept there. In winter, many of the villagers have no work, and therefore have plenty of time for their devotions. Their

fervor in church might well put to shame many Catholics in the civilized lands of the west. Father Andrew arrived

On New Year's Eve

to hear confessions, and on the first day of the year 1908 all the adult Christians of the place received Holy Communion. On Epiphany the people of a station 12 li distant came here to Communion, Father Andrew having been there two days previous for confessions. For Easter, many wish to come to confession to me, so I must study hard.

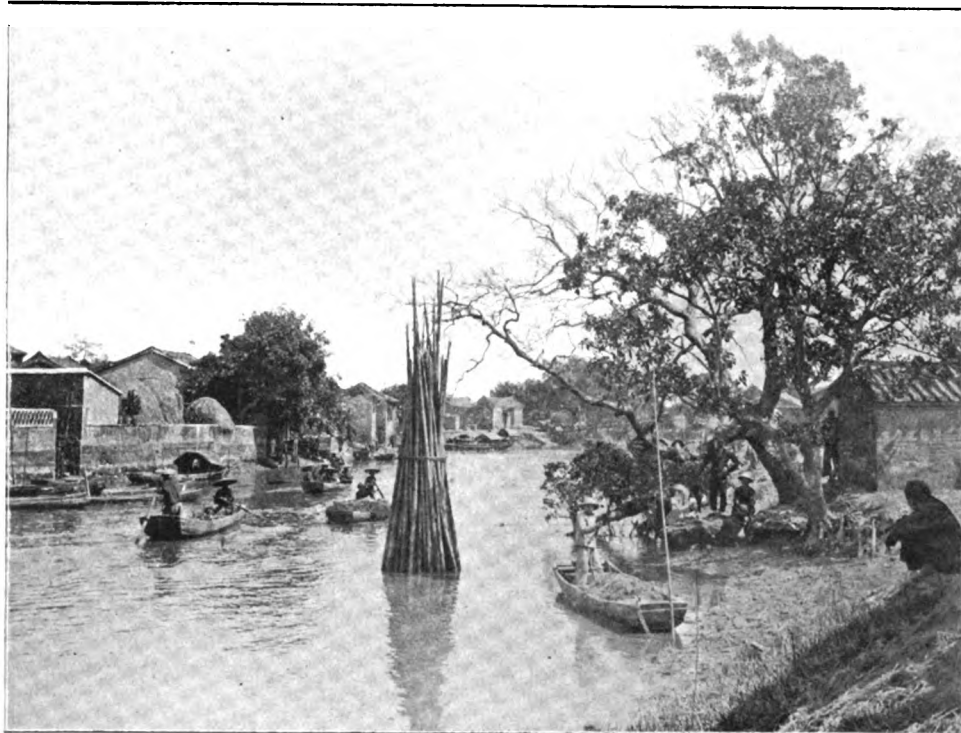
Now, kind readers, pay me a visit in my grand parsonage. As I said, it is the old church and has two rooms. I have the larger. Father Andrew, sick in bed, at present occupies the smaller. My room is about 10 x 15 feet, and is really quite comfortable as I have a small charcoal fire on a little iron plate in the middle of the floor. This is my dining, sleeping, study and reception room. I have hung one picture on the wall, a representation of the Holy Family at Nazareth and a holy water font at the

door. Below the picture is a Chinese calendar. The apartment has three small windows; the furniture consists of two tables, three large boxes, my steamer trunks, a chest for my clothing, and another for my books, three chairs, a wash stand and my couch. This is a Chinese bed, namely, as I have before explained, an elevation of clay and brick four feet wide,

in a corner of the room. It has an opening below in which a little fire may be put to heat the bed. On this solid foundation are a Chinese mat and my blankets. Surely, there is no danger of breaking down at night. In another corner is my prie-dieu and also my bicycle. The tables, chests and chairs are

Of Chinese Manufacture

The kitchen is separate from the parsonage, and is only a shack. Under my dining-table, in a box, resides the only being of European ancestry except myself, in the village. His parents, who live with the bishop at Sianfu, are from Denmark. This other foreigner is my dog Pollux. His brother, Castor, is Father Juniper's solace.



ON THE RIVER NEAR SCHANGJENTZE

Their parents, as you know from Roman mythology, were Jupiter and Lida.

Pollux was born November 29, 1907, at Sianfu and, besides being a real Franciscan in the color of his coat, is a very good fellow. But, alas, he is mischievous, for this morning when left alone, while I was in the church, he tore a third of my Chinese grammar to shreds. Perhaps he believes in acquiring Chinese by literally swallowing it.

As is customary and necessary, I have a servant. His name is Augustus Ma. He is about twenty-one years of age, and his father and three brothers are opium smokers.

Opium is the Curse of China

The bishop has lately decreed that Christians who use it shall be denied absolution except if in danger of death. This reminds me of my first sick call. I had been here only a few days when, one morning after breakfast, a man came to summon me in great haste. I had no idea what he wanted but thought it well to follow him.

He led me to a house, not far off, where one of our Christians lay dying, a mother and one who had been addicted to the opium habit.

Bidding her by a sign to beat her breast, in token of contrition, I absolved her. Then, hurrying back to the "parsonage," I got my holy oils and returned just in time to anoint her before she passed away. All the victims of opium die suddenly. Fortunately, there are few among the Christians.

My boy Augustus is a good, pious soul. He serves my, Mass, and receives Communion every morning. But alas, like most of the Chinese, except those of the rich and educated class, he is rather stupid, and not at all cleanly, so that, in all kindness, I have to, occasionally, call him to account. I have already learned

Chinese Patience

and so will try not to lose my temper. Recently I gave him a bar of soap, as an inducement to him to clean up the house a little. Soap is a luxury unknown to the Chinese. In its stead they sometimes use hot water. But how could a civilized creature live without soap and such necessities for cleanliness, even a missionary, among these heathen Malays?

Yet Ma has a good heart, and is obliging and faithful. The salary that I must pay him is fifteen tacl, ten dollars. This is cheap labor certainly, but mine is cheaper, for I receive nothing in return for my work, except the blessing of God, I hope, and the food that the Christians bring me. Unfortunately, this is not very appetizing, and I stay away from the kitchen lest, otherwise, I might not be able to take my meals.

When the Christians do not bring me food the catechist of the parish provides for the kitchen and my other needs with my money. Sometimes the people have nothing to give, as they are poor. Very little money circulates among them. Mass stipends from them are, indeed, rare. If my friends in America forget me I shall have no income at all. But I am sure God, in His mercy,

Will Not Let Me Starve

after I have sacrificed all to toil in His service. Would you like to know my daily routine? At 5 A. M. I rise, make my meditation, read my breviary, and say Mass. Then follows breakfast, during which it is customary for the Christians to come to wish their pastor "good morning," and watch him as he takes his meal.

Dinner is at 11.30 A. M.; supper 6.30 P. M., and in the evening I retire early or later, according to the work of the day. At 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. I have my lessons in Chinese. My teacher is the village schoolmaster, an amiable and intelligent man of rare sanctity; he goes to Communion every day now.

How I Study Chinese

I follow my practical grammar, show the signs—hieroglyphics that look like little chickens scratching the ground,—to my teacher, and try to imitate his pronunciation, and put the same vowels and consonants after the characters. I could already write a book upon the difficulty of learning the Chinese language, but also upon its beauty. I will only say now that it seems to have been invented chiefly to try one's patience.

Nevertheless, I am slowly making progress. After a while, as the bishop desires, I am going to study some of the Chinese authors and the printed text. I wish some friend would send me a glue by which the characters could be affixed to my memory. The bishop wants me to be ready to hear confessions at Easter, and, after six months of study, to

Preach in Chinese

He expects the same of Father Juniper. If we fulfil his anticipations in this respect he will allot to each of us a district where we can give full rein to our apostolic zeal.

On January 9, the bishop visited me in my hermitage here, and remained until the thirteenth. Father Juniper was also here. Bishop Athanasius does not hold aloof in his episcopal dignity, but eagerly joins and takes part in any missionary work one happens to be doing. He is not only the bishop but a real father in kindness to everyone of his missionaries and the Christians. Hence, he is greatly beloved and respected. To-morrow I am going

To Borrow a Donkey

and ride to see Father Juniper, as I need to consult him with regard to some business matters. I am trying to learn to ride my bicycle, which will be of much service to me. Soon, too, I must buy a horse. Then, if a sick call comes even from the end of the earth, I'll be there in time, despite mud or dust, rain or sunshine, heat or cold.

Always at home, yet never at home, that is what I call missionary life; always in danger of death, yet evading capture by one's pagan enemies, that is frequently the career of an apostle in a heathen land.

Readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS will be interested in a brief statement of the

Status of Our Vicariate

from October 4, 1906, to October 4, 1907, as set forth in the report sent by our bishop to Rome. The vicariate of

North Shensi comprises forty thousand square miles, and has a population of eight million. Fifty or seventy thousand of these inhabitants are Mohammedans and Tartars. There are a few Protestants, and about 24,392 Catholic Christians, of whom over two thousand died during the year. There are 5,813 catechumens in charge of eighteen foreign Franciscans, ten of these Fathers being from Spain, four from the United States, one from France, the pro-vicar, and one from England. Two more from Spain are on the way here. There is, too, an Italian lay brother.

The Vicariate Has, Also

six Chinese Franciscan priests of the First Order, and twenty-three native secular priests of the Third Order; five more will probably be ordained in June. Ten of the Fathers are teachers, twenty-seven have the care of Christian converts, and ten have indoor, or are preparing for outdoor work. There are twenty-one foreign missionary Franciscan Sisters of Mary, eleven of them being from Canada. In the community are two native Sisters. North Shensi has 339 parishes, but only 174 churches and chapels; moreover, the majority of these are very small. During the year there were 665 adult baptisms, 3,687 baptisms of children in danger of death (and four-fifths of them *did die*), and 1,134 baptisms of Children of Christians.

Two hundred and twenty-two girl babies, who had been cast away by their parents, were saved in the Sisters' orphanage. In the vicariate there is a seminary which numbers twenty-five students, also a preparatory seminary, with fifty-eight students. A college for the higher course in

The Chinese Language

has thirty-four students, another college has twenty-five students for the course in English, and thirty-five for the studies in French. One orphanage shelters and maintains forty small boys. In two other orphanages there are 213 girls. Seven hundred and fifty orphan girl babies, rescued from death, are boarded among the native Christians.

There are, also, two homes for the aged and two hospitals, where 664 patients were admitted during the year. The vicariate has, in addition, 93 medical dispensaries, where, within the year, 43,486 patients were treated gratuitously and supplied with medicines.

We have thirty-five small parochial schools, with 117 teachers and 493 pupils, and 1,502 native members of the Third Order of St. Francis. Only the most exemplary Christians are permitted to join this congregation. Truly, taking all these facts into consideration, our missionaries need not be ashamed before God, the angels, or mankind.

Much of our success we owe to the alms of the great

Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Society of the Holy Childhood, and the friends of our Order in Spain, France, Germany and America.

Especially to you, dear friends in America, I say, continue to be liberal, increase your alms year by year, and you will see what marvels may be accomplished with your assistance. Although the missionaries here are few, for such a vast field, yet

The Majority of Us Are Young

being still in the twenties or thirties. You can easily understand, however, that without alms or Mass stipends we can not subsist, to say nothing of the need there is for building little churches and schools here, in order that the people may be taught the truths of religion, and receive the sacraments.

I must now close this account of my days in the country of my adoption. Do not forget me, dear friends, as time goes on for, as the year grows older, the harder I will be working, the more I shall see the needs and the poverty of my people, and the smaller will be my resources. But you will remember, and have part in the apostolate of your compatriot in this vast pagan land of China.



GREGORY LOPEZ, ONLY CHINESE BISHOP—1685-1703

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

"I am glad to let you know that the church at Kalaupapa was blessed on May 26th. I will soon send you a photograph of this church and a little notice about it. All the people of the settlement are very well pleased with their new church. Accept my

thanks for all you and the friends of the missions have done to help us in erecting it."

RT. REV. LIBERT HUBERT BOEYNAEMS,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

Editorial Notes

Important Papal Document

A NEW epoch in the history of Catholicity in the United States, Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Holland and Luxemburg, was inaugurated on July 6, through the promulgation of a decision of great moment by Our Holy Father Pope Pius X.

The important document removes the Church in this country, and among the other above-named nationalities, from the jurisdiction of the Propaganda, and places it on an equal footing with the Church in France, Spain, Austria and South America.

Hitherto regarded as a mission under the supervision of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, the United States will no longer be considered by the Holy See as a missionary country.

The Propaganda is one of the nineteen congregations of Rome that perform duties similar to those of congressional committees, each examining into matters under its charge and submitting its conclusions to the Pope. It is composed of from sixteen to eighteen Cardinals, through whom the American Hierarchy has treated with the Vatican.

After next December, when the decision will go into effect, our prelates and clergy, and those of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Holland and Luxemburg, will treat directly with the Papal Secretary of State and the tribunals of the general government of the Church.

One result of the new regulation will be a simplification of the procedure in the appointment of bishops.

By the provisions of the document, the office of our Apostolic Delegate is more clearly defined, and is placed almost on a footing with that of nuncios.

As far as American Catholics are concerned, the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff is a recognition of the extension and progress of Catholicity in this country. Let us hope that now, having acknowledgedly outgrown its missionary period, the Church in the United States, and every individual Catholic among us, may develop an augmentation of apostolic zeal, which may bring back older lands that have become cold in the faith to the spirit and practice of religion.

The Right Spirit

AT the celebration of the Tercenary of Quebec the Methodist ministers of Canada, in an address to Lieutenant-Governor Jetté, referred with great respect to the Jesuit missionaries of Canadian pioneer days.

"In them we have a rich inheritance of Christian devotedness," said the spokesman of this body. "We recall the glorious motto of these men to which they were unflinchingly true—*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*, and we unitedly honor their passionate charity and their enthusiastic love for the souls of men!"

We beg to remind these earnest Methodist brethren, that to-day Catholic missionaries in the wilds of the

Northwest are enduring similar privations, and in Asia, Africa and Oceanica are encountering similar dangers to those faced by the heroic early apostles of Canada, and with the same noble enthusiasm for the salvation of souls. The action and sentiment of the fair-minded Methodists quoted is another proof, however, that in the enlightenment of the twentieth century much of the old Protestant bigotry and prejudice against the Catholic Church and her missionaries is passing away.

Are We Doing Our Duty?

THAT we Catholics should be spurred to greater zeal for the missions by the example of "our separated brethren," is evident from the last report of The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

This report shows that the receipts of the above mentioned society, from May 1, to June 1, 1908, including the Easter offerings for the missions, were \$192,238.61.

The receipts for the Propagation of the Faith last year from the Catholics of the United States were \$193,054.44.

Thus, in one month the Episcopalians of this country have contributed to the support of the missions almost as much as we Catholics have given in an entire year.

In the last ten months the receipts of the above mentioned Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society have been \$1,355,581.73. These figures may well lead us to ask ourselves—"Are we doing our duty to our missions?"

The State and Missions

AT the opening of a recent Missionary Exhibit in London, England, Mr. Winston Churchill came forward as a champion of the missions.

"We, who have gathered here this afternoon, know well that no empire and no nation can long endure in power and fame in the world unless it labors, not only for its own political and social interests, but as a faithful servant of high forces, and works for the whole human family," said this eminent British Statesman, arguing against the objections of people who wish to confine missionary effort to the "jungles and morasses" of irreligion at home.

"You know very well what a sense of relief it is to all of us as individual men and women," proceeded Mr. Churchill, "when we escape, for a time, perhaps, from the poor little vessel of our own personality, mocked by the deep, unseen tides and currents of the ocean, the sport of all the winds that blow, and take our stand upon some hill-top of high purpose, from which secure position we contemplate, in serene but reverent independence, range upon range of moral and spiritual conception, opening ever more broadly and brightly to the eye of science, of reason, and of faith."

These words gather new force when applied to Catholic missions and those who work for them with perseverance.

Services Rendered by Missionaries

CONTINUING, Mr. Churchill declared: "Speaking as one who has, for two and a half years, been closely concerned with the administration of our Colonial Empire, I can say that the relations between governors and officials of British possessions and missionaries, who are working there, are improving every year. The material services that missionary work renders to the Empire (the State), are immense, but they can be appreciated; the moral services are far greater and can never be measured."

Mr. Churchill told of finding in Uganda "a race of negroes, docile and peaceful, law-abiding and polite, of whom a very great number have embraced the Christian faith." The distinguished former Colonel Under-Secretary might have added that many of these negroes are Catholics, and a great part of the civilizing and moral influence to which he alludes as being exerted on the African natives, is due to the untiring labors of Catholic missionaries. For, as an apostle who suffered for the faith once said: "Those who seek to convert the barbarians must be armed with a patience of bronze."



MISSIONARY NOTES

The most important happenings in the missionary world are given brief mention in this section of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By "missionary world" we understand the countries under the jurisdiction of the S. C. of Propaganda, to which may be added the American possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies.

AND NEWS

AMERICA.

FROM THE UNITED STATES. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Farley, and about forty other American prelates visited Rome during the summer, in order to congratulate His Holiness, Pope Pius X, upon having happily attained the fiftieth year of his priesthood.

PHILADELPHIA.

The corner-stone of the new Apostolic College of the Holy Ghost Fathers, at Cornwells, Pa., was laid on July 5th, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan.

Pope Pius X recently sent a cablegram expressing thanks and bestowing His blessing on the Colored Catholics of St. Peter Claver's Church, Philadelphia, in response to their congratulations upon His Sacerdotal Jubilee.

BALTIMORE.

Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, and former head of the diocese of Wilmington, died on July 11th. Bishop Curtis was born in Somerset County Maryland, July 4th, 1831. In 1871 he became a convert to the Catholic faith, after having been for 15 years in the Episcopal ministry. He was ordained a priest in 1874, and in 1886 was consecrated Bishop of Wilmington by Cardinal Gibbons. In 1896 he resigned his see, was appointed Tit-

ular Bishop of Echinus, and was sent to Baltimore to assist the Cardinal.

CLEVELAND.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Felix Boff, V.G., has been appointed administrator of the Cleveland diocese, pending the selection of a successor to the late Bishop Horstmann.

CHICAGO.

The Rt. Rev. Paul P. Rhode was consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Chicago on July 29th. Bishop Rhode is 39 years old, and was born in Prussian Poland, but was educated in this country, and ordained in 1896. He will represent the Polish Catholics of the United States as their first prelate.

The Rev. Peter Elyiah, of Urmiah, Persia, is visiting Chicago, to minister to his compatriots in that city, who find it extremely difficult to learn English. Father Elyiah is the first Catholic Persian priest to come to the United States. There are about six hundred Persians in Chicago, and of these, one hundred are Catholics.

CINCINNATI.

The fifth annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association convened at Cincinnati, in mid-July, under the auspices of the Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller, D.D.

CHURCH AND SUPREME COURT.

The Supreme Court of the United States has handed down the decision of Chief Justice Fuller that the Roman Catholic Church possesses a legal personality and the capacity to acquire and hold property. This ruling decides a case in Porto Rico, where the municipality of Ponce claimed certain ecclesiastical property. The Supreme Court of Porto Rico sustained the right of the Church to the property in question, which is now confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS.

According to the Report of the Bureau of Indian Missions for 1907, there are 51,107 Catholic Indians in the United States. They are ministered to by 134 priests in 90 missions.

INDIAN PRAYER BOOK.

Father Hunt, missionary to the Indians at Fort Totten, N. D., has published a prayer-book in the Sioux language. The printing and binding were done by the Indians of the mission, and 4,000 copies have been issued for distribution among the tribe.

The Rt. Rev. T. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, recently confirmed seventy-

three Indian children at Riverside, California.

TOLEDO.

The creation of the new diocese of Toledo through a division of Cleveland diocese has been officially announced by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Felix M. Boff, administrator of the latter see.

CANADA.

THE YUKON.

The Very Rev. E. Bunoz, O.M.I., has been appointed Prefect Apostolic of the Yukon. Father Bunoz was born at Annecy, France, in 1864, and has been for some years a missionary in British Columbia and the Klondyke.

ATHABASKA.

The Oblate Mission at Chippewyan Lake was totally destroyed by fire on July 13th. While in flight from the burning building, Father Poitras, O.M.I., Superior of the mission, and his assistant were drowned in Athabaska River, near Smith's Landing.

QUEBEC.

The Tercentenary of the Founding of Quebec was celebrated with great religious and civic pomp from July 19th to 29th. A letter from Pope Pius X eulogizing Champlain, the founder of the city, was read in all the Catholic churches.

A monument erected in honor of Rt. Rev. Francis de Laval-Montmorency, the first bishop of Quebec, was unveiled on June 22, by Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada.

The religious features of this celebration, i. e., Mass in the open air, and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets, were attended by 25 bishops, 1,000 priests and 100,000 Catholics.

EUROPE.

ROME.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has considered the cause of martyrdom of Venerable Théophile Vénard, martyr of Tonquin.

JOSEPHITES.

Cardinal Merry del Val has been appointed by the Holy Father Protector of the Congregation of the Josephites, in the place of the late Cardinal Svampa.

CAPUCHIN ARCHBISHOP.

The Most Rev. Bernard Christen, O.M. Cap., an ex-General of his Order, has been appointed Titular-Archbishop of Stauropolis, in recognition of the great services he rendered as administrator of the Capuchins for twenty-four years. He was consecrated on June 14.

Father Pacificus has been elected Superior-General of the Capuchins. He was born at Seggiano, Italy, August 8, 1859, entered the Order July 20, 1876, and was elected Provincial of Tuscany April 18, 1902. In 1904, Pope Pius X appointed Father Pacificus Preacher of the Apostolic Palace, an office held by the Capuchins since 1553.

IRELAND.

Rev. Father Tohill, P.P., of Cushendall, County Antrim, has been appointed Bishop of Down and Connor.

ENGLAND.

Very Rev. Father Henry, Superior-General of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, Mill Hill, London, has received from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda a decree by which Pope Pius X gives his final and definite approbation to the rules and Congregation of St. Joseph's Society, which was founded by the late Cardinal Vaughan.

FRANCE.

The President of the Lyons Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith, Mr. Henry Saint-Olive, has been honored by Pope Pius X with the title and decoration of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

BELGIUM.

The Rev. Albert Botty, C.I.H.M., has been elected Superior-General of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary of Scheut, near Brussels.

Father Botty was born at Roelenge on the Geer, Belgium, January 27, 1875. He was ordained to the priesthood September 8, 1898, and at once set out for S. W. Mongolia, where he labored as a missionary for nine years. When, last year, the Holy See confided to the missionaries of Scheut a new apostolic field in the Philippines, he was sent to these Islands. The new Superior-General is, therefore, a veteran missionary.

RUSSIA.

Since the Czar's proclamation of Freedom of Worship last year, conversions have greatly increased in Russia. In a single diocese 230,000 United Greeks have passed into the fold of the Roman Catholic Church. In Lithuania and White Russia the number has reached nearly 200,000, and in all Russian territory, 750,000.

ASIA.

JAPAN.

The Emperor of Japan has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the Sacred Treasure on Mgr. Gäetano Bisleti, Major-domo of

Pope Pius X, the Cross of Knight Commander of the same Order on Signor Galli, General Director of the Pontifical museums and galleries, and Prof. Marucci, director of the Gregorian-Egyptian museum; and the Cross of Knight Commander of the Order of the Rising Sun on Mgr. Nicotra of the Apostolic Nunciature at Vienna.

CHINA.

Despatches from China state that floods have destroyed three-fourths of the crops, rendered 28,000 people homeless, and left more than 250,000 without food.

CEYLON.

A Shrine of the Blessed Virgin on the Island of Ceylon has recently attracted attention because of the number of extraordinary favors granted there.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

One-fifth of the present bishops of the Church belong to Missionary Orders, that of St. Francis heading the list with thirty-seven. The Society for Foreign Missions comes next with thirty-five. The total number of Bishops is about fifteen hundred. There are five Dominican Archbishops and thirteen Bishops.

MAURITIUS ISLAND.

The Most Rev. W. B. Scarisbrick, O.S.B., formerly bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius Island, died recently at the Benedictine Abbey, Great Malvern, England. William Benedict Scarisbrick was born July 7, 1828. He entered the Order of St. Benedict in 1848, was ordained priest in 1854, and in 1872 was appointed to the See of Port Louis and consecrated bishop. After administering the diocese for fifteen years he retired and received from Rome the title of Archbishop of Cyzique.

AFRICA.

MOROCCO.

The Prefecture of Morocco has been raised to a Vicariate Apostolic, and Monsignor Cerverva has been appointed Vicar.

UGANDA.

Several districts of Uganda are suffering from the effects of a very severe famine. In Usoga province large numbers of people have already died.

OCEANICA.

In Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand there are 28 Catholic bishops, 1,411 churches, 947 priests, 438 brothers, 4,765 nuns, and 105,956 children in 1016 Catholic schools. The total Catholic population is 826,163.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, continuing a series on "The Societies of Catholic Missionaries," in the August number, gives a brief account of the origin and work of "The Oblates of St. Francis de Sales of Troyes"—The Rev. Michael Raineau, P.F.M., writes of "A Catechist in Cochin China," and apostolic labors among mountain regions of Anam. In the article, "Flowers of Japan," Father Compagnon, P.F.M., has culled a charming collection of incidents from missionary experiences.—"On the Ivory Coast," by the Rev. Joseph Gorju, L.Af.M., describes the foundation of Bingerville Mission, West Africa, its poverty, and the trials and obstacles against which one who undertakes the evangelization of the natives has to contend in the country known as "The White Man's Grave."—A Unique incident in ecclesiastical history is related by Mr. A. Guasco, Secretary-General of the Paris Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith, in a sketch of the first and only "Chinese Bishop," the Rt. Rev. Gregory Lopez, who was consecrated at Canton in 1685, and died in 1702 or 1703.

The Good Work (July). "A Glance at the Field," the editorial page, calls attention to the fact that in the apostolate each pagan nation must be approached differently; the Pantheist, the Confucian, the Hindu and the Mohammedan, must each be dealt with in a special manner.—"St. Benedict in Somaliland," by Father Adolph, O.M.C., is a graphic description of this Moslem country. The interest of the article is enhanced by the picture of three scantily clad altar boys, ostensibly ready for the church services, and the portraits of two Somali pickaninnies, who have been adopted by American benefactors at a cost of twenty dollars a year for each little waif.—In "The Life Story of a Missionary," the Rev. Robert P. Green tells of his mission among the Indians of Vancouver Island, its apparent hopelessness, for twelve years passed before he made a single convert, and its final success. Now the good Father is trying to build a school for the Indian children. After his twenty-five years of devotedness to his people, is he not entitled to a little help and sympathy from the friends of the missions? "Building a Chapel in South Dakota," by Father Westropp, S.J., pictures the erection of a log-cabin church in the Pine Ridge Reservation district.—"An American Missionary in China," the Rev. William Frazer—tells of his First Communion classes among Chinese children.—The serials "A Martyr of Charity," and "They were Men in those Days," are continued and increase in interest.

The Field Afar (June) furnishes on its first page a charming illustration, "Happy Hours in India," representing a young Missionary Sister teaching a class of three bright little Hindu girls.—"The Shanghai Roman Catholic Mission in 1908," is treated of by Rev. M. Kenelly, S.J., who has been many years in China and wears the native costume. Father Kenelly is Irish by birth. He tells us that the Chinese converts in the provinces of Shanghai and Kiangsu number 164,000.—There is a sketch, accompanied by a portrait, of Father Thaddeus Wong, a Chinese priest of the Canton diocese, who recalls meeting Venerable Théophane Vénard, the martyr of Tonquin, shortly after the latter's arrival in Eastern Asia.—The current installment of the serial, "In the Homes of Martyrs," relates incidents of a visit to a picturesque chateau in a delightful French village, where Just de Bretenières, (of the Paris Foreign Missions) who was beheaded for the Faith in Corea, March 8, 1866, spent many pleasant days of his boyhood and youth.—Father Jackson, E.F.M., who visited the United States a few years ago in the interest of the Borneo Missions, writes of the Seminary of the Paris Foreign Missions at Penang, where students from Burmah, the Malay Peninsula, Siam, Cochin China, Tonquin, Cambodia, China, Japan and Corea, are trained for the priesthood.—An article, "From the Field," records the encouraging news that the work for the suppression of the opium evil in the Far East achieved great success during the year 1907.

The Missionary (August) publishes incidents of the recent visit of Father Doyle, Rector of the Apostolic Mission House, to Europe, to inform Catholics abroad of the spirit and progress of the work of converting America.—A charming bit of autobiography is Col. Richard M. Johnston's story of his conversion.—Rev. J. J. Swint writes of a mission given at Barboursville, West Virginia, a hotbed of Methodism, though the Baptists are represented. There is not a Catholic in the town.—"A Chaplain's Story," the history of an extraordinary grace, is Father Alexander's contribution to this number of the magazine. Last month's story by the same author, "His Mother's Beads," was also all the more affecting because true.

In *The Missionary* for July, too, "The Activity of the Laity," and the importance of the Lay Apostolate are insisted upon by Father Denton.—J. F. McGinerty relates instances of missionary work at a University Town.—The number of Catholics in the United States is estimated at 15,000,000, and those under the American

Flag as 22,018,898, including the populations of the Philippines, Sandwich Islands and Porto Rico.

The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (July). "A Lay Brother's Work in New Guinea," is a letter from Mafula, written by Brother Jules, M.S.C., to a friend. It depicts the practical toil of farming, stock-raising and building, by which missions are founded in that far off land, and the really important effect the example of this humble labor has in the process of Christianizing and civilizing the natives. "The Kanakas, in spite of their uncouthness, love us very much," declares the good Brother. "When I returned from Yule, twenty of them came a long distance to meet me, and clasped me in their arms. I could not get away from them."—*The Annals of Our Lady*, etc., in "A Story Worth Retelling," narrates a touching little incident of a family's conversion to the Faith, apparently brought about by the prayers of an aged brother and sister, in return for involuntary hospitality.

Anthropos, No. 4 (July-August). The articles in English are "Hindu Mythology and Literature as recorded by Portuguese Missionaries of the 17th Century," by Dr. C. Casartelli, and "Another Word about the Todas," by Rev. L. Besse, S.J., missionary at Trichinopoly, India.

In *French*, the Rev. T. Caius continues the interesting article, "In the Country of Castes," begun in the issue of *Anthropos* for May and June.—The Rev. Charles Gilhodes writes of the "Mythology and Religion of the Katchins," a Burmese Tribe.—and the Rev. J. Dols on "Childhood and Infanticide in Kansu Province, China."—Spirit Worship among the Bambara (of the French Soudan) is a learned study by the Rev. J. M. Henry, of the White Fathers.—"Secret Societies of the Fiji Islands," are described by the Rev. J. de Marzan, S.M.—"The Origin of the Idea of God among Pagan Races," by the Rev. W. Schmidt, S.V.D., reaches its fifth valuable chapter.

In *German*, "A Sun Festival of New Pommerania" is portrayed by Rev. Otto Mayer, M.S.C.—"The Old Religion of the Tschetschenen," is an able article by A. Dirr.—Father Ivo Struyf, S.J., writes of the "Märchenchatz of the Lower Congo," and Dr. C. C. Uhlenbeck on the "Indian Dialects of North America from Greenland to the Rio Grande."—*Anthropos* is, as usual, finely illustrated.

Annals of the Holy Childhood (May-June) contains the Annual Report of all collections of the Association in the United

States of America for 1907. According to this statement the grand total is \$25,365.61.

The Indian Advocate (August). "Coming and Going of the Red Man," by P. G. Smyth, tells certain truths about the guardianship of "the Nation's wards," that some people would like to keep in the background. "Why did you break out and have the boys chasing you all over this part of the country?" was asked of an old chief who, with his tribe, had led the soldiers a lively war-dance over several thousand miles of territory.

"It was a put-up job, and I was to have been paid to start a campaign that would make big government orders for supplies necessary and thus enrich army contractors," was the substance of his reply.

Of the non-Catholic missionaries he said, "a lot of crazy women come here and want us to sing hymns with them. Why don't these women go and convert the post traders and gamblers, the whiskey sellers, the sheep and cattle stealers, and other bad men who come and prey upon us?"

This may be called the Indian situation in a nutshell.

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London (August).—The initial article is a continuance of the serial on "The Catholic Missions in the Vicariate Apostolic of Tahiti," by Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., who also contributes a review of a notable brochure by Father H. A. Krose, S.J., "Catholic Missionary Statistics and Catholic Missions among the Heathen at the Present Time."—Father Angles writes of "Missionary Work in Japan," dwelling upon the influence exerted in Asia by the people of the Mikado's Empire, and the importance of converting them to the true faith.—Extracts are given from a report by Mr. Hesketh Bell—Governor of Uganda, B. E., Africa—who praises the White Fathers for their work among the victims of the Sleeping Sickness, which still rages in various localities of that country.

In *Illustrated Catholic Missions for July*, "Pine Creek Mission, Manitoba," is described by one of its two missionaries, who are Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and are assisted by two Lay Brothers and several Franciscans. Its development is owing to a Congress of Sioux Indians which took place at Winnipeg in 1892. A picture of these Indians shows them to be an intelligent representative body, and among the group we notice several women.—"The Martyrs of Ceylon" serial is concluded.—A letter from Father O'Brien, one of the Mill Hill Fathers recently sent out to the Philippines by the Propagation of the Faith, is of especial interest to American Catholics.

Extension (July). "Missionary Ups and Downs," by Rev. Ewald Soland, O.F.M., is the narrative of a young priest's zealous daily life at a little mission in eastern Oregon, from which he has also

to go to say Mass and attend to the other spiritual needs of the people at two outlying missions.—"A Recruit in the Mission Field," Rev. D. D. Miller, relates his arduous experiences in a graphic manner. We infer that his district is in some part of the Middle West.—"Where the Priest is not Loved," an article begun in the June number, is concluded. In it a Jesuit Missionary presents an idea of the apostolic work being done in Southern Colorado.

The Catholic Virginian, published quarterly with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. A. Van de Vyver, Bishop of Richmond, is devoted to the missionary work of the diocese. It contains an address of Governor Swanson to the delegates of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, articles on St. Francis of Assisi and Socialism, and a journal of missionary work accomplished.

St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Advocate (Summer Quarter) announces the final approbation of the rules of "St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society" by the Holy See. Thus the work of its founder, Cardinal Vaughan, receives the crown of Pontifical approval, and the Society takes its place among the authorized and recognized congregations of the Church.

Quoting the annual report for 1907, we give the number of baptisms registered in several mission fields:

Upper Nile, Uganda	3,004
Districts of Madras	2,882
Borneo and Labuan	467
Maori, New Zealand	455
Kashmir and Kafiristan	62

Total 6,870

The *Advocate* publishes an interesting letter from Rev. J. F. Verbrugge, Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers in the Philippines, also letters from Father Merkes, missionary at Gunter, India; Father Van Agt, Kavirondo, and Father Brandsa, Kisumm.—Sister Clare, E.F.M., contributes a delightfully clever little sketch of mission life in Borneo.

The Salesian Bulletin (July) has a graphic account of a visit of the Very Reverend Don Rua, Superior-General of the Society, to the Far East, and mentions especial incidents of his stay at the Salesian Mission and orphanage in Nazareth, Palestine. There are also letters from missionaries, describing Salesian work in Brazil, Ecuador and Malta.

NEW BOOKS.

"**The Society for the Propagation of the Faith—Ten Years of the Catholic Apostolate, 1898-1908.**" This monograph is published in French, by Mr. Alexander Guasco, Secretary-General of the Society, and affords valuable information with regard to its history, present organization, and the spiritual favors granted to the directors and associates by

the sovereign pontiffs who have successively reigned since the foundation of the Association in 1822.

These details are supplemented by a brief summary of the work accomplished by the Society since 1898.

"In every well-ordered life it is customary at certain intervals to look backward, to review, consider, console oneself, take new resolutions for the future," says the author. "The history of Catholic missions during the last decade is especially instructive and captivating." Year by year, throughout the immense domain of the Propaganda, we follow the notable incidents and scenes wherein the actors, spectators, beneficiaries or victims are the Catholic missionaries. The sketch closes with a description of the Congregation of Propaganda and a list of the principal missionary societies, with the dates of their foundation, and an enumeration of the missions evangelized by them.

"**Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Africa, As Revealed by the Archaeological Monuments,**" is an important work, by Father Delattre, a distinguished scientist of the Algerian Missionaries. Bas-reliefs of marble and terra cotta, leaden statuettes, inscriptions, coins, seals, etc., show that while the Councils of Ephesus (A. D. 431), Chalcedon (A. D. 451), and Constantinople (A. D. 553), were proclaiming the divine maternity of Our Lady, the Christians of Africa were multiplying their images of the Blessed Virgin and their invocations to Mary, the Mother of God.

Books in Indian Languages. Bishop Grouard, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Athabaska, has brought out "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ" in the Cree language. Father de Chambeuil assisted him in the undertaking. The two missionaries did all the work of compositor, proof reader and printer. Another missionary, Father Le Goff, O.M.I., who has labored for many years in the Northwest, has completed a dictionary of the Montagnais dialect.

"**An American Missionary in Alaska,**" being an interesting account of the work of the Rev. William H. Judge, S.J., has reached its second edition. "It is an inspiring story,"—such is Cardinal Gibbons' characterization of this beautiful book, and a writer in a non-Catholic journal says of the same fascinating biography:

"The letters of Father Judge to his relatives and friends are in themselves indicative of the lofty purpose, the cheerful heart, and the brave perseverance of this remarkable priest, who sought a mission in the far away Yukon district and labored there for one and all, until death took him. His was a spirit which met all obstacles cheerfully and almost eagerly. The man in him endeared him to all, Catholics and non-Catholics, the civilized and the savage."

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

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No. 6

Natives of the Canadian Northwest

The incidents related in this sketch are gathered from the correspondence of several missionaries of the Oblates of Mary.

Scattered over the dioceses of Saint Boniface, Saint Albert and Prince Albert, in the Canadian Northwest, are about twelve thousand people of Indian-French-Canadian ancestry.

These natives are descended from the old-time voyageurs and wood rangers from the province of Quebec, who, in the 17th century, as agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, traded for furs with the aboriginals.

The Adventurous Trappers

were hardy and strong. They made friends with the red men and learned their dialects and war-cries, especially those of the Algonquin tribes. By degrees, they forgot their own country, adopted the Indian mode of life and chose wives among the daughters of the forest.

From these unions sprang a race half-Indian, half-Caucasian, which inhabits the extreme northwest of Canada.

It is more than half a century since the first missionaries of the present age arrived among these people and were received by them with open arms.

The Black Robe

was to them a spiritual Father, an adviser, a magistrate. As for us, their missionaries, we seemed to have found the golden age. Though we were poor, and deprived by circumstances of many comforts, we were very happy. The fervor of our people might be compared with the devotedness and faith of the Christians belonging to the early ages of the Church.

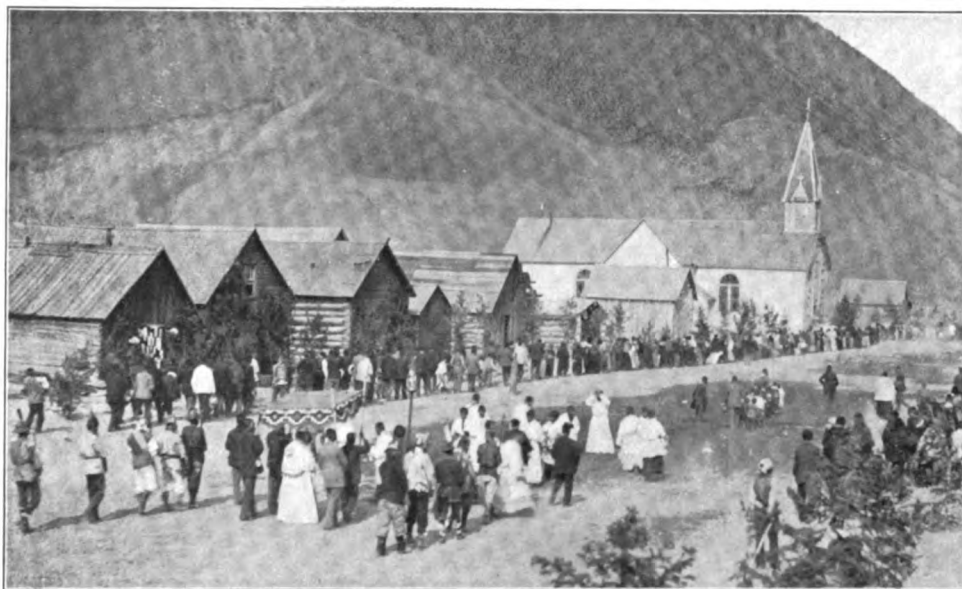
During the first years of our apostolate, before we were familiar with the language of the tribes, these half-breeds were not only our guides and travelling companions but our interpreters, and it was they who helped us to make friends with the

Indians of the Wilderness

They were, thus, the link between Christian civilization and savagery.

The half-breed of this region, by his friendliness, intelligence and courage, has rendered incalculable services to the Oblate missionaries of the Canadian Northwest.

On one occasion, at a gathering of these people, a half-breed chief, addressing the assembly, said, as he laid a hand



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

affectionately upon Father Lacombe's shoulder:

"Friends, we love our missionaries, because they belong to us. To each one of us the missionary is a father, a brother, a protector. In our misfortunes and trials he weeps with us. He also shares our joys and takes part in our festivals."

Alas, a Critical Period

soon arrived for these good people, who were in many respects, almost as unsophisticated as children. The Canadian Government, forced by the influx of emigration, strove to establish a compromise between the Indians, the half-breeds and the thousands of colonists of many nationalities who were flocking into the territory.

The aborigines agreed, for certain compensation, to permit the white men to settle in the region. But the half-breeds refused to be classed with the Indians. They concluded with the Government of the Dominion of Canada



NATIVES OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

A Treaty

which could have been made advantageous to them had they followed the advice of their missionaries. Unfortunately, they were deceived by unprincipled white men, and began to squander their precious possessions. In a short time many of them fell into poverty and misery.

The missionaries were, however, equal to the emergency. With the approbation of the Archbishop of St. Boniface and the Bishops of Saint Albert and Prince Albert, Father Lacombe went to Ottawa to plead the cause of the half-breeds with the Government.

The Governor-General

and the minister accepted his plan. The Canadian Government agreed to cede to the missionaries several thousand acres of land for the establishment of the half-breeds thereon, this territory to be inalienable and occupied only by these people.

The Government gave the land, but nothing else. On Father Lacombe's shoulders rested the responsibility of the enterprise. How great was the necessity then of interesting friends in the work! He had to build, without delay, houses for the colonists, the missionaries, the Sisters, and schools for the children, likewise a chapel.

In a journey through the province of Quebec he collected a sum of money and began at once to develop his project. He bought horses, steers, cattle and pigs, mills for grinding corn, building tools and agricultural implements. The

Canadian Pacific Railroad

transported all these purchases to the territory free of cost. Moreover, Mr. Forget, a generous French-Canadian, donated five thousand dollars for the building of a church, on condition that it should be placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin.

These facts will give the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS an idea of what the Oblate missionaries, with the assistance of friends of the apostolate, have been able to do for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the half-breeds of the far Northwest. Among these people today are two missionaries who are, themselves, half-breeds and members of the congregation of the Oblates of Mary.

The Autumn Fisheries

Providence Mission maintains a school where several of the Grey Nuns from Montreal have the care of sixty Indian and half-breed children, chiefly orphans.

To provide for the support of these young charges and for the Sisters and the missionaries is no easy task, especially during the long winter. As the fisheries furnish the principal food of the region, towards the last of September a missionary priest, three brothers, and several Indians, usually set off in a party, with difficulty following the course of the Mackenzie river (here quite shallow) and frequently dragging after them the four heavy fishing boats. The thirty-seven miles that separate the mission from

Great Slave Lake

seem, indeed, long. The journey is slow and attended with much fatigue, and the travellers must often wade through the current of the river or in mud up to their knees.

Sometimes, however, Providence takes pity on the little company, and a breeze from the west deepens the current and wafts the boats along, thus assisting the rowers to accomplish in a day a trip that would otherwise take them a week. Such good fortune is, nevertheless, extremely rare. The fishers finally arrive at a large island, where

The Mackenzie River

flows into the lake. Here they hurriedly erect three tents. There is no time to be lost. The cold season is at hand and the fish will seek warmer waters. Daily, for a month, at the first rays of dawn, all are astir, and after morning prayers, which are necessarily short, every man jumps into his place in one or another of the boats, which are at once rowed out to the nets or seines.

The fishers must be alert and careful, for with the sun the wind sometimes rises, also, dashing the waters of the great lake in waves upon the shore, as though they were governed by a tide, like the sea. Woe to the fishers who find themselves far from the shore during such a storm.

Two or Three Weeks

are passed in this way, amid continual alarms. Fifteen thousand fish have been caught, then, twenty thousand. The fishers begin to think they have a sufficient supply for the winter and talk of going back to the mission.

Alack! during the night, a storm tears one of the boats from its moorings and carries it far out upon the waters, to become the sport of the waves and be dashed by the wind upon the reefs at the entrance to the lake.

Or again, perhaps, one, two or all of the fishers are attacked by illness. For days they can not work. At last, if all goes well, they recover. Have they encountered the last of their trials? Not at all. There are other misfortunes to be met. The inflexible

Cold of the Far North

is about to show them that it, indeed, rules over this region. An all-day snowstorm, followed by a frigid

though starlit-night, causes ice to form on the shores of the lake.

It is now impossible to go out in boats to fish. On the following day, great blocks of ice loosened by the waves, dash against one another with a sinister sound.

The fishers must depart. They raise the nets and load upon the boats the twenty-three thousand fish they have caught.

This Wretched Work

in the water, which is at a freezing temperature, lasts during the entire day. By evening all is ready for departure. Time presses. Tomorrow, perhaps, the increasing quantity of ice may shut the fishers out from the river.

With this prospect before them, they prefer to take their chances amid the darkness of the night rather than wait until the next morning. Each man silently bends to his oar and the heavy boats are slowly impelled forward.

An hour after midnight the voyagers hear a heavy, distant sound. The Indians know what it means. They do not speak, but row with all their strength. The sound grows nearer and louder. There is no hope that they may be mistaken, a great

Mass of Ice

floated onward by the wind, is bearing down upon them slowly, but with irresistible force. In a few moments more boats and voyagers will be dashed against the shore, and there will be no one left to carry news of their fate to the mission.

The missionary, the brothers and the Indians prepare to meet death. The first named then begins to recite the rosary. Now, by the light of the rising moon, they can see the iceberg, which appears like a ghostly monster seeking its prey. It seems already upon the doomed party.

But Providence intervenes. At this moment the voyagers perceive a little bay, formed by a rock, which offers them a safe harbor. They gain it and, a few moments later, the mass of ice crashes against the very rock that has afforded them an asylum, and then drifts farther on its way.

They Are Saved

Mary has protected Her children. But the ice, as though in revenge for the fishers' escape, crowds in about the boats and, before long, they are frozen fast.

Amid the darkness, the travellers can do nothing. They must await the coming of day. Each one tries to obtain a short rest, but the intense cold and his emotions, after the danger he has passed through, prevent him from sleeping. The next day the lake is transformed into a

Vast White Plain

In a few hours the cold has rendered the ice much thicker. Only the heat of summer will now release the boats.

The returning fishers sorrowfully abandon their craft and cargo, and set out afoot for the mission, hoping that

a fourth boat, which they sent off earlier, may have reached the station.

In this event enough fish will have been obtained to last until the weather will permit the fishers to go back, with dogs and sledges, to the imprisoned boats, and procure the fish they have been obliged to temporarily abandon.

To Their Disappointment

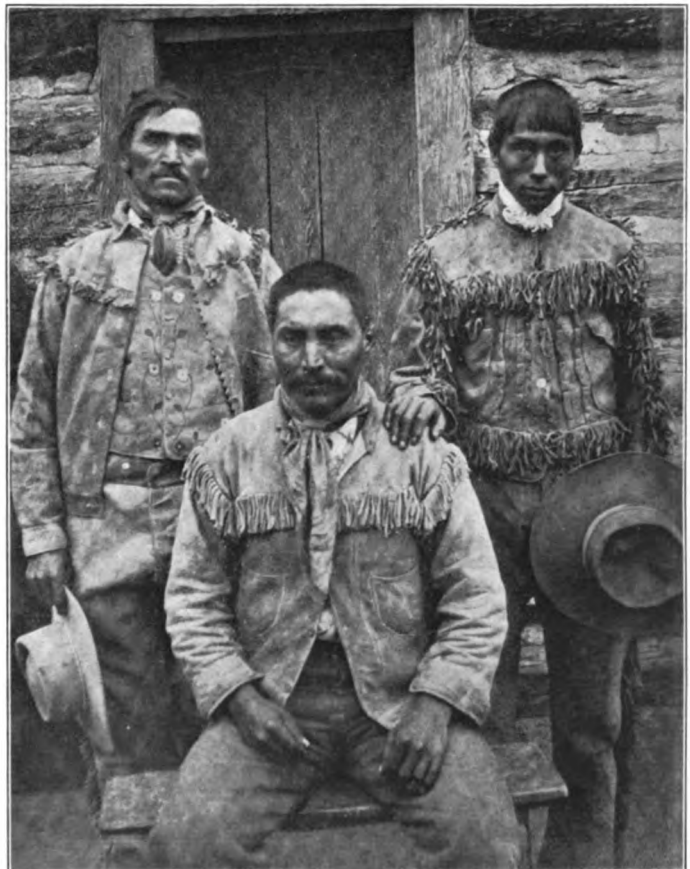
they, presently, find this fourth boat wrecked and imbedded in the ice on the strand of the river. Disconsolately the party arrive at Providence Mission. How is their failure greeted? With parental forbearance. The bishop, with his characteristic kindness, praises the fishers for their perseverance and fortitude, and at his gentle words they feel their courage renewed.

It is still necessary, however, to obtain provisions for the winter. Happily, Providence has deigned to send to the forests so many wolves this year, that even the oldest Indian of the region never before heard of their existence in such numbers. One of the brothers from the mission penetrates into

The Forest

in order to obtain the wolf-skins. With the fruit of this hunting expedition and two thousand fish, which the missionaries have succeeded in buying, they can wait patiently for a little while.

When the river and lake are entirely frozen over, ten sledges, each drawn by four dogs, will be sent out in charge of a brother to get the fish left in the boats. It will take three days to make the journey, and each sledge



HARDY TRAPPERS AND FISHERS

can bring only about one hundred and fifty fish at a time. To bring all, therefore, notwithstanding the

Distress of the Mission

we shall have to pay ten men and feed forty dogs for a

month longer. By buying whatever food can be obtained from the Indians of the vicinity, however, and with economy, the missionaries, Sisters and orphans of Providence Mission, hope to pass the winter without dying of hunger.

A Glimpse of Korea

By the Rev. H. Saucet, P.F.M.

In April, 1907, Bishop Mutel sent me to Tehilkok-Kasil, a mission that numbers twelve hundred Christians scattered among thirty villages.

At this station I found two Korean houses joined together for a chapel. A third little house served as the missionary's residence. In a civilized country it would be called a hovel, and was about ten feet square. Though chapel and residence were so far from imposing, they formed the nucleus of a

Christian Settlement

Among my dear flock I, at once, set myself to learn the Korean language, which presents many difficulties to a foreigner. By the autumn I was sufficiently familiar with this Oriental tongue to venture upon an apostolic journey through my district, which is about

Seventy-five Miles in Extent

As I needed a guide, my venerable neighbor, Father Robert, offered to accompany me a part of the way. I

had already experienced the value of the advice and friendly services of this kind colleague.

On this occasion, however, I was not destined to long enjoy his congenial society. He was soon recalled to his post, where there were a number of sick people. I was forced by circumstances, therefore, to go on alone.

In Korea

one must not expect to travel rapidly, for there are no modern methods of locomotion. One must set out afoot and take the straight path that leads among the rice fields and across the mountains. Merchandise is usually transported upon the backs of oxen.

Under these conditions, long journeys are attended with many difficulties. Nevertheless, the cordial reception everywhere accorded me, made me forget the fatigues and trials of the route.

Until the previous year, the people of this part of the country had never seen a missionary, but the Christians among them were now as happy to welcome me as I was to visit them.

As soon as I approached a Christian village, several delegates from among the inhabitants came out to meet me. When I entered the settlement, I found other neophytes, attired as for a festival, awaiting me. All escorted me to the house which was to be my temporary headquarters.

Even the Pagans

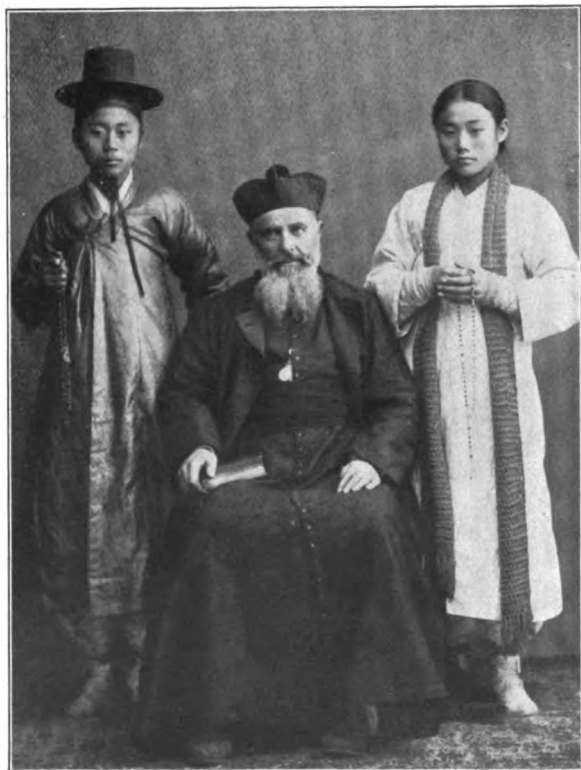
of the place were well disposed and crowded around me. Sometimes, I was forced to send some of the people away, for they invaded my hut and interfered with my work.

The Koreans are naturally ingenuous, gentle and kindly. There is much to be hoped for from them. My Christians are distinguished for their faith and piety. I have already baptized sixty adults.

In My Long Journey

through my district, I had many consolations, but also met with various trials. Shall I tell you about my perilous adventure of November 25th?

On that day, about nine o'clock in the morning, I set out from a certain village to visit another settlement, eighteen or twenty miles distant. Several native Christians had gone a little ahead with my baggage. Presently, to my surprise, I saw these good people turn back



MISSIONARY AND KOREANS

and hasten toward me. When they came up to me, one of them cried out:

"Father, we were halted by a band of brigands armed with rifles, revolvers and swords. As you came nearer they fled, but they will return and murder us!"

A few moments later the brigands reappeared upon a hill that overlooked the road, and several of them called to me.

"Traveller, unless you leave your baggage for us, we will kill you." Others shouted:

"Pontchiera! Fire!"

The next moment bullets whistled about our ears. My small fowling-piece produced little effect among the robbers. I ordered a retreat, but the brigands were swiftly upon us again.

Every one of my carriers threw down his burden and fled toward the village we had recently left. I was the last of our party. The bandits pursued me, firing repeatedly. I returned their fire, but even now, I am happy to remember that I injured no one.

I prepared for whatever was to happen by mentally committing myself to the guidance of God's providence. The brigands came up to within a few yards of me.

I Stopped Short

and, wheeling around, boldly faced them, hoping they would cease their attack. False hope. A bullet struck me in the shoulder. Another grazed my head. I thought my last hour had come.

They demanded my musket. I offered it to them. They ceased firing but dared not advance. I laid the rifle upon the ground and retired a few feet. They immediately secured the weapon, and then, springing upon me, ordered me to give up my ammunition.

One of the men wrested from me three cartridges that I held in my hand. Another took my watch; a third my note book; a fourth my portfolio. To my amazement, however, they returned the small amount of Japanese money I had in my possession.

Content with my rifle and cartridges, they told me I might now proceed on my way. They numbered eight

men and were armed with six muskets, three swords and a revolver.

When my Christians returned to my aid, they were half dead with terror. We continued our journey, but cautiously and with difficulty, as you may imagine.

By evening we reached our destination, and soon afterwards I had an opportunity to examine my wound, of which I had made light.

The Brigand's Bullet

had cut my cassock and shirt like a scissors, torn the flesh and then passed out again through my clothing. In three weeks, however, I was entirely cured. It was a narrow escape, nevertheless, and I thank God for my preservation.

Soon I am going to make the tour of my district again, and the next time I shall set out unarmed, save with faith in Divine Providence, gratitude for God's favor in the past and hope for the future. The beautiful feast of Christmas caused me to forget all my wretchedness and anxiety. I had the happiness of giving Holy

Communion to one hundred and seventy-five persons.

My chapel was too small to accommodate all who wished to assist at the Midnight Mass. The people of my village generously gave up their places to the Christians who had come from a distance, and they, themselves, attended the Mass at sunrise.

Every feast day I realize still more that the chapel will not accommodate all who come to the services. Many others do not come because they know there are no places for them. I am confident that God will heed their prayer and mine and send me the resources necessary

To Build a Church

large enough to accommodate all the Christians of the vicinity, and also those who come from afar to attend Mass on the Sundays and festivals when the Holy Sacrifice is not offered in their villages.

If we had such a church we would have, I feel sure, many more conversions. The people of this part of the country are favorably disposed toward Catholicity.



JAPANESE MERCHANTS IN KOREA

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

"Charity **does** not recede like a wave which returns no more.

It flows back to those who dispense it. Give for God's sake, and you shall receive abundance."



FATHER AELEN TEACHING THE CATECHISM

GIFT OF A CHAPEL

From Gunter District, British India, Father Aelen, E.F.M., writes:

"I thank you for the trouble you have taken in arranging that gift of a chapel for my Christians. I promise to faithfully carry out all the conditions made by the giver.

"Really, this offering is a godsend, especially now, when I have to build a chapel in a new village. The good Americans have come to my rescue just at the time when I most need their aid.

"Last year I baptized twenty-five adults in a village where Christianity had never before been taught. Other catechumens are now learning the prayers and, with God's help, will soon be Christians.

"If new converts do not have a decent place for meeting and reciting the prayers their fervor soon wanes. I erected a shed of palmyra leaves here, but the wind blew half of it away. The buffaloes ate another part, so there is not much of the structure left.

"On the site of this shed I will build the chapel. In this village I could not get a dry piece of ground. Land is too valuable because of the rice fields. But I shall raise the plot I have by carting sand and thus make a good foundation for the little church.

"Our mission work is progressing. The Pariahs of different villages frequently ask for instruction. The help the Americans have been sending us during the last few years has greatly encouraged us. Old Europe could not go on supporting all the missions, especially as France can hardly keep up her large contributions to the cause.

"But, happily, the United States is coming to our assistance. In my mission I have sixteen hundred Christians scattered among ten isolated villages. This means the expense and fatigue of continual travel from one village to another.

"Moreover I have to support seven catechists. The salary of each is small, yet the first day of every month is a day of anxiety for me, since, sometimes, I have not the wherewith to pay these teachers whose time is given up to the work.

"Mass stipends would be of great help to me, particularly for the daily expenses of the mission.

"I enclose a photograph of myself giving catechism. In this hot country everything as far as possible is done in the open air. According to my method of teaching, I require two of the pupils to stand. One asks the catechism question, from memory, and the other gives the answer. They continue as far as they know or remember. All the children learn the catechism thus 'by heart.' The teaching is rather tedious work, but it has to be done.

"It is the custom of our natives to marry in the hottest season of the year, for then they have no work. For the missionary who performs the ceremony the time is not so propitious.

"Last summer when the thermometer for days stood at one hundred degrees, I had to travel about from village to village to bless these marriages. A missionary's life in India is certainly crowded with work."

A BENEFACTOR OF THE MISSIONS

"About two months ago,"—writes the Rev. John P. Tobin, of Mission Dolores, San Francisco, California, under date of July 17th,—“a little old man called on me, to have his beads blessed with the Croisier Indulgence and to join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith."

"His general make-up elicited considerable sympathy, but it was his ardent and intelligent faith that won my heart.

"He was stooped with years and his clothes were untidy, in fact, he had all the ear-marks of a man who had 'no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.'

"He lived away out in the fog belt in a refugee shack, through which the wind could play its favorite tune.

"I gave him the Annals, etc., and, with a blessing on his lips, he promised to return every two months for a fresh supply of Propagation of the Faith literature, as the postman could not find his shack.

"A few weeks later the poor old man was taken ill and the priest was called in to administer the last sacraments.

"When the sick man's spiritual house had been put in order he began to regulate his temporal affairs. Then it was that his heart went out to the work of the Propagation of the Faith into which association he had so recently been received.

"The result of his reflections was the donation for eleven perpetual memberships which I lately forwarded to you. The little neglected old man was Peter Riordon. God rest his soul. His was a lively, practical faith. I earnestly hope he is now enjoying the bliss of that home whose happiness shall be endless, in one of Our Heavenly Father's many mansions."

THE INDIANS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

"I belong to the Archdiocese of Victoria, B. C., and have been a missionary for forty years, thirty-three of which I have spent among the Indians living on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

"When I went there on my first visit, as a companion of the late Archbishop Seghers, we found the people, without a single exception, pagans who had never heard of Christianity or seen a priest or any minister of religion. They were, indeed, genuine savages, uncouth in body and soul.

"White people had never ventured among them. Even at the present time there are none in the district.

"After the long years of hard and patient toil that I have devoted to these Indians, my immediate neighbors on Vancouver Island have become docile and pious Catholics. Many of them emulate the virtues of the Christians of the early ages of the Church.

"Toward the end of last December, Most Rev. Bertram Orth, D.D., our archbishop, being in need of rest, called me to Victoria, B. C., to be administrator of the diocese during his absence. When, on account of failing health, he resigned his see, I was made apostolic administrator, pending the naming of a new archbishop. Most Rev. Augustine Dentonwill has now been appointed to the diocese, and I shall return to my former work, which I recommend to the attention and generosity of the friends of the missions. Our priests are poor, our missions without resources. The gifts of charitable people and intentions for Masses are their main support. I thank you for the check recently sent to me."

VERY REV. A. J. BRABRANT,
Apost. Administrator.

Belgian Missionaries in the Philippines

By the Rev. F. Dierickx, B.F.M.

I beg to thank our American friends for the assistance they are giving to our missions in the Philippines. According to the rules of our Society we pray four times a day for our benefactors. We also remember their intentions daily, when we offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Their good deeds will, therefore, be commemorated more enduringly than if graven upon marble.

In the first days of November, 1907, only a year ago, the nine priests of our mission began work in the four abandoned provinces to which we had been called by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dougherty, D.D.

The Field Is Broad

It includes Bontoc, capital of Bontoc Province; Cervantes, capital of Lepanto; Baguio, capital of Bangued, and, also, Bayombong, capital of Nueva Viscaya.

Three days after our visit, the people of the last named district asked for Catholic priests, specifying their preference for the bishop's missionaries. In order to lessen the work of our American clerical brethren, who have to bear the burden of much activity at home,

We Undertook Our Task

here with willingness and pleasure. It is an encouragement to our zeal to see how splendidly the Catholics of the United States are lending a hand to help us carry on the missions.

"A brother aided by a brother is as strong as a fortified town." What are we, missionaries from Belgium doing here at present? Several of our Fathers already preach in the native language, whose accents, a few months ago, they had never heard. At Easter we had, indeed, much to do among the poor sheep who for two years had been without a shepherd.

For the Four Provinces

there was only one Catholic American priest, and he was stationed at Cervantes. Thus you will understand, dear friends of the missions, that the Faith has suffered greatly in this country. The old Catholic customs, however, still remain. When one native takes leave of another he says:

"*Dios ti agbati*," ("God remains with you"); and his friend answers:

"*Dios ti cumocioc*," ("God goes with you").

For "thank you," these people say, "God will reward you." If you ask a man if he is in good health he replies:

"Through the grace of God, I am well."

The Hocanos women all wear the rosary as a necklace, and after we have distributed medals among the natives, all, men, women and children, wear the holy emblem around the neck outside the clothing. We feel, therefore, that the grace of God will soon revive the divine spark of faith in the hearts of the Filipinos and kindle it into an ardent and unquenchable flame.

Several Villages

are inhabited by the strong half-civilized Igorate tribe. Here in Bangued, Tiagan and Tublay there are two Igorate mission stations, where one of our priests says Mass once a month. Among this tribe we have had a hundred adult baptisms, the recipients of the sacrament having prepared for its reception with great fervor. A special way to reach

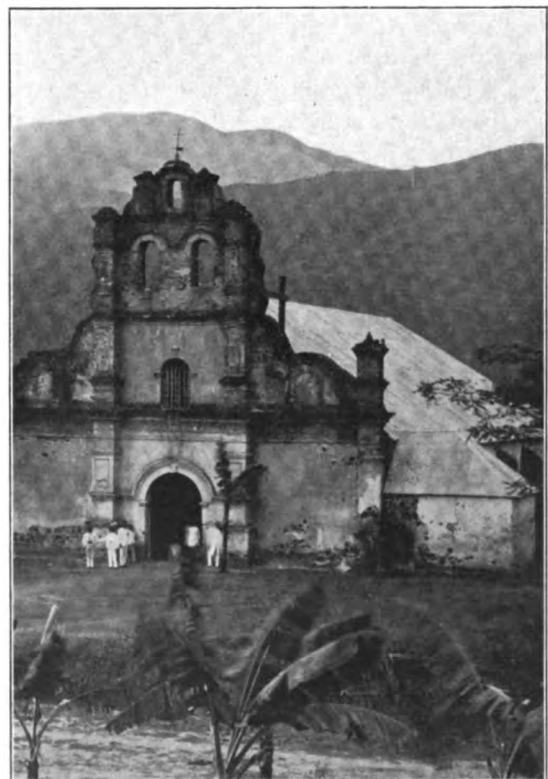
The Hearts of These People

is by kindness and attention to them when they are ill. Sometimes we go a distance of a three or four hours' journey to minister morally and temporarily to a poor heathen. After we have aided the natives spiritually by baptism or instruction, it is sometimes marvellous to witness the success of our remedies in curing their physical ailments.

We call to mind that our Lord went about healing the infirmities of the people, who then came in throngs to hear His preaching. If this sketch in CATHOLIC MISSIONS should happen to meet the eye of a Catholic doctor and he would send us some simple medicines, we would be very grateful for his generosity.

In This Country, Alas

are to be found various Scribes and Pharisees, men who run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. There are Episcopalians here who deceive the natives by wear-



CHAPEL AT CERVANTES, P. I.

ing the clerical cassock like our priests. They give away medals and crosses, have a service in English which they call the "Mass," and wish to be known as Catholics, but not *Roman* Catholics. On December 8th they even opened a church here, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the title of the Immaculate Conception. I hear they have received twenty-five thousand dollars

From the United States

to build a hospital. Dear friends of the Missions, you see we have to contend against many obstacles to the progress of our work. But if the Catholics of the United States will help us to repair the twenty churches and chapels that are falling to decay in our missionary district we, ourselves, will supply the means to erect a hospital wherein the Catholic Filipinos who are ill will be cared for by Sisters, who will also help to teach them the truths of religion.

In Bontoc

capital of the province of the same name, there are three Fathers of our Belgian Foreign Mission Society. The church and priests' house are built of wood and, having had no repairs for ten years, are in a dilapidated condition. The Fathers are doing what they can to keep the structures from falling to pieces, by stopping up the gaps in the roofs with pieces of board. We have already spent three hundred dollars upon repairs. Bontoc is the chief settlement of the Igorate Tribe, who are favorably inclined toward the Americans. The Ilocanos fear the Igorates of Bontoc because this tribe were formerly head-hunters. Even now, the most savage among them occasionally cut off the heads, drink the blood and, sometimes, eat the flesh of their enemies.

The Igorates are physically strong and hardy. Under the paternal care of the United States Government and, above all, through the civilizing and restraining influences of religion, they may be developed into a fine race.

Our Chapels at Cervantes

the capital of Lepanto, is dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. Father Bello, whom you see in the picture, was, for ten years, the only priest in the four provinces. The church is the best preserved of all those in our charge, but its interior is like a Protestant meeting-house, being entirely devoid of ornament. In this church the notorious Aguinaldo lay concealed for two days and nights, during which time he was pursued by American

soldiers. At Baguio we have bought a native hut to live in. It cost thirty dollars and is made of mats, but we shall get along very well for the present. The beginning of a Mission is the hardest part of the work. But we are here, and here we are resolved to remain. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

To be sure, the hut is damp, the wind blows through it, and the mosquitoes attack us with such effect that sometimes we are unrecognizable to one another. But we are at Baguio,

The Field of Our Endeavor

and we will succeed, through the Grace of God and the intercession of St. Patrick, whom we have chosen to be the patron of our future church. For we are going to build a church opposite to the meeting-house of the Protestants who, unfortunately arrived here before us and are establishing schools and gathering in the native Catholic children. Baguio is already

An International Center

There are many Chinese here, unhappily without their families; also Japanese, Filipinos from the other provinces, Igorates, Americans and, moreover, a little band of humble Belgian missionaries. This week two of these missionaries and a lay brother are to set out for Bayombong, the capital of Nueva Visaya, where there are several churches built of wood, which have had no repairs for ten years.

There are churches also at Aritao, Dupax, Bagabag, Banawe, and Ibung. At Salano and Bambang there are the walls of churches which were destroyed by fire during the war.



As the reader of CATHOLIC MISSIONS will see by this article, during the year that we, the Belgian missionaries, have been in the Philippines, we have, thank God, been able to accomplish much work and have established ourselves in the four provinces to which we have been

Assigned by the Holy See

We have had to learn the English, Spanish and Ilocano languages, and to make friends with the people who recently drove away their priests. God has blessed our efforts. He has shown Himself a Father who provides for his children. Notwithstanding our poverty we are happy and contented. But we are eager to build our



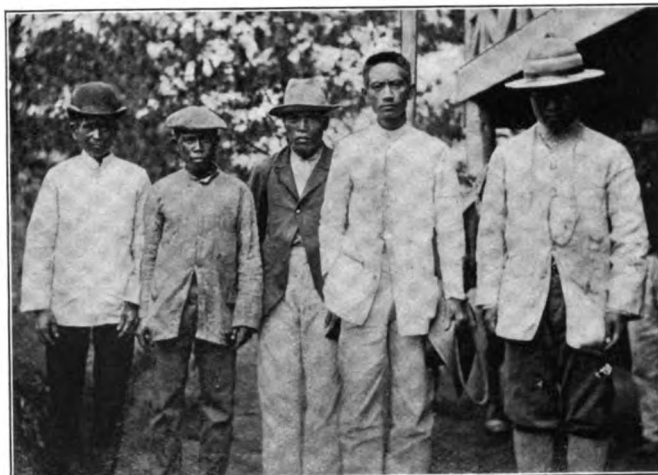
FATHER BELLO AND MISSION HOUSE AT CERVANTES

Church at Baguio. In Belgium the Catholics make great sacrifices to aid the Congo Missions. We feel assured that the Catholics of the United States will continue to do the same for the poor natives of the Philippines.

IN MADAGASCAR

"The Madagascans now know our wish and hasten to meet on certain festivals when we assemble them to show them our games and our ways of recreation," writes a missionary from this great island of the Indian Ocean. "If the recreation profits them physically is there not also gain for their souls? Must not the missionary work in many ways for this latter end?"

"In our schools, we have religious instruction; children learn the good and beautiful book, known as the catechism. Sermons are delivered in places of meeting, churches or chapels. Unfortunately, too few in number, missionaries can not be in every district, but teachers have been educated who know religion well, and their natural eloquence wins attention for them. After doc-



MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF BAGUIO

trinal truths have been preached the explanation of that perfect code of morals, the Decalogue, follows.

"In this way the Madagascans gradually learn their duties to God, to their neighbor, to society and to themselves. Their natural qualities are perfected and they will soon become an honor to their mother country."

Among the Mountains of Annam

By the Rev. Gustavus Hutinet, P.F.M.

Father Gustavus Hutinet, who has been for eight years a missionary among the mountaineers of Upper Annam, sends us this interesting account of his parishioners.

Thank God we, at present, enjoy peace. In 1905 we had trouble with our neighbors, the Sedangs. These fierce mountaineers became the terror of the pacific Bahnars, and our work of evangelizing them was

Seriously Impeded

Toward the close of 1905, however, the people of the villages of this war-like tribe asked me to contract with them the alliance of Ba-Kon, or father and son.

I was to be constituted the *father*, and two chiefs, representing all the men of the village, were to assume toward me the relationship of *sons*. Among the Sedangs this alliance forms a tie stronger than that of actual kindred.

My Reason For Accepting

this friendship was that it insured an era of tranquility to our Christians. A day was appointed for a great feast. Several of my fellow-missionaries agreed to add to the importance of the occasion by their presence.

On the eve of the festival day, "my sons" came down from their mountains and made their appearance at the Mission house. The wolves had become lambs. The formidable warriors were like well-behaved children, ingenuous, gentle, kindly-disposed and polite.

A Buffalo

and several large earthenware jars filled with wine were the refreshments provided for the banquet. A little be-

fore sunset the live buffalo was attached to a great post decorated with many barbaric ornaments, and the merry-makers had the pleasure of admiring him during the whole night. At daybreak the animal was killed and the meat cut up.

When the feast was cooked the ceremony of the Ba-Kon took place. According to the custom, a gun, a lance, several tigers' teeth and the tusks of a boar were plunged into a jar of the wine, while, at the same time, terrible maledictions were called down upon anyone who would dare to break the friendship now sworn.

I, On My Part,

was expected to extract a few drops of blood from my arm and mingle it with the wine. Having done this, following the usage, I presented a cup of wine to my new friends and then, in turn, drank from it with them.

When this ceremony was completed they esteemed me as their *father*, and bade me consider them as my *sons*.

Since then we have been at peace with the Sedangs. If the people of any village should attack my Christians it would be the same as if I, myself, were attacked. Any injury to me would be regarded by my sons as an offense against them. This

Feast of Ba-Kon

was to be followed by another. Accompanied by two of my fellow-missionaries, I repaired to the village of "my sons," a veritable eagle's nest. They entertained us to the best of their ability, observing their traditional rites of hospitality, and truly the scene presented a certain barbaric dignity and a kind of savage gorgeousness.

But the satisfaction their friendship caused us was troubled by the remembrance that these poor people are still pagans. We hope, however, that they may soon be converted to Christianity.

As It Happens

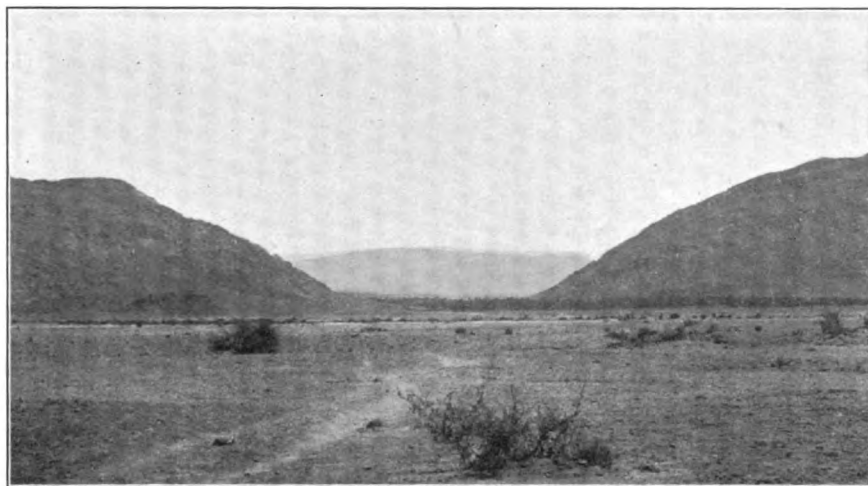
they have already had part in extending God's kingdom in these regions. Several villages of my district were disposed to become Christian, but an intervening village, Kon-Jokoi, ruled by certain restless chiefs, barred our way.

The thought occurred to me that here was an opportunity to test the loyalty of "my sons."

I asked them to bring Jokoi village to a more amicable disposition regarding us. They succeeded, and when Father Bober and I arrived at the place we were freely permitted to pass through it to

Kon-Tvor Village

where our coming was eagerly awaited. We spoke to the people of Christianity, of the necessity of embracing



FAR AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

it, and of the happiness and holy freedom enjoyed by Christians who are no longer the slaves of the wretched superstitions and observances of paganism.

Before long the chiefs replied, in the name of the whole village, that they and all the people wished to become Christians.

As a proof of their sincerity they, at once, took down the fetich baskets, containing offerings to their gods, from the sacrificial column that stood before their communal house.

We, thereupon attached a crucifix to the top of the column and thus took possession of the village for Christ. They also cast all their

Fetich Images

into the neighboring stream. Finally, by a volley from their muskets, they announced the good news of their conversion to all the valley. The celebration ended in a feast, or supper, of pork with the rude wine which is the ordinary beverage of this region. The next day we set out for Kon-Braih-Dak, where everything also turned out well. I need only mention one detail.

On the Fetich Column

of this village we found a medal of the Blessed Virgin. Father Jeannin had placed it there during his first visit to this neighborhood. We now understood the reason for the good dispositions of the people of this village. Our Blessed Mother had prepared their hearts for the reception of the truth.

From Kon-Braih-Dak, continuing on toward the source of Bla river, we reached Kon Tomang-Brieng. We were now at the northern boundary of the Bahnar's territory and on the borders of the Sedang and Bonam district.

We found the people ready to listen to us. One of the chiefs, however, would have nothing to do with us and persisted in remaining in the forest. I went into the woods, therefore, to visit him. A few friendly words from myself, and the exhortations of the Christians who accompanied me, at last persuaded him to return to the village, and before long he was won over to our cause. The people pointed out to us several large trees which they said were the homes of

Xamats or Evil Spirits,

of whom they were greatly in awe. At their request, we fired several rounds of shot into the trees to dislodge these troublesome genii and put them to flight.

"Father, why do you not continue your journey, and press on into the heart of this country?" inquired our zealous Ammonite servant.

"Indeed, I wish we could," I replied, "but it seems wiser to postpone such an undertaking for a short time. The villagers higher up among the mountains speak a dialect with which we are not yet familiar. Moreover, as they have no intercourse with our Christian villages, they are probably not disposed to accept

Christianity. After the harvest, however, I will go among them."

On Our Way Home

we had to again pass through Kon-Braih, Kon-Tvor and Kon-Jokoi. The last-named village was, as I have said, still entirely pagan. But we sent several of our newly-converted Christians of Kon-Braih and Kon-Tvor to these people, to tell them something of what it is to be a Christian.

During the absence of our messengers, Father Bober and I remained in the forest on the river bank.

While we waited we made a vow to the Blessed Virgin and begged Her to obtain that the hearts of these savages might be turned toward our holy religion. Then we lay down to rest under the star-lit heavens, and slept tranquilly, leaving this matter entirely in the hands of our Blessed Mother.

About Midnight

our neophytes returned. They awakened us and asked us to go with them to Kon-Jokoi. We accompanied

them and, when we reached the village, the inhabitants told us they wished to be instructed and to become Christians.

It was Passion Week. I invited my new catechumens to the grand celebration of Easter I was to have at the mission-station of Kon-Long-Buk. In the Christian villages of the neighborhood they would thus be enabled to find godparents for their children, whom I arranged to baptize in Easter Week. By Holy Saturday evening they were all at the Mission.

On Easter Sunday

they assisted at the Solemn High Mass and the other services of the Church. Though they did not understand, they were deeply impressed by the mysterious beauty of the ceremonies.

While the strangers were making friends with our villagers, a great noise was heard at the entrance to the village. Some of the men were bringing home in triumph the body of a superb tiger.

I must explain that the evening before I had commissioned a young native of Kon-Long-Buk to sprinkle a few grains of strychnine upon the flesh of a dog which the tiger had already partly devoured. The beast had returned to finish his repast and had thus at the same time ended his life.

As the greater number of my Christians had never seen a tiger, they were enthusiastically curious and interested.

Easter Monday I went up to Kon-Jokoi with the godparents whom my good catechumens had selected among the different villages. My nearest neighbors of the Missions, Fathers Gaillard and Decrouille, accompanied me, in order to assist with

The Baptisms

A few days later each village numbered a troop of young Christians received into the Church by the sacrament of regeneration.

Such rewards constitute the missionary's happiness, and cause him to forget the weariness, the discouragements and sufferings of his lonely life. They also give him new courage for the trials and undertakings that lie before him.

THE FILIPPINOS.

"The Filipinos should be attractive to all Christendom in a special way, if only for the reason that they are the sole great Christian nation in the Orient. They are a people remarkable for probity and integrity, for striking mental endowments and for an admirable capacity for commercial pursuits. Justice must be done them, and their future must be placed in their own hands. The coming of American government has been awaited with some dread by the Filipinos, but the result was a most gratifying surprise, as the civil authorities sent out from the United States proved, in general, to be men of most sympathetic character, and above all, the American ecclesiastics placed in charge of the dioceses and missions had won the most devoted and childlike affection of the people."—RT. REV. T. A. HENDRICK, Bishop of Cebu.

THE WILDERNESS OF UPPER TONQUIN, CHINA.

"In speaking of Tonquin one usually thinks of a country that has been evangelized, or at least travelled over by the missionary. In the bush of this part of China which extends over a great tract of territory, there is not a single Christian village. Our fellow-missionaries suffered much, and still suffer, in order to establish the poor Christian settlements of Maritime Laos. Here in Upper Tonquin trials of many kinds beset the missionaries sent among the population whom the Annanites call 'the Savages.' The climate is deleterious, the people are indifferent to religion, and the inhabitants of the mountains belong to divers tribes. Some of these are of Chinese origin; others, like the Thays and Giays, are originally from Siam.



"Amid the great mountains of the west we are but two missionaries among 'the Savages.' For seven years we have tried to plant the cross in the country of the Thays, yet we have only six baptized Christians there.

"In the vicinity of our mission, however, we have a hundred new Christians in about twenty hamlets. Some of these settlements lie in obscure corners of the valleys, others are perched on mountain summits, or hidden in the depths of the forests.



"To Christianize and, at the same time, civilize the natives, it is necessary to gather them into little villages, the members of each race together. In this way they can be watched over, instructed and protected from the extortions of the great chiefs. It is necessary also to secure rice fields and domestic animals for these poor people, for before they can think of the salvation of their souls they must be sure of their daily food.



"Such, then, is a sketch, in outline, of the great work that remains to be done in the isolated apostolic field that my superiors have given me to cultivate."

FATHER ANTONINI, P.F.M.



A Missionary Bishop

By the Rev. Juniper W. Doolin, O.F.M.

Father Juniper Doolin is a young American missionary from California, who went to China last year in company with the Rev. Angelus Blesser, O.F.M. Frequent mention of this zealous colleague is made by Father Blesser in his contributions to CATHOLIC MISSIONS—"On the Way to China" and "The Interior of China"—in the July and September numbers of the magazine. Father Juniper now tells of the last days and the work accomplished by the late Bishop Athanasius Goette, Vicar-Apostolic of Shensi.

In response to a request for an article for the beautiful magazine CATHOLIC MISSIONS, I send the following sketch:

At present, our poor vicariate is in a sad plight. Its guiding spirit has been called away at the very hour when we seem to need him most. Our much beloved Bishop Athanasius Goette, O.F.M., is dead. R. I. P.

On March 1, 1908

the Vicars Apostolic of the second ecclesiastical region in China convened at Tong-yuan-fang, in this vicariate, to hold their fourth synod. The sessions were nearing their close when typhus broke out among the Sisters and children in the orphanage, only a stone's throw from the episcopal residence. Though our beloved bishop was himself in poor health and nigh exhausted from exertions, both before and during the synod, he insisted upon attending the sick in person.

It is true, he realized the great danger to which he was exposing himself in his weakened condition, but, as no European doctor was to be had, he regarded it as his duty to tend the stricken and give them the advantage of whatever medical knowledge he possessed.

Thanks to His Efforts

all the patients recovered, but alas! his own precious life was sacrificed. The fatal germs attacked him and he succumbed, dying a martyr, not, indeed, for the faith, as he had always wished and prayed, but a martyr in a cause not less meritorious and sublime—the cause of charity and heroic love of his fellowmen. True, faithful shepherd that he was, he gave his life for his flock.

The first symptoms of his mortal malady broke out while he was on a visit to me in the little village whither I had been sent to study Chinese. Soon after the bishop

arrived, he complained of violent pains in the head and went at once to bed. As he was often troubled with severe headache, however, he regarded his illness as only a slight indisposition.

Therefore, on the following day, though feeling no better, he set out again in his Chinese cart to visit a little town some fifteen miles distant, in order to inspect the progress made in the erection of a church there. The journey naturally did not improve his condition. He became much worse and we began to apprehend danger. That day and night Bishop Goette remained in this village. But as the missionary's abode in the place is a miserable hut built of mud, without any accommodations whatsoever, the bishop was forced to seek a place where he would have at least a decent house to shelter him.

No sedan-chair being at hand, he travelled again in his Chinese cart. In his ill state he must have suffered a veritable martyrdom from the bumping and thumping of his rude, springless conveyance, yet not a murmur or word of complaint escaped his lips.

In Pan-ko-cheng, his new visiting place, he remained for two days, hoping that this halt and the quiet he now enjoyed would improve his condition.

But he soon saw that it was a futile hope, that his hours on earth were numbered. Accordingly he asked for the last sacraments, which he received with great devotion, he himself reciting Confiteor. At his own urgent request we had him then carried in

his sedan-chair to Sianfu. For the next four days Dr. Young and the Sisters of our hospital did all that was humanly possible, hoping against hope that they might yet save the life of the one we loved so much.

But all in vain! The restless activity of the dear bishop during the last two years, as chief pastor of our vicariate, had undermined a constitution until then strong and vigorous. He could not stand the strain of the fever.

On March 29th, at 2.15 P. M., after an agony of twelve hours, he peacefully and with a smile irradiating his countenance, gave back his soul into the hands of his Creator and Savior. Four of the missionaries and four Sisters from the hospital were present at the moment of



CHINESE SOLDIERS OF THE PRESENT DAY

His Edifying Death

The obsequies were held on April 1st. Twenty-one missionaries and a large number of Christians attended. The Governor of this province (Shensi) was represented by the general-in-chief of the Chinese cavalry, General Lin Shao-Han. The mortal remains of our beloved bishop were placed in a ponderous Chinese cypress coffin and interred in the center of the sanctuary of the Cathedral in this city. The death of Bishop Goette is, indeed, a heavy

Blow to the Vicariate

We have not only lost our most zealous and experienced missionary, but the visitation has come at an hour when we are least prepared and thus feel the sorrow and the trial more.

Upon his return to Shensi as Vicar Apostolic, scarce two years ago, Bishop Athanasius began a number of important works. The Protestants had already opened a hospital in this city and, by their charity towards the sick, were daily more and more favorably disposing the pagans towards their erroneous belief. The impression was also created among the Chinese that the Protestants and not the Catholics were possessed of the true spirit of charity.

To do away with this false opinion as also in the well-grounded hope that many pagans would be won for Heaven in their last moments, our late bishop, upon assuming direction of the vicariate, devoted his attention first to the erection of a modest, yet spacious and

Properly Equipped Hospital

In May, 1907, the doors of the building were opened to the public. During the short time that has intervened, this work has already accomplished incalculable good, in advancing the cause of our holy faith and gaining the friendship of the pagans. Forty thousand people have thus far received medicines for their ills and ailments without charge, and six hundred patients have been housed and cared for by the heroic Missionary Sisters of St. Francis. A number of the sufferers were, in their last hours, gathered into the saving fold of Christ.

In addition to this great and successful undertaking, Bishop Goette, during the two short years of his administration, opened a school in this city, started new mis-

sions among the heathens in the extreme northern part of the vicariate, and renovated the church here at Sianfu, and the one at Tong-yuan-fang. He also rebuilt the well-nigh dilapidated mission houses at these places, and enlarged the orphanages.

These numerous works of our lamented bishop have used up whatever revenue our vicariate possessed. In fact we are in debt to the extent of two thousand taels. The administrator of the diocese tells me he does not know where to get the necessary means to keep our hospital open and to support

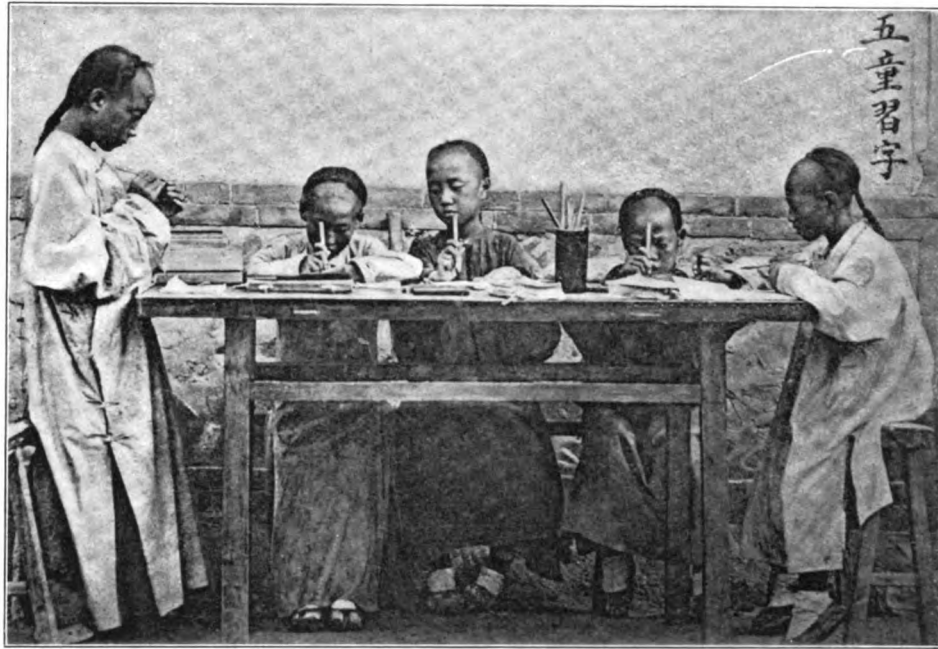
The Twelve Hundred Orphans

now in the charge of the vicariate.

Unless St. Joseph and St. Anthony send a few of their generous clients to our assistance, we shall be in desperate straits. God knows we would rather part with the

necessaries of life than close the hospital where so much good is daily accomplished, or the homes where the little children are sheltered.

This sad condition of affairs may make it appear as if our late bishop, though zealous, was wanting in foresight and prudence. Such a judgment would be far from true. The works that caused these ex-



LEARNING TO WRITE CHINESE

penses were of such nature that they could not have been longer postponed without grave detriment to our holy religion in these parts. Moreover our good bishop had many personal friends in Germany and America on whose assistance he could rely.

The Propaganda

had but recently given him permission to visit Europe and America in behalf of his missions, and he was to leave China for this journey immediately after Easter.

But God, in His inscrutable yet ever wise and adorable ways ordained otherwise. Bishop Goette is dead. The eloquence that was to plead the cause of the poor pagans of China is silent to this world forever. May God, who ever tempers the bitterness of sorrow with a measure of His sweet consolations, have pity on us in our forlorn state, and move generous, sympathetic hearts to succor us in our great need of resources and zealous encouragement.

Fetich Schools at Adjara, West Africa

By the Rev. A. Bauzin, L.A.M.

The above title, is, perhaps, a surprise to the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. Catholic charity has, indeed, opened schools in all parts of the world, where children are taught what will be most useful to them in life, a knowledge of God and of their duty to Him and to their fellows. Satan, the disseminator of error and superstition, on his part, however, is not backward in furthering his own cause.

In Adjara, Dahomey

certain powerful votaries of the fetiches, or pagan divinities of Africa, also conduct regular schools. These classes are not, it is true, carried on in spacious buildings, or furnished with maps, blackboards or writing-books, but the fetich worshippers teach a particular language, especial songs and music, and certain weird dances. Despite the

Reticence of the Blacks

on the subject, I have collected a number of curious details concerning the work accomplished in these strange schools. I can vouch for the authenticity of these items because they were communicated to me by two of my Christian converts who, in their youth, had lived in an establishment of this kind. One evening, taking my two neophytes apart, I said:

"If I ask you to tell me something about the fetiches, will you give me the information I ask?"

"Yes, Father," they readily replied.

"You will not be afraid?"

"Afraid of what, Father," both demanded.

I had found the men I desired. We at once began to converse on this topic. After that occasion they came several times a week to visit me and related to me all they knew about the fetiches. Naturally, these little conferences were held in secret, for prudence is always the mother of security.

What are the Fetich Schools

They are the huts to which many boys and girls of Adjara are sent, or carried off, to learn a special tongue called the fetich language, and the laws and observances of fetich worship. Later these young people will have authority to decide cases of conscience that are submitted to them; their judgment will be followed, they alone will dance on the fetich days. The language that they are taught is not commonly used in the region, and is spoken only in the school. But, in after life, if two pupils of the school chance to meet, it is in this tongue that they communicate with each other.

The people of the regions bordering on Adjara, namely the lands of the Djegans and the Yoris, have also their fetich language. In fact one finds

A Babel of Tongues

in the vicinity of Porto Novo. It takes an hour and a

half to go from Adjara to Djegan, and about the same time to reach the Yoris territory, yet in this narrow district three fetich languages are spoken. The inhabitants have nothing in common but their submission to the demon whom they call Vodour Mitou, "our great fetich," or sometimes "that which we adore." Adjara has

Two Hundred and Forty Fetiches

or divinities, without counting their children, for there are male and female divinities, and these have a large progeny. The most important fetiches have especial schools named after them. The others are grouped together and a school is dedicated to the group.

The schools are not always in session, however, or carried on in the same place. At present, for instance, there is none at Adjara. The nearest to this place is distant by about three-quarters of an hour's journey. Another is at Djegan. When the chief fetichist decides to re-open the schools the heads of families are informed that

The Fetich Demands Children

for his service.

"Very well," is the reply, "we are satisfied. Let him choose from among our children those whom he wishes to take."

Alas, these parents do not show the same willingness when I ask them to entrust their children to the care of the mission!

One answers, perhaps, "Ah, white man, I would gladly have sent my children to the mission, but I have only one left, and I have buried thirty."

Another says: "Alas, I have no children, but I know a man who has a great many. I will go and ask him to bring some of them to you. I will be back in a few days."

I know very well he will not return at all.

A third declares, "*Paddi* (Father), I will give you this child, but he is very troublesome; he disobeys me; he steals, in fact he is good for nothing."

But the natives readily give their offspring to the fetiches, or if the parent is undecided the fetichist promptly visits and persuades him.

After the parents have been duly warned, a group of men march, to the beat of the native drum, through the villages to

Gather the Children

For this purpose they often invade the cabins dragging out the little ones who are unwilling to go with them. If the child cries or struggles he is beaten, or his head is covered with a cloth to smother his screams, while he is caught up by one of the men. During all of this time, the other men are singing and beating the drum, so that the shrieks of the captive can not be heard. Not only

children but women are sometimes carried off in this way. If a young wife has a babe at her breast, she is not spared on this account, the

Infant Is Taken Too

One day when, accompanied by a native boy, I visited a certain village, a negro child ran up to us and began to talk to my little guide as if they were old friends.

"You know this child?" I asked of my young companion.

"Yes, Father, he is my sister's son. He was at the fetich school with me."

"Nonsense, he must have been only a baby when you were there."

"Yes, but his mother was at the school too. She brought him there on her back."

The maternal shoulders are the perch and the cradle of the negro babies of Adjara and all the west coast of Africa. Occasionally, also, the fetichists take by force and violence, young men of from twenty-five to thirty years old.

The last time a fetich school was held at Adjara, that is in 1899, one of our neighbors was warned that he must present himself at the school. He refused, but his protest was of no avail. He was seized, bound like a package of goods and taken to the school. Since then he has been nick-named *Kantoesé* (he who heeds the rope). A common saying is

The Rope Commands Obedience

when a man refuses to obey. A large fetich school frequently numbers eight hundred or a thousand pupils. The first scholars to arrive are lodged in the fetich huts, the others here and there in the vicinity.

The novitiate is severe. For three months the children are required to sleep on the ground and never to wash themselves. As the blacks here bathe daily, the deprivation of the usual plunge makes them very miserable. But their friends who come to visit the school remind the young people that these privations will insure them many privileges in the future, and after the trial they will obtain much joy and many honors.

At the end of this first period of probation, they are permitted to sleep upon mats and to bathe. Then, too, they exchange the cotton breechcloth they have hitherto worn for one made of palm fibre. At this time, moreover, the pupil receives

A New Name

Sometimes parents ask that their children may be permitted to sleep upon a mat before the expiration of the first three months, and this favor is granted, but only to the first fourteen who have arrived at the school, seven among the boys and seven among the girls.

One of the two young men who told me about the fetiches was among the first seven boys at the school.

"And to think," he said to me one evening, "all that I suffered there is of no avail, and furnishes me no help to get to Heaven, because it was not endured for the true God."

Though at these schools young people of both sexes are gathered together and are taught in the same classes.

A Certain Morality

exists among them and especial rules are enforced. For instance, if a lad wishes to borrow any object from a little girl, she is not permitted to put it directly into his hand. She must lay it upon the ground. He is then allowed to pick it up. It is the same when a girl wishes to borrow anything from a boy. If they dare to pass the object directly from one to the other both are severely beaten. The children of the different sexes bathe in different parts of the lagoon and always under surveillance. In a fetich school also it is forbidden to smoke or to taste intoxicating drinks. A boy must not put his hand upon a comrade's shoulder, nor must the pupils pinch one another. Such are

Some of the Regulations

of the devil in the guise of a moralist. Who would have thought of him in such a rôle? As for the personnel of the school, the chief functionary is called *Honé-gan*, head of the household. It is he who watches over the children and sees that they obey the rules. It is he, also, who steals them from their parents when the latter refuse to give them up. Next in authority to the *Honé-gan* is the *Kan-gan* or chief of the rope, who punishes the children when they are insubordinate or disobedient.

When a culprit is beaten his companions are required to sing and make as much noise as possible, so that the cries of the punished child may not be heard beyond the fetich domain. On market day no child in the fetich school is beaten. His punishment is postponed until the following day.

I have been in many cabins that were formerly fetich



schools, and all resemble one another. Each is a long hut with an inclosed yard. Along the walls of this yard invariably extends a shelter of bamboo stalks and palm leaves, where the pupils spend most of their time. In the middle of the enclosure is always a circular hut for the woman-devotee of the fetiches who has charge of the children.

Among the Personages

who have authority in the school we must also mention the *Houndje-noukon*. The child to whom this title is given is chosen by the *Honé-gan*. The honor is usually bestowed upon the first pupil who arrives at the school. As a general thing he is not a favorite among his companions. His dignity renders him over-bearing and conceited. For when the pupils meet him they must salute him by going down on both knees. Even his own father and mother must greet him in this manner. Ordinarily his conduct towards his comrades is that of

A Little Tyrant

If they do not make him all the presents that he considers his due he revenges himself by calumniating them. He accuses them of having violated some rule of the school, for instance, and they are then well scourged.

In a fetich school at daybreak the *Honé-gan* awakens the *Houndje-noukon*, whose duty it is to arouse his companions. This he does by clapping his hands and crying: "*Mi-wanmitité, twan-mi-noute*. It is time to get up and stay up!"

When all have arisen, completed their scanty toilet, and washed their faces, they perform a kind of morning worship by prostrating themselves upon the ground nine times in honor of the fetich or fetiches for whom the school is named. This they also did on the previous evening before going to rest. Then, after they have saluted

The Hone-gan and the Houndje-noukon

the morning class begins. People from outside who know the fetich language penetrate into the yard. Two teachers divide the children into bands of forty or fifty and the outsiders assist in the teaching. The language is communicated orally, of course, and by question and answer. For instance, the children are asked with curt directness:

"How do you salute a person?"

The child replies in the Adjara tongue:

"I say *Okou o ma fou jijoho wé*."

"Very well," continues the teacher, "but in the language of our fetich you must say: "*Wan me-kounou*, if it is one person and *Mi-wammé kounou*, if several.

Then all the children repeat the sentence. And so the lesson proceeds. This kind of work goes on for six months. When the pupils have learned

The Fetich Language

they are not permitted to speak the Adjara tongue while at the school. Every five days the director holds an examination. The lazy pupils are reprimanded by the words:

"When you go home to see your parents, if some one meets you on the way and speaks to you in the fetich language, will you not be ashamed if you cannot reply?"

Or

"When our great fetich (the chief God of Dahomey) speaks to you, how will you answer him if you do not know his language?" After six months of this study the children are taught to sing and dance. For the singing class all the pupils



BRAIDING MATS IN A FETICH SCHOOL

seat themselves upon the ground before the *Honé-gan*'s cabin, the girls being on one side, the boys opposite to them. The teacher takes his place in the center of the open space and beside him stands a native whose duty it is to mark the rhythm of the song by the regular beating of the drum. The teacher sings the same phrase a number of times, to the accompaniment of the drum. Then the children take it up in chorus, and so on. These lessons usually begin at dusk and sometimes last the whole night long. When the children have learned two or three songs they go out into the country every day to sing them.

The Tam-Tam

keeps up the rhythm of the strains. In the little procession the girls wear necklaces and bracelets of copper, and their shoulders are frequently adorned with collars of white cowry shells, the cowry being used as an African coin. Thus they march on beneath the palm trees, shouting their refrains with the full strength of their lungs.

Before each fetich grove along the way they pause, salute the fetich by a profound inclination and then re-

sume their walk. Presently the girls intone three times, on each occasion raising the tone—

"*A-iyò, iyò, iyò!*" and the boys respond by many "*hon, hons,*" holding the palm of the hand above the mouth. At evening, the musicians withdraw and the children return to the huts.

One of the two young men who told me these details said:

"By the time we returned to the cabins we were so tired we did not care even to eat, but after quenching our thirst we lay down upon our mats and immediately fell asleep."

During the second and third years, when the songs have been learned by heart, the children sing from dark to dawn on the eve of the great Djegan Market-Day.

When I first came to this country the pupils of the fetich schools of Atchoupa and Djegan were wont to assemble in the vicinity of Adjara, and during the whole night they went about from one fetich grove to another, being preceded by many men beating drums.

These nocturnal concerts, though disturbing to the repose of the neighborhood, are not without a certain charm. The children sing in unison, and their clear,

sweet voices are pleasant to hear. But when the dawn comes the smaller pupils of the school are exhausted with fatigue after their long wanderings, and the older ones can do nothing the next day.

On native holidays the present or former pupils of the fetich schools alone have the right to dance. Each of the girls has a new white cotton garment, and the boys have new breechcloth or cotton trousers. The drummers take their places in the center of the enclosure. Beside them sits the *Honé-gan*. The boys and girls are ranged in two rows opposite to one another.

The Dance Begins

The two rows advance and retire, bend forward and backward, sway to and fro, the motion becoming constantly more rapid. These dances usually occur in the morning of the holiday, and the friends who assist at them reward

the children with presents of money or the so-called dainties of the region. At the fetich schools the children are taught the

Industries Known to the Natives

As the young people receive nothing from their parents beyond trifling presents from time to time, the directors of the schools look out that the inmates shall support themselves.

Baskets of many kinds are, accordingly made there, also cloth from the fibre of the *raphia vinifera*, and the mats upon which the natives sleep. In the

School of the Fetich Hougbo

however, the children do not work, but are supported by their parents, because they are supposed to represent the

goddess herself. Gosso and his wife Hougbo are the two great divinities of the region. The latter is considered the mother of the country.

"The French conquered Dahomey because Hougbo aided them," say the natives.

When the young people who have been several years at a fetich school return to their homes they, of course, carry with them and spread far and wide the fetich



FETICH HUT-TEMPLE

doctrines and superstitions. They form a class apart from even their own people and the directors of other fetich schools, and the native sorcerers are chosen from among them.

In a region like Adjara, for one missionary there are two hundred teachers of fetichism and pagan errors.

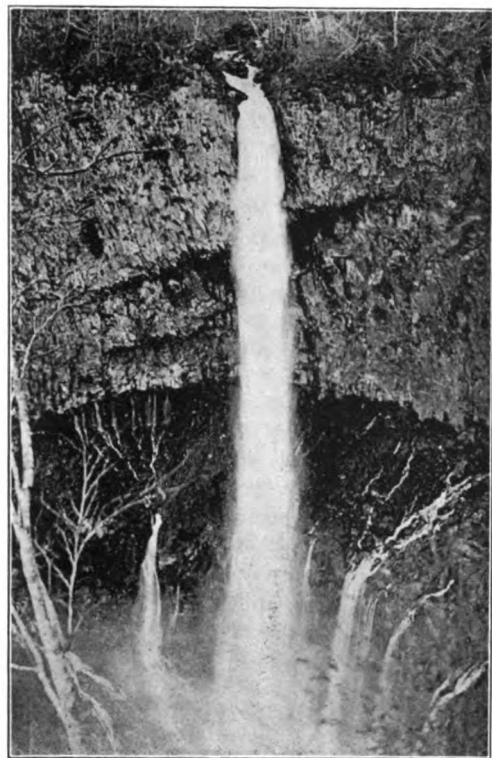
Judge, then, how difficult the work of the apostolate is in Dahomey.

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

"The people of the Solomon Islands have a terrible reputation, they have been guilty of fearful massacres and are continually at war among themselves," writes a missionary from that region. They never leave their cabins without being fully armed, and their aspect inspires anything but confidence. However, I am sure that grace could transform those wolves into lambs, but more missionaries are necessary for that miracle. I alone will never be able to instruct and train twenty thousand of them scattered over a territory as large as a diocese."

Kegon Waterfall, Japan

By Father Steichen, M.A.



KEGON WATERFALL

A short distance from the famous Buddhist temple of Nikko, in the heart of one of the most picturesque regions of Japan, the traveler pauses, startled and awed, as he finds himself before Kegon Waterfall. This magnificent object of Nature, though higher than Niagara by a hundred feet, is not, however, to be compared to

that sublime cataract, since the volume of its waters is far less than the mighty flood of the Niagara river. Grand though Kegon is, it has become noted chiefly because of its weird and terrible associations. It may be termed an altar dedicated to Despair, for here many weary and discouraged individuals have sacrificed their lives.

A few years ago, a young Japanese student, having vainly sought light and guidance in the theories of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, in an

Abandonment of Hopelessness

leaped over the precipice and into the abyss of Kegon fall. He left a message for his fellows, declaring that he had found life but a succession of disappointments and trials, an enigma without a solution, and therefore had decided to end it while he was still young.

His mad act created a sensation throughout that part of the country, even though the Japanese are easily driven to suicide.

What was the consternation of the neighborhood, however, when it soon became known that twenty students had imitated the sinister example of their former comrade.

The Government

immediately placed guards at all the approaches to this tragic spot, in order to prevent other reckless unfortunates from accomplishing their self-destruction.

But the precaution was insufficient. Frequently, young

men, bent upon making away with themselves, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the guards. As a matter of fact, up to the present date three hundred Japanese students have by this means sought and found death.

Such is the result of a system of education that does not acknowledge God or religion. The Japanese Government has eliminated all religious teaching from the plan of studies in its colleges and schools. This is all the more surprising because, from time immemorial, the Japanese have been an essentially religious people. The sole worship now taught them is

Devotion to the Mikado

Upon this subject Mr. Kato, ex-president of the Imperial University, has expressed the current opinion as follows: "To place a God above our Emperor, as the Christians do, is not only an act of insolence but of treason."

Other Japanese teachers and men of influence go still farther, if this is possible. They do not hesitate to declare that the Japanese, as a race and individually, are perfect, infallible, divine, and have no need of the moral law or of religious precepts, like the Chinese and Europeans.

All Foreigners

on the contrary, are naturally depraved, and must be instructed in virtue and correct conduct. It may be easily seen that such fantastic theories of native perfection can not satisfy the aspirations of the young men of the present day in Japan, students who are intelligent, restless for a more elevated ideal, and convinced that the servile doctrines of their professors are obstacles to their progress. These attempts to blindfold them but lead

The Youth of Japan

to despair. The great number of students in the Mikado's Empire, adds to the gravity of this situation. The city of Tokio alone has more than fifty thousand students, of whom twenty thousand attend the four universities there established.

The Imperial University has about five thousand students. Waseda, founded by the celebrated Count Okuma, numbers not less than eight thousand. Tukuyawa, seven thousand, and the Protestant university, directed by Protestant American missionaries, six hundred. The college for girls is attended by thirteen hundred pupils.

The Capital

of Japan possesses, in addition, a well-equipped observatory, a conservatory of music with five hundred pupils, several commercial schools, and one for the study of European languages.

There are also many schools where boys and girls are instructed, separately, in the studies taught in grades that correspond to those of American grammar schools.

Three of these academies are in charge of Catholic Sisters and have six hundred pupils. The missionaries, unfortunately, have but one professional college and only one hundred students. The reading rooms and lodging-house for students which Father Ferrand opened, at great expense, must be closed for lack of funds.

We Have No Seminary

for the formation of a native clergy; nor even a primary school wherein the children of Catholic parents may be taught the catechism.

In this regard we possess, in fact, only one consolation. The Brothers of Mary have a college which is attended by eight hundred students belonging to the best families of Tokio. This is

The Morning Star

the hope of the Catholic Church here. The indefatigable devotedness of the good Brothers has won the admiration and good-will of the Japanese, who no longer hesitate to confide the education of their sons to these admirable teachers.

Notwithstanding the effect and achievements of this college, it will be seen, however, that the Catholic apostolate has been able to exert comparatively little influence upon the majority of Japanese students, even though the missionaries have endeavored to move Heaven and earth to attain this end.

This lack of success must be attributed to the small number of missionaries in Japan, and to the meagreness of their resources. Here, more perhaps than in any other country, the condition of the missionary is becoming daily more unfavorable and wretched.

A stranger among an intensely patriotic people, elated with a sense of their own importance, he must become in sympathy with them on all possible points, for the love of God, or he may as well leave the country, where, otherwise, his continued presence would be only a hindrance to the extension of Christ's kingdom. Moreover,

A Missionary in Japan

should not be a young man of mediocre ability, or one easily discouraged. He should be of mature age, wide experience and some tact.

Such men should be carefully chosen from among the aspirants for the foreign mission field, even as the soldiers of Gideon were selected from among an army of brave warriors. They should be saints dead to the world, and above all to their own will; laborers seeking only to do the will of God and save souls.

Two or Three

men of this stamp have won more success than would be achieved by a hundred workers of ordinary ability. May God send more such apostles into this portion of his vineyard, consecrated by the labors of St. Francis Xavier.

In the meantime, what is to become of the Japanese people who, despite their faults, are so worthy of our interest and sympathy? What is to become of the

Catholic Japanese Young Men

without teachers, surrounded by comrades of easy virtue, and exposed to many temptations? Must we not do something more to enlighten and lead toward God this immense throng of students who remain "within the shadow of death"? An

Almost Irresistible Fatality

threatens to overwhelm them. This threatened disaster



COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING, TOKIO, JAPAN

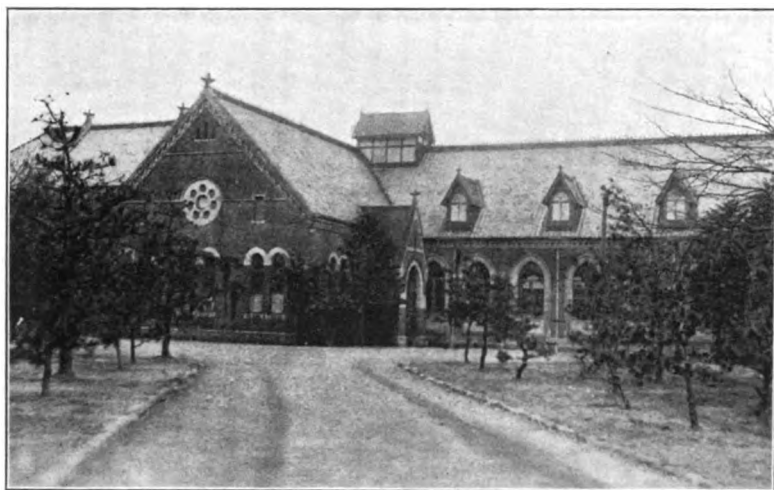
may well be compared to the storm that, sometimes, in the spring, sweeps over the country, carrying ruin in its wake, and destroying the beautiful blossoms of the cherry trees, so celebrated in the Land of the Rising Sun.

FROM SISTER BERNARDINE, OSAKA, JAPAN

The following letter is indorsed by the Rt. Rev. J. A. Chatron, D.D., Bishop of Osaka.

"I arrived in Japan in 1877 and at Osaka, a city of 1,200,000 inhabitants, in 1879. Since then, with the collaboration of the Sisters who accompanied me, I have not ceased to devote myself to the welfare of the young Japanese. We have now 1st, an orphanage where from sixty to seventy children are instructed and supported; 2d, a Day Nursery; 3d, a primary school; 4th, a class wherein the French and English languages are taught; 5th, a class for manual training and the teaching of cookery, which is attended by Japanese women eager to learn European and American methods. The small material return from some of these classes, together with the aid we received from friends in France has, until now, enabled us to live and to maintain our dear orphans.

"At the beginning of the present year, however, in conformity with a regulation emanating from the Japanese Minister of Pub-



LIBRARY OF THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY, TOKIO

lic Instruction, the prefectural administration informed me that henceforth the primary studies must be made in the communal schools. This is simply the suppression of our primary school. By the same authority our Day Nursery is to be suppressed in July.

"These measures will be productive of a two-fold consequence, the loss of a portion of our resources and, what is of far greater importance, the prospect that we shall not be able to continue our work for the moral training of our dear little Japanese. We must, then, at once take measures to prevent the latter misfortune. Though we are deprived of the privilege of teaching the primary, the authorities still permit us to teach the more advanced branches of education. This really offers us a

wider sphere. After having advised with the Rt. Rev. J. Chatron, D.D., bishop of Osaka, last April, we opened a school for young ladies and girls.

"We have now twenty pupils and the school promises to be a gratifying success. Unfortunately, however, our house is too small to properly accommodate them. Already the prefecture threatens to retract the permit they gave up to open this school unless we enlarge and improve the building.

"Our chief aim in trying to carry on this new work is to surround the pagan Japanese girls who wish to obtain a European education, with Christian influences and the example of young Catholic girls, that they may be taught Christian morality.

"But we have trusted more to Providence than to our slender resources. Shall we be forced to abandon our work for these pupils who are so worthy of interest? Without experience and too often without any aim in life, such young girls fall into the snares set in their path by the perversity of the people eager for western civilization but among whom paganism and idolatry

are perpetuated from generation to generation.

"We wish to do our utmost to save as many as possible of these innocent girls, and we ought to have a house that would accommodate at least two hundred and fifty of them.

"Alas, to realize such a project we need \$5,000.

"We cannot apply to our mother house of the Holy Childhood because it is over-burdened with expenses since the expulsion of the religious from France in 1902, and accordingly, for the first time since we began our work in Japan, I am forced to appeal to the charity of the Propagation of the Faith and the friends of the missions in general.

"Once this new school is well organized I trust and expect that we shall be able to make it self-supporting."

Ibrahim Pasha

By Father Giannantonio

The following curious page of contemporary history has been sent to us from Orfa, the country of the Patriarch Abraham, by a venerable Italian missionary, superior of the Capuchin Monastery there.

Readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS have, no doubt, heard of the devastation of the lands and villages of the Kurds of Orfa province, Turkey in Asia, carried on by the celebrated Ibrahim Pasha. The public highways have also been

Infested by Brigands

who constantly robbed travellers and pillaged the caravans. A few words with regard to the mysterious personage responsible for this state of affairs, may prove of interest. We quote from the information furnished in October, 1907, to the French Consul at Alep.

The Ottoman Government being well informed concerning the brigandages of Ibrahim, and realizing the dangerous influence of this man, thought it wise to conciliate him. Ten years ago he was, accordingly, summoned to Constantinople.

Ibrahim obeyed the Sultan's mandate and repaired to the city of the Bosphorus with an escort of his adherents. He arrived at Mamuret-ul-Aziz in August, 1897, and

pitched his tents on one of our fields opposite to the mission house.

To The Missionaries

however, he showed marked respect and a deference that he did not exhibit toward anyone else. The Government made him Pasha of the Hamidies, a body of irregular troops in Northern Mesopotamia, with a surveillance over the nomad and independent Arab tribes of the region.

Thus officially placed at the head of an army of warriors, on one side, he held the Arabs in check, and on the other enlarged the circle of his authority, exacting a tribute from the Aghas, or lords of

The Frontier Countries

Far from despising learning and education, Ibrahim is an intelligent, well-informed, ambitious man, and an astute politician, but of the old school which inquired, scrutinized and prevaricated concerning intelligence received, and conformed its conduct to the exigencies of the moment, being given to conjectures, favorable or unfavorable; menacing toward weaker adversaries; benevolent to those from whom it had nothing to fear; courteous

and generous toward people whose friendship and influence might be advantageous.

This Dreaded Chief

who has frequently laid waste the crops, burned the villages, and dispersed the inhabitants, if they dared to rebel against his authority, on occasion has, nevertheless, posed as a defender of the oppressed, a benefactor of the poor, a protector of the Christians.

From Orfa, Mardin and elsewhere, the latter have often taken refuge near him in order to find safety and employment.

The Sultan long continued to bestow favors upon Ibrahim Pasha. He was promoted to the grade of general. His sons received decorations of honor, were made commandants, colonels, etc. Naturally

Ibrahim in Return

offered magnificent presents to His Majesty, Abdul-Hamid. Every year the chief sent to Constantinople Arabian steeds of surpassing beauty, and quantities of rice and butter.

From our mission station at Orfa we were accustomed to see his caravans journeying to the port of Alexandria. The pasha is still the terror of his enemies. He has often been merciful to the weak, however, and has evinced a genuine regard for those who have recognized his good qualities and valued his friendship. All the

Consuls Tourists and Missionaries

who passed through Veran-Scheher were received and entertained by him with courteous hospitality.

In this he was wise. He knew that the strangers would spread abroad his fame. His vanity and interest thus led him to make much of the foreigners. It gratified him to think that his name was celebrated in distant countries. The more European friends he had the more certain his refuge in case of a change in his fortunes, or so he thought.

The Tarpeian Rock of Turkey

is the height of a man's own power. Today he may be a pasha, tomorrow he may be sentenced to death. For several months, Ibrahim Pasha ceased his depredations. The country enjoyed an unwonted tranquility. The caravans passed Orfa, Mardin and Diarbekir without being intercepted. Had the hero of Veran-Scheher for-

ever renounced his perilous and reckless brigandage? Or was this but a short cessation of his lawlessness? It was, in fact,

Only A Truce

Last December we learned that the villages of the Diarbekir territory had been sacked by the all-powerful pasha.

Now, however, the immunity he had hitherto enjoyed failed him. The chief people of Diarbekir, exasperated



IBRAHAM PASHA

at last, resolved to obtain the punishment of the offender. They, accordingly, sent to the Sultan a telegram wherein they set forth their legitimate grievances. Ibrahim Pasha was ordered to Alep, where a messenger of

Abdul-Hamid

awaited him. Deprived of his title of Great Lord of Constantinople, menaced by the plots, the ambushes, the pit-falls laid for him by his many enemies, if the bold and imperious pasha is able in his present plight to compass his own safety, it will only be through the employment of all the resources known to his diplomacy.

THE AGED AND BLIND OF CENTRAL TONQUIN.

"God has permitted that I should be named vicar apostolic of Central Tonquin, the mission that of all in the Orient, perhaps, has the greatest number of Christians, in fact, the recent report gives the number as 228,000.

"But, alas, the floods, the drought, the periodic typhoons or cyclones, keep these people in poverty and, one may say, perpetual misery.

"My resources are entirely insufficient to keep up the missionary and charitable works already begun and to found others of which there is urgent need. For one in particular I ask aid from the readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS. This is a home for the aged and the blind that I founded at Thai-Binh in 1903, in three bamboo huts. The next year the Sisters of St. Paul

of Chartres, being driven from the hospitals of France, expressed a desire to take charge of my old people, and I accepted their providential offer.

"The number of aged dependents upon the asylum has increased since then. There are many more whom we could help if we had the means. A dollar a month will support one of these old people, twelve dollars a year. But this means for my twenty-five incurables an expense of three hundred dollars a year, not counting the support of the Sisters. Up to the present time, I have begged and obtained this sum from the Christians here. But now I fear that it will be hard to continue this undertaking unless it can be established upon a firmer basis. May God touch the hearts of generous readers of this letter and move them to send aid to the poor old people of Thai-Binh."

BISHOP MUNAGORE, O.P., Vicar Apostolic.

In Loango, Equatorial Africa

By the Rev. J. L. Le Scao, C.S.Sp.

To the Loango natives the week has but four days, which are called by the Yombi and some other tribes, *tsona*, *koyo*, *ntona* and *nisilou*. The women work on three of the days and rest on the fourth. With the Yombis, *tsona* is the day of rest; among the people of Loango,—*koyo*.

The natives of Equatorial Africa do not count the time by months, but by moons. There are thirteen moons in the year. Eight of these constitute the dry season *mangola*, and five the rainy season, *mvoula*. *Mangola* and *mvoula* together are equal to our calendar year.

A Free Man

does little work. He spends his days in smoking, lounging about, chatting and sleeping. At night, when the moon shines, he passes the hours in dancing.

The chase is his favorite diversion, and he does not like to go abroad without his flint-lock musket, the only kind that the French Government in the colony will permit him to have. Sometimes

A Snare Hunt

is organized. Eight or ten young men set out for the forest, each taking a strong net, about ten feet long and twelve inches wide. When they arrive at the chosen locality, they silently clear a space in the brush with their cutlasses, and spread their nets in the shape of a horseshoe, attaching the ends of them to the bushes.

They then stand in file at the open side of the horseshoe and, by shouting and clapping their hands, arouse the animals they have come to trap. The bewildered beasts run into the space circumscribed by the horseshoe, the hunters close in upon them, and thus the game is captured. There are

Slaves in Loango,

but we must distinguish between the purchased human chattel and the slave born in the village. The latter's life is not absolutely wretched. He is regarded as one of the family. In the month of June it is his duty to cut down the trees in the places where it is decided that his master's wives shall cultivate the ground and plant the crop.

He builds the huts and goes on journeys to execute his master's commissions. He has some leisure and particularly likes to go, morning and evening, to collect the sap from the palm trees, known as palm wine. The condition of

The Purchased Slave

is very different. The humblest and most arduous services are required of him. If the master of a purchased slave is in need of food or goods, and has nothing else to barter for them, he fastens a forked piece of wood over the neck of his slave and sells him anew, like a beast of burden, perhaps to a master belonging to an-

other tribe. If any man in the village dies, the slave may be accused of having killed him by

Eating His Soul

If any one is ill, the village sorcerer declares that the spirit who caused the illness may be appeased by the offer of a victim for sacrifice. Sometimes this victim is a slave, but more frequently it is a chicken or a kid. In Loango

The Status of Woman

is very low, and she is considered little better than a beast of burden. She must plant the crops and, later, weed the fields of manioc,—a tropical plant from which tapioca is obtained,—the patches of potatoes, sugar cane, corn, ground-nuts, and bananas.

She must provide and prepare the food for her husband and his slaves. She is rarely the only wife. As soon as her husband has accumulated a certain store of muskets, gunpowder, knives and salt, he takes a second or a third spouse. The riches of a Loango native are estimated by the number of his wives.

The Divine Law

with regard to marriage is unknown. The father has no authority over his children. The authority belongs to the mother's brothers. The children receive no training whatever. The mother thinks she has done her full duty when she furnishes them with food. The uncle intervenes when his nieces are sought in marriage and sells them to the highest bidder. The existence of woman in this country is, therefore, a veritable slavery.

But here, as all the world over, there is sometimes quarreling in the household, and a wife leaves her liege lord, going back to her mother, or fleeing for protection to her uncle.

The Men of the Village

then assemble to settle the matter. This session of the representatives of the community sometimes lasts for a week. When each side has presented its case, the oldest man in the assembly, who has been chosen to act as judge, pronounces his decision.

If the husband is in the wrong, a divorce is granted and the woman's uncle may demand the return of the goods brought by her as a marriage portion. If the wife is at fault she must resume her conjugal duties, but the husband must, by a suitable present, recompense the uncle for any annoyance he has had in the affair. However the case turns out, the uncle is the gainer. If a

Loango Native

is ill, or if he suffers any misfortune, he immediately asks himself: "*Nani ou tomba kou n'loka?*" (Who desires my life?)

These people are convinced that there are men who

can kill them by magical practices or, as they say, in their allegorical language, "by eating their souls."

In Sette-Cama the soul-eater is called *moulozi*; in Loango he is named *ndoki*. Sometimes the soul-eater possesses a *likoundou*, an imaginary little red animal that devours a man's spirit during the night.

On This Account

the sick man is left to the care of three or four of his nearest relatives, his mother, uncle, aunt or sisters. These take him away with them and hide, frequently in the depths of the forest, so that the soul-eater can not find him. It is very difficult for anyone to approach the sick man, so afraid is he that the visitor may be a *ndoki* or *moulozi*.

The missionary has to resort to all the devices he can think of in order to gain access to the sufferer. When he baptizes a dying man, after the man dies the natives often say death was caused by the baptism.

Providentially I Succeeded

in destroying something of this belief in Sette-Cama. I baptized several persons, supposed to be in their last moments, and, lo and behold, they recovered their health.

On the other hand, several who refused baptism succumbed to their malady. These circumstances opened the eyes of many natives to the truth.

As soon as a native dies, his family fill the air with their lamentations, throw themselves upon the ground, beat their heads against the walls of the hut and utter the most terrible imprecations against the *moulozi* who has dared to eat the soul of their relative. But,

Who Is This Moulozi

He must be discovered so that they may be revenged upon him. The kindred of the deceased, upon the mother's side, gather around the corpse and the *Nganga diboha* is brought in.

The sorcerer presents a very imposing appearance. His headdress is composed of the plumage of wild birds, his eyes have red rings painted around them, his garment is the skin of a tiger-cat and in his hand he holds a small mirror.

The Nganga Diboha

begins to leap and jump about like one demented; he vociferates wildly and shakes his fist at an invisible enemy. Then he pauses, looks in his mirror, breathes hard, and begins to dance again.

This performance lasts during the entire night. At dawn he sees the guilty soul-eater in the mirror and straightway denounces him.

The accused is summoned to appear in the hut. He obeys at once, for to refuse would be to condemn himself to certain death. In the presence of the corpse he avows or denies his pretended crime.

If he avows it, and there are those who do, he must recompense the family by presenting them with two or three slaves. The affair is, thereupon, considered finished, and friendship and good-will are restored.

If He Denies It

he must prove his innocence by drinking a decoction of *moundsu* roots, which has the effect of strychnine. No sooner has he taken this potion than his eyes begin to twitch and, presently, he falls to the ground in convulsions.

The kindred of the man whose soul he is supposed to have eaten, then fall upon and put an end to him.

But, in this country, as among civilized communities, the rich can often manage matters to suit themselves. If the accused promises the sorcerer a substantial gift, he receives a harmless potion, and, as he does not become ill, his immunity is regarded as an indisputable

Proof of His Innocence

He, upon his side, now taxes his accusers with calumny and they are forced to pay him a certain sum to atone for the injury they have done to his character.

Henry Dintengo, one of our Sette-Cama catechists, said to me on a certain occasion:

"I am a native of Digoudou, distant about a four days' journey from here. Many years ago my dear mother was accused of having 'eaten the soul' of a person who had died. My mother was poor. The sorcerer gave her the *mboundou* and she fell to the ground. A great funeral pile was quickly lighted; she was bound upon it and burned alive. I remember it as though it happened only yesterday. I had two sisters. They were separated and sold as slaves to different tribes. As for myself, I



NGANGA DIBOHA—THE SORCERER

was bought by Mangongo, who gave me to Father Herpe. That is how I happen to be now a Christian and a catechist."

Crimes such as these are still common in the Congo. Last March I received a letter in which two young native seminarians of Mayumba told me a sad tale. Two women, the aunt of one and the mother of the other, had been put to death under the pretext that they had "eaten the souls" of certain individuals who had suddenly died.

Religion of Loango

All the tribes of this region believe in a Creator and Supreme Being, who is the Lord of All Things. His chief attribute is goodness. If they pity an unfortunate exile, they call him *Mountou Nzambi*,—the man of God. The *Mountou Nzambi* is sacred and they believe that by coming to his aid they will draw down a blessing upon themselves.

The Oath Is Frequent

among the natives. If a man is accused of having stolen anything, for instance, he solemnly raises his hand and declares: "*Nzambi ou zaba minou kuoiba je.*" ("God knows, I did not steal.")

But, besides believing in a supreme God the people of Loango think there are many bad spirits, which they call *Ba Kisi*.

These are their fetiches or minor gods, who annoy mankind in many ways. It is they who send illness and misfortunes. They are exceedingly jealous and revengeful, and the natives are, therefore, constantly striving to propitiate them.

Each Loango Village

possesses at least one such divinity and sometimes several. If calamity comes, it is because this god is angry. Sacrifices must be offered to him. Sometimes he demands a human victim, again he is satisfied, perhaps, with a sheep.

The chief divinity of these people is Bouiti. When the traveller reaches a settlement he sees in the center of the group of huts one darker but finer than all the others. The front is open and the interior is decorated with palm branches and garlands. This is

Bouiti's Temple

and an image of the god may be seen upon a little altar. It is only a piece of wood rudely carved in the semblance of a human figure. The eyes are bright bits of glass, the neck is concealed by a mass of grasses amid which is placed a mirror. Here dwells the spirit of Bouiti, the chief divinity of Sette-Cama. He is powerful, and he bestows wealth and good fortune upon his worshippers. But beware of incurring his displeasure. His vengeance is terrible.

Beside This Shrine

is a well-trodden path bordered with pineapple plants. It leads to Nzimba, a sacred place in the forest where the initiated assemble. Here they perform their secret

ceremonies and decide upon the punishments to be inflicted upon their delinquent comrades.

On all sides, along this path, may be seen the figures of serpents. Even in the petrified earth, one traces serpent forms. Serpents are carved upon the trees, the smaller branches are interlaced to appear like serpents, and so on.

Woe to the skeptic who dares to penetrate to Nzimba. I, who write these lines, have, indeed, ventured into several of these so-called sacred places, but if I had been discovered by the devotees of Bouiti, even the fact of being a white man would not have saved me from death by poison.

Bouiti Plays An Important Role

in the region situated between Sette-Cama and the Ngunia, and it is to the invocation of this divinity that Bombi, the native chief who recently stirred up the blacks against the French Government in the colony, owes his prestige and influence. Even the most peaceable of the natives become aroused to fury when they celebrate the

Rites of Bouiti

They no longer recognize anyone, and would put their own mothers to death at the behest of the god. One night, while I was lodged in a native village, I could not sleep. Everyone else in the settlement was under the spell of a profound slumber. I stole out of my hut and entered the cabin temple dedicated to the god.

The image was, as I have said, imbedded in a mass of grass. I wanted to learn what was hidden under the grass. To cast it aside was the work of a moment. What did I find? A human skull. And it was in the open mouth that the mirror supposed to reflect the spirit of the god was inserted. In the

Cavities of the Skull

were also thrust a knife, a snake's head and a parrot's feather. I hastily returned to my lodging and, for a while, was somewhat concerned for my safety, for I had also found a fire burning in honor of the god, on the floor of the cabin, and some worshipper must have been charged with keeping up the fire during the night.

Happily, I was not discovered. I was afterward informed that the death's head was probably the skull of a slave who had been sacrificed to Bouiti.

Initiation

into the service of Bouiti is as follows: The idol is placed on a tiger's skin spread upon the ground. The aspirant seats himself beside the image and receives from the sorcerer, or priest of the god, a decoction of herbs called *diboka*. This he drinks and presently falls into a deep sleep, which lasts for several days.

When he is awakened he opens his eyes in bewilderment, but takes no notice of anything around him. Sometimes the slumber induced by the *diboka* is so profound that the aspirant never awakens. This happened the two youths at Sette-Cama in 1904. One of them was too young to know the import of the ceremonies. He was

Only a Boy

twelve years of age, and the sorcerer had given him the potion without the consent of his parents. Usually, however, the sleeper is aroused. Then the sorcerer takes up the image of Bouiti and, followed by all the initiated, carries the idol to its Nzimba, crying out against all unbelievers, in a strange and incomprehensible language.

Upon the return of the procession to the temple, the aspirant sees the mirror placed in the mouth of the skull. The sorcerer then asks him what he has seen. If he replies in accordance with the traditional rites, he is admitted to the cult of the god. Otherwise, he is rejected, and the test must be made over again. Bouiti is said to

Preform Marvels

One of my colleagues recently related this incident from his own experience. At Monkinga, the initiation of Makayama-Panzou was in progress. When Father Murard arrived on the scene the sorcerer, who had been leaping about and gesticulating like one possessed of a devil, paused and would not continue the ceremonies.

The missionary told him to go on, and said he, on his part, would not interrupt the proceedings. The initiated, with red rings painted around their eyes, silently stared at the intruder.

Seeing that Father Murard had seated himself and was resolved to remain, the sorcerer began his strange dance again. At first he moved and swayed cautiously, as if half afraid; then his motions became unrestrained. He jumped up and down, shouting wildly, as if addressing some invisible being.

Presently, shaking his fist at the idol, he pointed from the image to

Makayama-Panzou

repeating the gesture several times. After a moment, Makaya became rigid as marble and his body slowly rose from the ground to the height of several inches. He remained thus for some moments, then as slowly descended and resumed his former position.

In the vicinity of certain villages one sometimes beholds a curious spectacle. The topmost branches of two tall trees may be seen linked together by a wild vine which has no root within the ground.

How did this vine get there? The natives say it was placed on the tree tops by Bouiti.

After especial ceremonies his priests take such a vine, bind amulets upon it, breathe on it and throw it into the air. Of itself, the vine then takes its place upon the highest branches of the tree.



A LOANGO BELLE

This Mysterious Vine

is called *dindimba*. The souls of the dead are supposed to pass over it on their journey to the other world. The initiated devotees of Bouiti make the trip in safety. Others fall off the narrow swinging rope of green tendrils and are lost in the dark and frigid inferno feared by the African natives.

The *dindimba* is also supposed to protect a village against the "soul-eaters. Bouiti will not permit them to cross over this aerial bridge to the settlement wherein a temple is raised to him.

LIFE NOT MONOTONOUS IN DACCA, INDIA.

"For about a month we have had a heat that astonished even Bengal," writes the Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, Bishop of Dacca, "a drought that was in a fair way of becoming a most awful calamity was most happily broken at last, and since then the torrid temperature has somewhat abated.

"With the abnormal season we had other unusual phenomena. A sharp shock of earthquake fissured several buildings in the city. Ours were, thank God, not damaged.

"In the spring, on the coast of our mission, a volcanic eruption took place in the sea, and presented the strange spectacle of fire shooting up out of the water. Shortly before that, an island which had risen from the sea a year previous, sank again into the ocean. Is not this an interesting coast? Perhaps navigators, however, would hardly call it a desirable locality.

"We are building an addition to the Boys' Orphanage here. The number of boys requires it, and if we had not set about the work promptly the Government Inspector would have stopped the small grant we receive toward the maintenance of this home.

"I, myself, am the engineer, contractor and master mechanic in charge of the undertaking. Skilled labor in the building line is at present not obtainable in proportion to the demand at Dacca, owing to the very extensive edifices being erected for the new provincial administration and the officials.

"I am not the first missionary bishop to be engaged in manual work, nor is this my first experience. But I am sure readers of CATHOLIC MISSIONS would be surprised and even amused to see a bishop acting as foreman of a gang of brown and black laborers. May God abundantly bless all the friends who are helping us in 'the Great Cause.'"

Editorial Notes

Pope Pius X and the Propagation of the Faith

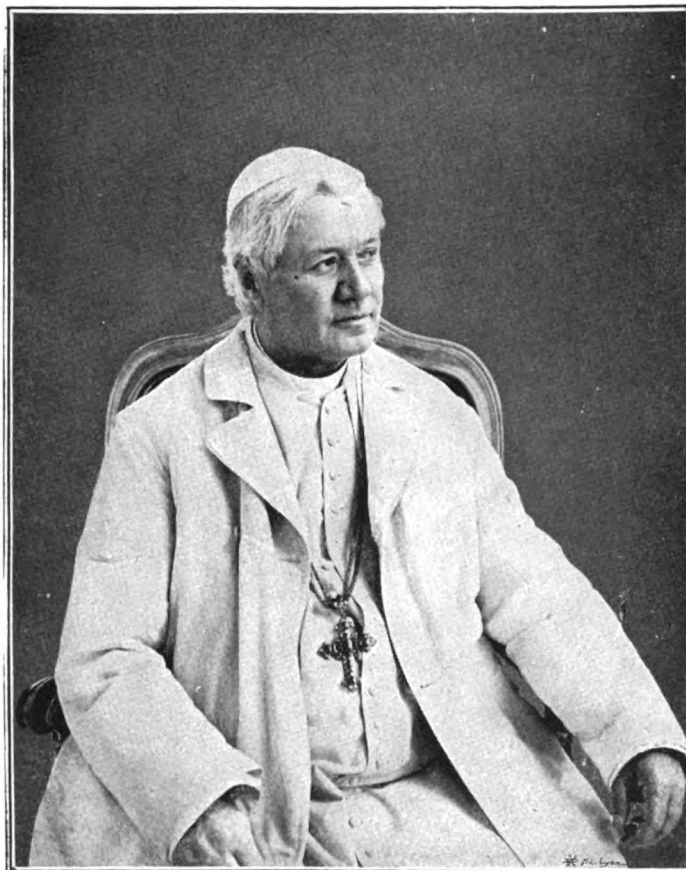
RT. REV. MGR. JOSEPH FRERI, Director-General of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, for the United States, and Rev. John J. Dunn, Director of the same work in the Diocese of New York, visited Rome during the summer and on August 14th were received in private audience by Pope Pius X.

The Holy Father listened with great interest to the report presented by Mgr. Freri as to the conditions of the work in this country. He praised the success obtained in several dioceses, especially New York and Boston, and expressed the hope that it would continue and increase.

"All my life," said His Holiness, "I have been interested in the Propagation of the Faith, and have always helped it according to my humble resources. I am anxious to do more now that assistance is so necessary. I look upon the Society as a Divinely inspired means for the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth. A great deal is already being done in the United States for the Propagation of the Faith, but—" the Holy Father paused, and then added, with an expression of sadness on his face, "more is needed."

"Our missions are poor, most of them very poor, and they lack the means of carrying on their work.

How much more could be accomplished if those who possess the faith would only make a little additional sacrifice. Tell American Catholics that I look to them for a generous support of the work of the Propagation of the Faith, which is pre-eminently the work of the Church. With all my heart I bless the Directors, Promoters and members of the Society."



HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS X

Pope Pius X then alluded to so many interesting details of the mission work of the Church as to surprise Monsignor Freri himself.

His Holiness recalled how when a young priest he had become interested in the missions by reading an account of a poor missionary in India who was struggling with disease and poverty and yet was so cheerful with it all

as to arouse his sympathy in a very practical way. Ever since he has taken every opportunity to solicit help for those apostolic priests who, leaving all things to follow Christ, are accomplishing wonders for the spread of Christianity and its teachings.

"For the past four years the Holy Father has been in a position to study at first hand the conditions of the mission world, and he expressed the hope that fresh enthusiasm will be awakened among all Catholics for the support of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith,

upon which the missionaries depend for assistance.

He mentioned the fact that France, up to the present, has been the most generous contributor, not only of money, but of priests and Sisters, to the evangelization of pagan and non-Catholic peoples, and even last year held the first place, despite the hard home conditions.

His Holiness especially commended the organization of the Propagation of the Faith. As Patriarch of Venice he acquired a practical knowledge that the systematic gathering of the small offerings of his people enabled him to send annually to the Society a sum that could not otherwise have been obtained.

"This method," he repeated, "seems to have come directly from God.

since those who have not received the call to go into the wild places of the world to preach the doctrine of Christ, can nevertheless by their prayers and alms become true missionaries. It is evident, therefore, that the Society deserves the highest praise for adopting this means of spreading the Christian faith, for if priests have been able to reach out to distant lands, it is through the regular, systematic gathering of the alms of the faithful. We are filled with hope that this generous spirit will grow day by day, and especially in America."

The Holy Father seemed to be in perfect health, despite the reports to the contrary. His daily life must indeed be very trying, but his strong, rugged constitution enables him to bear the fatigue and labor of a crowded day without any bad effects.

Many pleasing incidents are told of the Pope's keen

sense of humor, and much has been written also with regard to the yearning for His beloved Venice that fills the heart of His Holiness. The latter anecdotes are no doubt exaggerated, but some of them are, in the main, true.

*

Last March the children of the Indian school of Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, sent to the Right Rev. Monsignor Freri a beautifully embroidered pair of moccasins and a miniature birch bark canoe, with the request that they be presented to the Holy Father on the occasion of His Sacerdotal Jubilee, "as a gift from his Indian children, who love him and pray that God may watch over him."

According to directions, Monsignor Freri presented both objects to His Holiness, who, immediately stretching forth his hand for the canoe, exclaimed:

"O, see the gondola!"

At the same time, a wistful expression shone in his eyes as if the whole beautiful picture of his glorious Venice lay before him. Rome may be Rome, but Venice, it would seem, will always be Venice to the prisoner of the Vatican, who must, at least occasionally, long for the quiet, restful beauty of his former See.

*

After granting a number of spiritual privileges, Pope Pius gave Mgr. Freri silver medals for all the Diocesan Directors of the Propagation of the Faith, in the United States.

Mgr. Freri and Father Dunn were, later on, received by Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, and by Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Propaganda.

Regular Work THE vacation season is now well over. We have all taken up our work once more. It may be business, or scholarly effort, it may be household tasks, or only pleasant home duties. For those still on the threshold of life, it is the routine of fundamental studies.

There is one duty, however, that appeals to all Christians, the mature and the young, the rich and the poor alike, according to their condition and circumstances—the duty of extending a helping hand to others less fortunate than ourselves.

*

We have taken up our work again. Would it not be well to make sure that we are working with Christ and helping along *His* work that we are not forgetting the highest form of love of our neighbor, namely, the charity that reaches out for the salvation of souls?

*

Let our regular work include some work for the missions. If we can do much, let us do it with ready, whole-hearted cheerfulness. If we can do little, still "every little helps," and true generosity is gauged, not by the extent of the gift, but by the spirit of the giver.



AMERICA.

DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE. The Apostolic Mission House at the Catholic University, Washington D. C., began its new term on October 6. Father Doyle, the rector, was recently accorded a private audience by Pope Pius X, who imparted a blessing to the Apostolic Mission House, to all the missionaries who go out from it, and to all who have, by their generosity co-operated in the carrying on of the work for the missions to non-Catholics.

Mount St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Md., celebrated its Centenary on October 14th and 15th. Mt. St. Mary's was founded by Father Dubois, a French missionary priest, who was afterwards Bishop of the New York diocese.

NEW YORK.

The Rev. H. Montanar, a priest of the Society for Foreign Missions, of Paris, and until recently a missionary in Canton, China, has just arrived in New York to begin the mission work planned by His Grace, Archbishop Farley, for the benefit of the Chinese population of this diocese.

BOSTON.

The Centenary of the Foundation of the Diocese of Boston was celebrated from October 28 to November 1. The Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Excellency, Most Rev. Diomed Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, and the sermon delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connell. A mass meeting of Catholics was held on the evening of October 28th. On October 29th there was a Solemn Pon-

News

tifical Mass for the children of the diocese, and on October 30 and 31, Pontifical Requiem Masses for the deceased bishops, clergy and laity.

HARTFORD. Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, Bishop of Hartford, died on

October 5.

Bishop Tierney was sixty-nine years old. His early home was in Norwalk, Conn., where his parents settled upon coming from Ireland in 1847. He was educated at St. Thomas College, Bardonia, Ky., and St. Joseph's, Troy, N. Y., and was ordained in 1866. After important work as Chancellor of the Providence diocese, he was pastor, successively in New London, Stamford, Hartford and New Britain. On January 18, 1894 he was appointed Bishop of Hartford. R. I. P.

The Rt. Rev. T. D. **SPRINGFIELD.** Beaven, D.D., Bishop of Springfield, has formed a missionary band of three secular priests to conduct mission work throughout his diocese.

The corner stone of a **NEW ORLEANS.** preparatory seminary for the diocese of New Orleans was laid by Archbishop Blenk on October 7.

Rt. Rev. N. A. Gallagher, D.D., Bishop of Galveston, has invited the Paulist Fathers to establish a chapel and lecture hall in connection with the State University at Austin, Texas.

The Most Rev. Henry **CINCINNATI.** Moeller, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati, has given his approval to an organization called "The Laymen's Home Missionary League," whose object is to reclaim Catholics who have wandered away from the Church.

The appointment of **ROCKFORD.** Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, D.D., Auxiliary bishop of Chicago, to the new See of Rockford, was confirmed by the Propaganda on September 7.

Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, has resigned on account of ill health.

The corner-stone of the new cathedral of **ST. LOUIS.** St. Louis was laid on October 18 by His Excellency Archbishop Falconio, Delegate Apostolic, and, as arranged by Archbishop Glennon, a great Catholic parade of parish and general societies was held.

The new cathedral of **SALT LAKE.** Salt Lake was dedicated in September. It has been eight years in process of erection, under the careful supervision of Rt. Rev. Bishop Scanlon, D.D.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, has invited the Jesuits to make a foundation in his diocese.

Among the one hundred and five missionaries who shed their blood for Christ in the United States are: 1 Sulpician, 3 Secular priests, 4 Dominicans, 24 Jesuits and 73 Friars Minor. The first one martyred was Father John Inaries, O.F.M., who was put to

death in Florida in the year 1527; the last one was Brother Anthony Diaz, who was murdered in Texas in the year 1834.

Four Jesuit Fathers of the Canada Province, set out for **ALASKA.** Alaska during the summer, to labor for the conversion of the Eskimo and Tinnah tribes along the Behring coast and the Yukon. Two Grey Nuns of the Cross left Ottawa recently to work among the Cree Indians of Hudson's Bay.

The Propaganda has approved the re-transfer of the arch-episcopal see of the ecclesiastical province of Victoria to Vancouver, and has appointed Most Rev. Augustine Dontenwill, of New Westminster, to succeed Archbishop Orth, resigned. The Oblates, of Mary Immaculate, in a General Chapter held at Rome in September, elected Archbishop Dontenwill as their Superior-General.

The Provincial Council at Manilla has petitioned the Holy See for the erection of four new dioceses in the Philippines.

EUROPE.

A Eucharistic Congress was held in **ENGLAND.** London, England, from September 9 to 12. It was presided over by Cardinal Vannutelli, sent by His Holiness, Pius X, as Papal Legate, and attended by six Cardinals, including Cardinal Gibbons, fifteen Archbishops, fifty bishops, many hundred priests, and a great throng of the laity.

A new College of **IRELAND.** Foreign Missions has been opened near Castlebar, County Mayo. The Archbishop of Tuam is much interested in the foundation.

A number of young men now studying for the priesthood in Ireland will, after their ordination, go on missions to the Copts in Egypt.

Cardinal Carlo Nocella, Patriarch of Constantinople, is dead. **TURKEY IN EUROPE.** R. I. P.

The Turkish Minister of Agriculture, Selim Pasha Melhame, is a Catholic. He and his brother, who holds a high position at the Sultan's court, are Maronites.

ASIA.

Mgr. Anthony Arida, D.D., was consecrated Maronite Archbishop of Tripoli in Syria on June 18.

After an interruption of more than four hundred years, worship has been restored in the ancient church of Kariat-el-Anab, Palestine, by the Benedictine Fathers of Pierrequi Vire, near the Mount of Olives. This church was founded in the time of the Crusaders, and was long served by the Franciscans.

The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem has sent to the Holy Father a message announcing that an entire village in Palestine, consisting of one thousand five hundred inhabitants, has just joined the Church.

Sister Augustin, of the Chandernagore Convent, India, has been awarded the Keshub Chandra Son's prize, of the value of 140 rupees in money and books, as standing highest at the entrance examination of the Calcutta University.

The Belgian Sisters, **INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.** who conduct the lace industry at Mulagamu, India, have opened a new center of work at Cape Comorin, which is on the border of the Trichinopoly Jesuit Mission, the nearest station being Aleyapuram.

The edict of the Emperor of China, proclaimed March 15th, 1899, which granted several privileges to the missionaries, has recently been revoked. Hence the Bishops lose their official character and are no more to be treated by the mandarins as equals. The regulations concerning the relations between missionaries and officials are, also, annulled.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Joulain, **CEYLON.** Vicar Apostolic of Jaffna, Ceylon, has under his care 45,000 Catholics, 200 churches, 120 schools, 1 ecclesiastical seminary and 4 orphanages. He is assisted by 27 European and 14 native priests, 2 European and 2 native lay Brothers, Oblates of Mary, European and native Sisters of the Holy Family, native Sisters of the Congregation of St. Peter, and native Brothers of the Congregation of St. Joseph.

AFRICA. Ten missionaries **ALGERIAN MISSIONARIES.** from the Society of the White Fathers, recently left Marseilles for Africa.

At present there are **CHRISTIANITY AND THE DARK CONTINENT.** twenty-five Religious Orders and Congregations engaged in winning Africa to Christianity. These societies have 2,574 missionaries, priests, brothers and nuns occupied in the work. The Dark Continent is divided into seventy-one Vicariates and Prefectures Apostolic.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith (October), describes a private audience granted by Pope Pius X to representatives of the Central Councils of the Propagation of the Faith.—“A Corner of Korea,” by Rev. Anthony Gombert, P.F.M., is a summary of apostolic experiences among the mountains of this land, until recently termed “The Hermit Kingdom.”—In “A Missionary’s Day in Abyssinia,” the reader accompanies Father Bateman, C.M., upon a round of visits to the poor natives, and sees old George, catechist and cook, prepare, with a little barley flour and water, the missionary’s sumptuous mid-day meal.—“Catholicity in Curaçao,” by the Rev. Victor Zuysen, O.P., is an article of especial interest, at the present time, when the Dutch Island off the coast of Venezuela has become the ground of contention between President Castro of this South American Republic and the Government of the Netherlands.—“A Jubilee in the Gilbert Islands,” is a record by a missionary of the Sacred Heart (Issoudun), of a Catholic celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into the Archipelago.—A very important contribution to this number of *The Annals* is the careful study of the causes, treatment and symptoms of “The Sleeping Sickness,” still prevalent in certain localities of Africa, by Father Cuhe, one of the self-sacrificing Algerian missionaries who have devoted their lives to the assistance of the unfortunate victims of this awful scourge.

The Good Work (September), in Mission Work in the Archdiocese of New York, publishes an illustration showing a corner of the diocesan office, the Director and a group of Indians from the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, who, a short time ago, paid him a formal visit.—A description of the school and pupils of “The Irish Sisters in Palamcottah, India,” is crowded with amusing incidents.—“Catholicity in the Orient,” by Joseph Emmanuel Thomas, Chaldean Patriarch, refutes the idea prevalent in the United States and Europe, that the Catholic Faith makes slow and insignificant progress in the Far East. Fifty years ago the Chaldean Catholics were comparatively few; now they number 150,000, and have a patriarch, ten episcopal dioceses, two vicariates and three hundred priests.—“On the Texas Line,” by Rev. James Wallrapp, is the story of an itinerant missionary of the Southwest. “It may sound strange, yet it is true,” says the good Father, “that at some of my stations an old dry-goods box, or, if I am more fortunate, a wash-stand or a table, serves as an altar, and two tumblers are

used as candlesticks.—Rev. Edward de Rougé, S.J., writes of “St. Mary’s Mission, Washington,” relating anecdotes of Indian chiefs, medicine men, and the Indian boys at the mission school.—A sketch of “The First Bishops of the Gold Coast, Africa,” tells something in regard to the labors of the heroic vicars-apostolic who succumbed to the deadly climate of the country known as “the White Man’s Grave.”

The Field Afar (August). “Paquanocksins” which, being interpreted, means “how do you do,” was the introduction of Father Doyle, of Milltown, N. B., to the Indian Mission of Pleasant Point, Maine, where he was much impressed by the earnestness of the good, simple, kindly people of the settlement.—“The Missionary Spirit of the 20th Century Apostle” is a biographical sketch of the late Father Tournier, P.F.M., who, for forty years, toiled in Cochinchina, for the salvation of the native farmers and fishermen and their families.—The serial, “In the Homes of Martyrs,” continuing the life story of Just de Bretenières, martyred in Korea in 1861, leads us to the College of St. Francis de Sales at Dijon, once, also, the home of St. Bernard, and presents us to Father Christian, a brother of Just, from whom we learn of the beautiful traits of the young missionary destined, through death for the Faith, to receive the victor’s palm and crown.—Mother Mary Paul, the only American Nun in Africa, writes in her sprightly, energetic way, “From the Heart of Uganda,” forcibly depicting the needs of her mission school and hospital.

The Missionary (October). The “Editorial Itinerary” gives details of the missionary tour abroad of Father Doyle, rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., and his interview with the Holy Father. The Reverend Editor gives us this fine picture of the Sovereign Pontiff: “There is one thing about Pius X that distinguishes him from Leo and that is, he is a good listener. There he sits on the edge of his chair, white from head to foot, with his hands resting on the table before him; and he takes in all that is said to him with remarkable attention. His face is not vivacious as Leo’s was, nor are his eyes so brilliant; there is indeed a sense of repose and resignation about him. It is, withal, a kindly face, illuminated now and then with a placid smile. His features are strong and forceful. As one looks into them one sees where the masterly power comes from that can do the great things he had done in the last few years, particularly the latest

of his acts, the reorganization of the Roman Congregations.”

This number of the magazine publishes reports from the South Dakota, Pittsburg, Alton and Peoria apostolates which are all beginning the new season of work with most encouraging prospects.—“The Failure of Protestantism among the Farmers” quotes an address by the Rev. F. N. White, of Chicago, at a meeting of the Congregational Church-Building Society in Cleveland. Mr. White makes the startling statement, “not even the cities with all their immorality are in such crying need of religious quickening as the rural districts of the United States.”

The Missionary, for September, announces that Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D.D., a nephew of the late Cardinal Vaughan, has been selected by Archbishop Bourne, of the Diocese of Westminster, to make a course of studies at the Apostolic Mission House, in preparation for applying the method there pursued to missionary work in England.—Rev. Joseph F. Mahoney’s report of “The South Carolina Apostolate” is encouraging. “With all their part-colored Protestantism,” he says, “the South Carolinians are strenuous seekers after better things.”—The editor remarks that though the United States will, when the decree of the Holy Father goes into effect, no longer be under the jurisdiction of the Propaganda, we shall still, in one sense, remain a missionary country. For we have fifty millions of our fellow-citizens to convert, and are willing and anxious to undertake this great work.

Extension (September). “Missionary Life on the Prairies,” by a pioneer priest, narrates the history and early trials of Archbishop Ireland’s Grandview Colony in southwest Minnesota, begun thirty years ago and now the garden spot of the Catholic Church in the State. To-day it has eight magnificent church edifices, two convent schools, and two Catholic schools, with lay teachers.—“Faith in Action,” by Myles Murdoch, is a survey of the recent French-Canadian celebration of the Tricentenary of the Founding of Quebec. The Catholic majority in the Province of Quebec is a majority full of faith, devotion, and consideration for others. But it is in the work of education that Catholic Quebec lets her star shine most brilliantly. Though she gets little credit for it, she has within her boundaries nineteen classical colleges, under Catholic auspices alone. The writer’s advice to the people of Quebec is to *stay at home*, develop their own province and keep the Faith. A lapse to religious indifference is the great price many French-Canadians pay for their prosperity in the United States.—In “The Resurrection of a Parish,” Rev. T. J.

Herley tells of his efforts and success in building up the parish of Weir City, south-eastern Kansas, which had previously encountered so many trials, both spiritual and temporal, that its name was considered a synonym for parochial misfortune.

Anthropos (September - October). In *English*, Rev. Leopold Ostermann, O. F. M., writes instructively and entertainingly concerning "The Navajo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona," and Dr. Casartelli continues his valuable article on "Hindu Mythology and Literature as Recorded by Portuguese Missionaries."

In *French*, "Fetich Worship Among the Negroes of Brazil" is treated by the Abbé Etienne Ignace, of the Seminary of Bahia; the "Preface to a Dictionary of the Taphi Language" is contributed by Rev. C. Tatevin, C.S.Sp., of Amazonas, Brazil, and Father Carty, S.J., learnedly considers "Morality, Authority and the Future Life" as taught in the Hindu Vedas. "The Origin of the Idea of God Among the Pagan Races," by Rev. W. Schmidt, S.V.D., is continued.

In *German*, "Tamoanchan, the Paradise of Old Mexico," its gods and legends are delightfully portrayed by Hermann Beyer, of Texas. "The Music Bow," a Patagonian musical instrument, and "Patagonian Music" are described respectively by Dr. Robert Lehmann-Nitsche, Director of the Anthropological Museum at La Plata, and Mr. Erich Fischer, of the University of Berlin. Examples of "The Hianakoto-Umaua Dialect" are given by Dr. Theodore Koch-Grunberg. Dr. Walter Lehmann explains "The Aztec Kalendar," and Father Joseph Meier publishes the result of his researches with regard to "The Primitive Religion of New Pomerania." "The Bushmen of Natal" are depicted by Brother Otto, O.C.R., and A. Dirr presents a study of "The Ancient Religion of the Tschets."

In *Spanish*, John B. Ambrosetti, Director of the Museum of Ethnography, at Buenos Ayres, writes of "The Faculty of Philosophy of Letters at the National University," of that city.

In *Spanish* also, "The Guarayos of Bolivia" are described by Rev. Francisco Prerini, O.F.M., Superior of the Guarayos Missions. *Anthropos* is, as usual, finely illustrated.

The Colored Harvest (October). The Yearly Report of the Josephite Missions shows 23 missions, with resident pastors and a total of 9,512 colored Catholics; 2,517 children attending the Catholic schools; 750 baptisms, and 205 catechumens under instructions. In addition, the Josephite Fathers have seven mission chapels, without resident priests, and five missions, also well attended, but without churches or chapels. "St. Joseph's Industrial School for Colored Boys," at Clayton, Delaware, is described in detail. This number of the magazine includes

several good short stories, each of which "points a moral" in an agreeable and unobtrusive way.

The Indian Advocate (October). "The Algonquin Family" is the chapter in the current number of this magazine, continuing the valuable serial upon the "Indian Tribes of North America." Father M. D. Norbert, O.S.B., contributes a brief but graphic sketch of the early history of Los Angeles, California, so named by the pioneer Franciscan missionaries on the Pacific Coast.

In *The Indian Advocate*, for September, "Pathfinder," an article founded upon an address delivered by Dean Harris, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, presents a brief survey of early missionary achievements and explorations in North America. This number of *The Advocate* devotes more space than usual to fiction, but the stories are exceptionally good, especially the little tale of the "Mesa Mirabilis," a steep rock that looms up in the Mexican desert near the ancient pueblo of Isleta.

Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, N. Y., (September). Rev. Augustus Boudin, M.S.H., in a letter to one of his confrères, dwells hopefully upon "Missionary Progress in Nonouti, Gilbert Islands." Father Boudin ought certainly to be a judge upon the topic whereof he speaks, having labored for ten years among the natives of this South Sea Isle. Hardships, apparently, count for nothing with this zealous apostle, for he says, "It seems as if I was created for the Gilbert Islands. Here I am perfectly happy and at peace."

Illustrated Catholic Missions, London (September). Father E. Cyprien's notes, made during "A Visit to the Missions of East Africa," depict the narrow streets of Mombasa, whose cosmopolitan population includes many Europeans. The Asiatic representation is more numerous; Goanese, Parsees and Hindus live together in harmony, notwithstanding the diversity of their creeds. The Arabs, disliked by all classes on the east coast of Africa, are also there in large numbers, but the bulk of the people belong to the negro race. The isolated Kilima Njaro district, inhabited by the Wa Teita tribe, was, however, Father Cyprien's objective point, and he reached it only after many vicissitudes. Here his brethren, the Algerian missionaries, have a station which they have built up at the cost of many privations.

Illustrated Catholic Missions is publishing an interesting series of brief sketches outlining the origin, work accomplished and apostolic fields of the various Societies of Foreign Missionaries.

Annals of the Congregation of the Mission is a collection of edifying letters written by priests of the Mission of Saint Vincent de Paul (Lazarists), and

Sisters of Charity, published at St. Joseph's House, Emmitsburg, Maryland. The current number prints the text of the legal process relative to the beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Sister Catherine Labouré, of the Daughters of Charity, to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared surrounded with light and with rays of light streaming from her holy hands, as seen now in the image upon the miraculous medal. Among the works of the Daughters of Charity described in this issue are *The Professional Syndicates for Women* (Paris), through which, during 1906, 360 teachers, 240 employees, and 180 servants obtained employment; the *Association of Christian Mothers*, so well known and wide-spread, and *Housekeeping Schools*, the latter being illustrated by the Orphanage at Tourcoing, France. The missionary letters are from the Lazarist Missions in China, Cuba, Mexico, and South America, as well as from their Houses in Germany, Spain, Italy, Portugal and Ireland.

Truth, a periodical devoted to giving true explanations of the Catholic Church, is published at Nazareth N. C. The September issue contains an article on "The Purpose of the Catholic Movement in the Episcopal Church," by William McGarvey, formerly rector of St. Elizabeth's P. E. Church, of Philadelphia, and now a convert to Catholicity. The Question Box is a strong point of the magazine.

Report of St. John's Leper Asylum, Mandalay, Upper Burma. From Dec. 1st, 1906, to Nov. 30th, 1907. At the beginning of December, 1906, there were 234 lepers in this Asylum. During the twelve months ending with November, 1907, 62 were admitted, 29 died of leprosy or other diseases, 74 left or were expelled for persistently infringing the rules. The inmates of the government pauper ward were 9, and the total number on November 30th, 1907, 202. Eight are Europeans and Eurasians, two Chinese, one is from Shan, six are natives of India and one hundred and eighty-five Burmese. Of these Burmese patients one hundred and nine are men, and sixty-one women. The institution also supports fifteen untainted children of leprosy parents. These children are lodged in a separate ward and taught reading and writing, and the girls are also instructed in needle-work. The cost of maintaining a native leper is 7 rs. a month, and an Eurasian patient provided with especial accommodations. 35rs. The Asylum staff consists of two priests, twenty-three Franciscan Sisters-nurses and a resident medical officer, who is a retired military surgeon. In addition to the above, there are, a native Christian woman in charge of the above-mentioned children and ten or eleven persons employed in assisting in the care of the patients. The Asylum appeals to the charitable to aid in extirpating the disease from the country.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

Contents of Volumes I. and II.—1907-1908

	PAGE		PAGE
WORDS OF WELCOME TO "CATHOLIC MISSIONS" from His Excellency the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate and Members of the American Hierarchy. Vol. I.....	68	In the Philippines.	
The Blessed Work of Missions.		By the Rev. J. F. Verbrugge, E.F.M. Vol. II.....	140
By the Very Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P. Vol. I.....	3	Belgian Missionaries in the Philippines.	
The Church's Mission.—St. Francis Xavier.—The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.		By the Rev. P. Dierickx, B.F.M. Vol. II.....	167
A Sermon by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. F. Mooney, V.G. Vol. I.	25	Notes on Porto Rico.	
Missionary Departure Hymn.		By the Rev. B. M. Huebschmann, C.S.S.R. Vol. I....	112
Music by Charles Gounod. Vol. II.....	5	A Sketch of the Hawaiian Mission.	
		By Father Reginald, S.H.Pic. Vol. II.....	68
MISSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.		CANADA.	
UNITED STATES.		A Visit to the Arctic Region.	
Indian Missions.		By the Rt. Rev. Albert Pascal, O.M.I. Vol. I.....	51
The Zuñi Indians, a Historical Sketch.		St. Anthony and the Indians.	
By Father Leopold, O.F.M. Vol. I.....	39	By the Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I. Vol. I.....	121
Among the Sioux Indians.		Among the Eskimos.	
By the Rev. H. J. Westropp, S.J. Vol. I.....	80	By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I. Vol. I.....	156
The Jemez Pueblo.		In the Frozen North.	
By Father Meyer, O.F.M. Vol. I.....	188	By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I. Vol. I.....	184
An Indian Mission.		Eskimo Feasts, Customs and Magic.	
By the Rev. P. de Rougé, S.J. Vol. II.....	38	By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I. Vol. II.....	47
Catechists Among the Sioux.		Eskimo Character.	
By the Rev. Henry Westropp, S.J. Vol. II.....	113	By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I. Vol. II.....	87
The North Pole Parish.		A Caribou Hunt.	
By the Rev. Joseph Bernard, S.J. Vol. II.....	133	By the Rev. A. Turquetil, O.M.I. Vol. II.....	115
Negro Missions.		Natives of the Canadian Northwest. Vol. II.....	161
The Negro Missions in the United States.		MISSIONS IN THE WEST INDIES.	
By the Rev. C. B. Carroll, S.S.J. Vol. I.....	4	Cuban Conditions.	
The Negro Missions of Philadelphia.		By the Rev. Regis Gerest, O.P. Vol. I.....	73
By the Rev. J. H. Cronenberger, C.S.Sp. Vol. I.....	137	The Jamaica Mission and the Earthquake.	
Negro Missions in Maryland.		By the Rev. Patrick F. H. Mulry, S.J. Vol. I.....	94
By the Rev. L. J. Kelly, S.J. Vol. II.....	9	MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA.	
A Negro Mission of Louisiana. Vol. II.....	136	Between Amazon and Orinoco.	
Various Missions.		By the Rev. Charles Warren Currier. Vol. I.....	178
Missions to non-Catholics in the United States.		MISSIONS IN EUROPE.	
By the Rev. Bertram L. Conway, C.S.P. Vol. I....	46	The Religious Movement in Norway.	
The Cleveland Apostolate.		By Bishop Fallize, Vic. Apost. Vol. II.....	6
By the Rev. W. S. Kress. Vol. I.....	124	A Visit to Iceland.	
Missions in the South.		By the Rev. W. S. Kress. Vol. II.....	65
By the Rev. William B. Hannon. Vol. II.....	73	MISSIONS IN ASIA.	
Missions in Louisiana.		JAPAN.	
By the Rev. J. M. Leleu. Vol. II.....	106	The Religions of Japan.—I. The Legends of Shintoism.	
A Glimpse of New Mexico.		By the Rev. A. M. Roussel, P.F.M. Vol. I.....	35
By the Rev. George J. Juillard. Vol. I.....	105	II. Shintoist Ideas and Worship.	
The Bowery Mission.		By the Rev. A. M. Roussel, P.F.M. Vol. I.....	88
By the Rev. Daniel C. Cunnion. Vol. I.....	15	Buddhism in Japan.	
Missions in U. S. Territorial Possessions.		By the Rev. A. M. Roussel, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	21-56
Need of a Native Clergy for the Philippines.		Confucianism in Japan.	
By the Rt. Rev. F. Z. Rooker, Bishop of Jaro. Vol. I... 10		By the Rev. A. M. Roussel, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	81
Missionaries for the Philippines. Vol. II.....	3	Effect of Confucianism in Japan.	
		By the Rev. A. M. Roussel, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	138
		Modern Japan.	
		By the Rev. A. M. Roussel, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	138
		Trappist Monks of Japan.	
		By Father Ligneul, P.F.M. Vol. I.....	169

	PAGE		PAGE
Lovers of the Cross.		Ibrahim Pasha.	
By the Rev. J. F. Matrat, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	35	By Father Giannantonio. Vol. II.....	180
Autobiography of a Japanese Priest. Vol. II.....	108		
Kegon Waterfall, Japan.		ARABIA.	
By Father Steichen, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	178	An Order of Arabian Sisters.	
The Leper Asylum of Gotemba.		By the Very Rev. M. M. Bourzeix, C.M. Vol. I.....	58
By Father Ligneul, P.F.M. Vol. I.....	144		
A Glimpse of Korea.		MISSIONS IN AFRICA.	
By the Rev. H. Saucet, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	164	Eighteen Months in Mulera, Equatorial Africa.	
CHINA.		By Father Classe, A.I.M. Vol. I.....	19-43
Progress of the Schools in China.		Autobiography of a Savage.	
By a Missionary in China. Vol. I.....	8	Edited by the Rev. Joseph Cayzac, C.S.Sp. Vol. I	109-159-189
Letters of an American Missionary in China.		Sorcery in Africa.	
By the Rev. S. Espelage, O.F.M. Vol. I, 56. Vol. II	51	By Father Trilles, C.S.Sp. Vol. I.....	119
Visit of a Chinese Priest to the Society for the Propaga-		Pius X and Menelik.	
tion of the Faith. Vol. I.....	97	By Bishop Jarosseau, O.M.Cap. Vol. I.....	116
The Native Clergy of Che-Kiang.		In Ijebou.	
By Bishop Reynaud, C.M. Vol. I.....	124	By Father Hermann, L.A.M. Vol. I.....	148
Childhood in China.		On the Lower Niger.	
By a Missionary Sister. Vol. I.....	139	By the Rev. F. X. Lichtenberger, C.S.Sp. Vol. I.....	181
Ordinations in Canton.		Catechists of Uganda.	
By the Rev. Regis Gervais, P.F.M. Vol. I.....	154	By Bishop Streicher, A.I.M. Vol. II.....	11
Silk Culture in Shantung.		The School at Usambya.	
By the Rev. M. Maynard, O.F.M. Vol. II.....	45	By Mother Paul, O.S.F. Vol. II.....	40
In the Heart of China.		A Somali Christian.	
By the Rev. J. M. Fraser. Vol. II.....	71	By Father Delore, O.M.Cap. Vol. II.....	54
On the Way to China.		Among the Kaffirs.	
By the Rev. Angelus Blesser, O.F.M. Vol. II.....	97	By Father Voltz, O.M.I. Vol. II.....	77
The Interior of China.		Tradition of the Ngai.	
By the Rev. Angelus Blesser, O.F.M. Vol. II.....	151	By a Kikouyou. Vol. II.....	91
A Missionary Bishop.		Blacks and Whites in Zanzibar.	
By the Rev. Juniper W. Doolin, O.F.M. Vol. II.....	172	By the Rev. Joseph Cayzac, C.S.Sp. Vol. II.....	142
ANNAM.		Autobiography of a Congolese Catechist. Vol. II.....	149
Among the Mountains of Annam.		Fetich Schools of Adjara, West Africa.	
By the Rev. Gustavus Hutinet, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	169	By the Rev. A. Bauzin, L.A.M. Vol. II.....	174
INDIA.		In Loango, Equatorial Africa.	
A Word from a Missionary in British India.		By the Rev. J. L. Le Scao, C.S.Sp. Vol. II.....	182
By the Rev. F. S. D'Sousa. Vol. I.....	62	MISSIONS IN OCEANICA.	
Hindu Neophytes.		The Sea-Dyaks of Borneo.	
By the Rev. F. Gaymard, P.F.M. Vol. I.....	127	By the Very Rev. Edward Dunn, E.F.M. Vol. I.....	175
The Marvels of Delhi.		More About the Dyaks.	
By a Capuchin Missionary. Vol. I.....	172	By the Very Rev. Edward Dunn, E.F.M. Vol. II.....	25
A Bonze's Day.		A Jubilee in New Zealand.	
By the Rev. M. Lazard, P.F.M. Vol. II.....	43	By Father Cognet, S.M. Vol. I.....	12-53
A Good Thief of Mavara.		Customs of Viti Levu.	
By Father Bonhour, S.J. Vol. II.....	70	By Father Rougier, S.M. Vol. I.....	151
A Christian Festival in India.		The Wainimala Villages.	
By the Rev. A. H. Maurice. Vol. II.....	75	By Father Rougier, S.M. Vol. II.....	14
In the Nizam's Dominions.		The Fiji Islands.	
By the Rev. M. Forel, M.S.F.S. Vol. II.....	110	By the Rev. M. Helliott, S.M. Vol. II.....	103
A Pagan Festival of Trichinopoly.		At Beagle Bay, Australia.	
By Father André, S.J. Vol. II.....	117	By the Very Rev. George Walker, P.S.M. Vol. II..	147
ASIA MINOR.		EDITORIAL NOTES.	
In Asia Minor.		Vol. I.....	1-33-71-103-135-167
By the Rev. John Poidebard, S.J. Vol. I.....	22-48	Vol. II.....	1-33-92-123-156-186
Our Armenian Brethren.		MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS.	
By Father Riondel, S.J. Vol. I.....	83	Vol. I.....	29-65-100-131-163-194
A Modern Turk.		Vol. II.....	30-61-93-124-157-187
By Father Kayser, A.A. Vol. II.....	17	MISSIONARY LITERATURE.	
St. Paul's Country.		Vol. I.....	31-66-101-133-165-196
By Father Constant, O.M.Cap. Vol. II.....	129	Vol. II.....	31-62-94-125-159-189
		MISSION LIFE AND NEEDS.	
		Vol. I.....	28-63-99-129-162-193
		Vol. II.....	29-60-Passim

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~ CONTENTS ~

	Page
Natives of the Canadian Northwest	161
A Glimpse of Korea - By the Rev. H. Saucet, P.F.M.	164
Belgian Missionaries in the Philippines By the Rev. P. Dierickx, B.F.M.	167
Among the Mountains of Annam By the Rev. Gustavus Hutinet, P.F.M.	169
A Missionary Bishop By Rev. Juniper W. Doolin, O.F.M.	172
Fetich Schools at Adjara, West Africa By the Rev. A. Bauzin, L.A.M.	174
Kegon Waterfall, Japan - By Father Steichen, P.F.M.	178
Ibrahim Pasha By Father Giannantonio	180
In Loango, Equatorial Africa By the Rev. J. L. Le Scao, C.S.Sp.	182
Editorial Notes	186
Missionary Notes and News	187
Missionary Literature	189
Contents of Volumes I and II	191
Mission Life and Needs	Passim

PREACH-

THE

GOSPEL.

TO EVERY

CREATURE



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**Society for the
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17 1909

